

THE NEW
Pleasant Instructor.

CONTAINING
A VARIETY OF
PATHETIC EASTERN TALES,
ENTERTAINING HISTORIES, &c.
CALCULATED TO
AMEND THE HEART
AND
AMUSE THE MIND.

Taken from the most Celebrated Authors.

'Tis vice alone, disturbs the human breast,
Care dies with guilt ; be virtuous, and be blest,

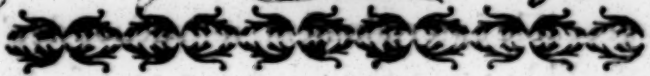
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George Duff
1822



T H E
P R E F A C E.

THE method of conveying instruction, by easy representations in the most common scenes of life, and by familiar and interesting descriptions of the mind, has been practised by the wise and learned in all ages, and been thought very well adapted for the purpose of improving the Understanding, as well as for engaging the attention ; and indeed, no precepts or instructions, have a more lasting impression upon the mind, than those we have pick'd up in the course of our amusement.

By this method the mind is not weary'd by an unremitting application to a dry and intricate course of reasoning ; but while the fancy is feasting itself, with agreeable

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agreeable entertainment, instruction steals insensibly upon the mind, or to use the similitude, we are gently led thro' the avenues of sweet and agreeable delight, and introduced into a spacious field, beautified with subjects, fit for the most salutary and elevated reflections.----- Here we find the Avaricious Man, despising others and trusting to himself only, meeting the demerits of his miserable life ;-----there we find the Ambitious rack'd and tormented, by their unsatisfying desires and hurled headlong into contempt ; and Ingratitude the most detestable of Characters, goes unpitied, and meets with just Indignation.-----On the other hand ; true merit is amply rewarded, the Just rever'd, and the Virtuous goes unmolested, pleasure attending all their steps, and having peace and tranquillity for their habitation ; and to add a lustre to the whole, heroic instances are carefully interspersed, and of such a nature as may inspire us with
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The P R E F A C E. v

the more noble feelings ; a true loyalty, and a real love to our country.

'Tis not mean'd that this collection should be a master-piece of the kind ; far from it : neither is it made up of pieces inattentively jumbled together, no, they are the result of candour and thought, and are placed in the manner that is most likely to catch the fancy and improve the mind. And as this work was more particularly intended for those of younger years, the compiler has been careful to insert such instructions as may kindle the more humane and benevolent affections of the mind, the exercise of which is the true characteristic of a feeling heart.

The compiler does not boast of any superior excellence in himself, but he thinks considering the natural desire for amusement which is implanted in every breast, the great importance of having our minds properly founded on true principles, and the care with which these
pieces

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pieces have been selected, abundantly vindicates a work of this kind: and if the impartial Public examine it with candour, the young will perhaps find something to their advantage, while those in riper years may see some instructions calculated to impress their minds, with the more virtuous sentiments: and altho' some of the catastrophes may seem too distressing they will perhaps find them productive of good moral effects.

Upon the whole, if this shall prove of any general advantage, the publisher has obtain'd his end.

Perth, January }
4th 1781. }

五洲大藥房經售

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THE NEW

Pleasant Instructor.

By Duff

AKMON and SELINA; a Moral TALE.

✱✱✱ N one of the most delightful hamlets in
✱ II ✱ China, towards the south of Peking, an
✱ ✱ ✱ affectionate couple, who seemed formed
✱ ✱ ✱ after the model of Philemon and Baucis, led a life
of serenity and peace. But heaven refused for some
time to their prayers an amage of their loves. Ak-
mon, who was never heard to complain of the bar-
renness of his wife, walked out one day to the
fields, where, far retired from mortal ear, he gave
vent to his sorrows, which Echo rendered
still more sad. 'Alas,' said he, that I cannot see
Glenida the mother of a child, who shall resemble
her! O! lovely partner of my soul! how should I
prize so ravishing a present! With what pleasure
should I rear this young plant! With what joy
should I make the seeds of virtue and innocence to
grow up in his soul! I would share with him all
my pleasures, and conceal from him my woes. But
ah! it is impossible. What hands then, Glenida!

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will



will close our eye lids, and perform to us the last offices? Must it be those of some mercenary stranger?

These reflections plunged Akmon into the deepest melancholy. He proceeded slowly to his habitation; but, the moment he arrived, Gelnida flew to embrace him. He stood cold and immovable: Gelnida, trembling and amazed, felt doubts and fears arise in her bosom. 'My friend, my brother, my husband; Akmon, my dear Akmon, she exclaimed, what has happened to trouble thy repose? What can afflict thee thus? Thy countenance is impressed with sadness; and the roses which adorned thy cheeks have disappeared, to give place to the paleness of death. Has Akmon afflictions, which he would conceal from the wife that adores him? Pour thy griefs into thy bosom of thy Gelnida. Here deposit thy cares; let me alone know their bitterness.'

Akmon was roused by her tendernefs, and tried to soothe her. He feigned an indisposition, but rejected every remedy, that was offered to be applied to it. The only cure he expected was from time.

At length, Heaven, always attentive to the wishes of pure and virtuous minds, listened to his prayers. Gelnida became pregnant. With what transport, did he behold her in this new situation! 'Thou shalt be a mother,' said he, embracing her? 'our supplications are granted; we shall live in our posterity. One wish more, O Heaven! and I am completely happy. May Gelnida be a mother, without experiencing a mother's pangs.'

The time arrives; Gelnida is delivered of a son.

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The whole family enjoy this event ; they felicitate Akmon ; and the father answers their congratulations with tears of felicity. The child grows in years ; the affection of his parents increases with him. He is never absent from their sight ; their hopes center in him ; and their imaginations conceive the most flattering prospects. His infancy passes : He arrives at manhood.

‘ What views have you conceived, young Akmon ? said his sire : ‘ Will you abandon the abode of your parents ? The asylum of peace, innocence, and candour ? Experience, will, one day, convince you, though perchance too late, of its value, and you will regret the serene contentment which you are about to abandon. You will learn that devouring cares and painful anxieties reside in palaces, and fly from cottages. Happy if the conviction of these truths will, at length, lead you to wisdom.’

Young Akmon had been seized with ambition : The cottage of his father appeared to him too humble. He sighed, to join in the splendid bustle of the world. It was in vain, that every argument was employed to dissuade him from his purpose. ‘ My son,’ said his father, ‘ our simple retirement begins to displease you. False ideas of happiness have intruded into your mind. You know not, that the Great, who have awakened your ambition by their show, are less the objects of envy, than the virtuous man, who performs the will of Heaven, under his own rural roof. I have seen men : my youth was passed among them, and I regret it. Believe me, my dear Akmon, I knew not

happiness, till the moment, which carried me from those gaudy, those guilty scenes, which now dazzle your eye. I left them for this retirement, and consecrated my days to peace and wisdom. Here, I have found innocence and felicity. The pure pleasures of virtue have made my moments glide on in sweetness and serenity. Would to Heaven, that I could make thee conscious of the value of such moments! Thy tender, thy virtuous mother completed my happiness: The duties of Hymen, too often prostituted in the great world, were ever kept inviolate by us. Ah! my son! were aught on earth to drag us from our retreat---even to the possession of a Crown,-----the very thought fills me with horror.

This discourse made little impression on the young Akmon, whose gay and inconstant fancy was ever in search after new objects. 'I am not a tryant,' resumes the good old man; but let me inform you, that, after you have exhausted every pleasure, and have tasted every sweet of life, you will find yourself invaded by langour and satiety. The world is a vast ocean, which holds out rocks and quicksands for the ruin of youth. Guard thyself against the suggestions of envy, preserve thyself from the commission of crimes, and love wisdom. Would to Heaven, that I could fortify thee against the natural passions which tear thy heart! My son! never cease to remember, that deep remorse is ever the attendant of guilt, and that in virtue alone consists true happiness.'

The soul of young Akmon resembled a polished surface

surface, which reflects objects without preserving the impression of them. He was little moved with the picture, which his father had drawn: His mind was filled with illusions and dreams; and with wishes to realize them. What raptures! he exclaimed, await me in the world! Welcomed at the Court, carressed by the men, adored by the women, loaded with the favours of fortune,---what condition will be happier than mine? 'Have a little patience, young man,' said the father, 'try, and judge.'

He arrived at the Court: The raillery and the haughty disdain of the Courtiers touched him to the heart; and his ingenuous mind was shocked with the praise that flattery offers at the shrine of greatness. Does he seek for friends? He finds only, in the motley crowd that surrounds him, men, who are idle and useless; debauchees whom their vices have reduced to want, knaves that follow to plunder, and hypocrites who carefs only to betray.

Friends are the inhabitants of other regions. Does he seek to ingratiate himself with the women? Here too, he is no less cruelly disappointed. In one place, he meets a perfidious beauty, who sports with his credulity. In another, a coquet, who makes him the dupe of her intrigues, and sacrifices him to a rival.---But let us finish the picture. Akmon runs rapidly all the rounds of dissipation. From the humble grisette he passes to quality and brocade; and from quality he descends again to the humble grisette; but in all the revolutions that he makes, he meets disappointment and disgust. 'Ah! my father!' said he to himself, 'that I had listened

to your counsels : I have perished in the tempestuous ocean of life, and you foresaw it. Let me fly this infected spot. Perish the day, when your unhappy son first resolved to forsake your paternal arms ! He said ; and his steps turned towards that quiet and guiltless retreat, where his parents, drowned in tears, were bewailing his errors.

In the country, young Akmon, learnt how to think. Nature appeared to him the finest book of instruction ; and he applied himself to study it. He cultivated plants and flowers : and the joys of a tranquil life took possession of his mind. He repented of the mistakes he had committed ; and became enamoured of virtue.

Near the house of his father lived Selin, who was remarkable for his immense riches, and for having a daughter of extreme beauty. Young Akmon was not insensible to her charms ; and, in a little time, he was able to inspire her with a mutual flame. Often under the shade of the linden-tree, did they pour out their souls to each other : Often, reclined on the bank of a murmuring rivulet did they swear to each other eternal constancy and eternal love. What a blow was it to their happiness when old Selin thus addressed his daughter !

‘ Selina, my child, marriage is always happiest, when accompanied with fortune. Our neighbour Ranka has a son, who will be the heir of all his wealth : To him I have promised your hand ; and I know you are too wise to disobey a father, who has given at all times the strongest proof of his affection.

A thunderbolt would not have so much astonished Selina as this address. She cast down her eyes, blushed, sighed, and spoke not a word. Her silence was interpreted to be consent. Selin retired, and left her to the bitterness of her situation. Her eyes glistened with pearly tears, that trickled down her alabaſter boſom, which heaved, and beat incessantly, as if struggling to give vent to its woe. 'Ah,' said she, fetching a deep sigh, 'what will become of me? I shall be perjured---I shall betray my lover--- I shall falsify my vows.---I shall carry into the boſom of Ranka a heart which burns, which will for ever burn for Akmon.---No---it will be better to die, than to be perfidious---And yet,---my father---were I tell him all---perhaps---but tell him all,---did I say?---Oh cruel daughter!---it would kill him.'

The effects of sudden grief had disturbed the thoughts of Selina; Her soul was lost in inexpressible anguish. Akmon, guided by love, arrives, and finds his mistress expiring. 'Celestial powers!' cried he, 'Selina! my dear Selina! what barbarous hand has raised itself against thy life? What monster dared---? Selina! lovely Selina! death! inexorable death!---What!---Selina is dead, and I yet breathe'---He could speak no more. He pressed her to his bosom, he bathed her with his tears, he devoured her with his carresses. She at length revives; she looks around her; but, in the loveliest eyes that nature ever formed, there were impressed the images of despair and death. Turning them towards Akmon, she gazed upon him in a transport

of tenderness, and with a sigh she exclaimed :
' Akmon, my dear Akmon, they would separate us
for ever ; but'---Her voice died away upon her
pale lips. Never was there a situation more dis-
tressful.

Virtue, meanwhile, was watching over the hap-
piness of these tender and constant lovers. ' They
are chaste, said the goodess, ' their souls are pure,
they have rejected those shameful connexions,
which injustice has invented, and which custom has
authorised. Their virtuous attachment shall be re-
warded.' She said, and flew to the father of Se-
lina.

' Listen,' said she to him ; ' I am the goddess of
Virtue. From her cradle to her youth, have I been
the guardian of your daughter. Nature made her
beautiful, and I have preferred her chaste. The
time is come, that she is to crown with happiness
the man whom her heart approves. You will in vain
attempt to reverse the decrees of destiny. It is
Akmon whom the gods have appointed for your
daughter. Give her to him without murmuring,
or dread the displeasure of heaven.'

' Goddess,' replied Selin, ' I love my daughter ;
and her happiness is dearer to me than my own.
Immortal Virtue. I respect, I adore, I obey you.
I know, that the lot you have appointed for Selina
is the best : I resign her to you ; conduct her, pro-
tect her, nor ever forsake her ; and let her find, in
the arms of her youthful husband, the tenderness
and the care of a lover and a father.'

The altars of Hymen were prepared. Akmon
and

and Selina vowed upon them an eternal love. Their hearts became the temple of Virtue; and this happy couple continued, to their last moments, to offer up to her the most pure and perfect incense--- the incense of virtuous souls.

THE GENEROSITY OF AN ARAB,

A Custom equally barbarous and superstitious had been introduced among the Arabs before Mohammedanism: They had consecrated two days of the week to two of their false divinities. The first of these days was considered as a day of happiness, and the Prince, in order that it might be celebrated with joy and festivity, granted to all that came into his presence the favour they were pleased to request: The second, on the contrary was reputed ominous. All those were immolated, who, on that day, were so imprudent as to appear before the King, to solicit any favour; undoubtedly, because the idol, to whom that day was consecrated in a very particular manner, passed in the minds of that gross people for a terrible divinity, whose anger they pretended to appease by these victims.

In the reign of Naam-ibn Munzir, an Arab of the desert, by name Tai, had fallen from great opulence into extreme indigence. Hearing much extolled the Naam's liberality, he resolved to have recourse to it. He set out on his journey, after having embraced his wife and children, and assured them he was going to seek the remedy of their misfortunes.

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The poor man, too much taken up with the thoughts of helping his family, did not reflect on the fatal day he had chosen, to appear as a suppliant before the King. Naam had no sooner seen him than, turning from him, he said; 'Wretch, what hast thou done? And why present thyself before me on so fatal a day as this? Thy life is forfeited, and it is not in my power to save thee.'

Tai, seeing his death certain throws himself at the Prince's feet, and conjures him to delay at least his punishment for a few hours: 'May I be permitted, said he to him, to embrace, for the last time, my wife and children, and to carry them some provisions, for the want of which they are likely to perish. Thou art too equitable to involve the innocent in the fate of the guilty. I swear by all that is sacred, that I shall return before sun-set, and thou mayst then put me to death, and I shall die without murmuring.'

The Prince, much affected with Tai's speech, was pleased to grant him the requested delay, but it was upon a condition that almost made void the favour. He required the security of a sufficient person, whom he might put to death in his room, if he should fail in his word.

Tai, in vain, earnestly intreats all those that surrounded the Prince: Not one would dare to expose himself to so evident a danger. Then addressing himself to Cherek Benadi, the Monarch's favourite, he spoke to him, his eyes bathed in tears: 'And thou, Cherek, whose soul is so noble and great, wilt thou be insensible of my piteous state?
Canst

Canst thou refuse to be security for me? I call to witness the Gods and men, that I shall return before the setting of the sun.'

Cherik, naturally compassionate, was greatly moved by Tai's words, and misfortunes. Turning to the Prince, he said he did not scruple to be bound for Tai, who, before he had leave to depart, disappeared in an instant, and repaired to his wife, and children.

Mean while the time limited for his return was elapsing insensibly, and the sun was ready to terminate his course, but there was no appearance of him. Cherik was led in chains to the place of punishment, and the executioner had already the axe uplifted to give the blow, when a man was perceived at a distance running along the plain. 'Twas Tai himself, who was out of breath, and covered all over with sweat and dust. Horrors seized him on seeing Cherik on the scaffold ready to receive the blow of death. He flies to him, breaks his chains, and putting himself in his place: 'I die well satisfied said he, having been so happy as to come in time to deliver thee ‡.

This moving spectacle drew tears from all present

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‡ The circumstances of this story are of a similar nature to that of Damon and Pythias, so famous in antiquity; but it seems that the action of Cherik is superior to that of Pythias, generosity having induced him to do for an unknown person, what friendship influenced Pythias to do in favour of Damon.

sent; the King himself could not check his own. 'I never saw any thing so extraordinary, cried he, transported with admiration? Thou Tai, thou art the model of that fidelity, with which one ought to keep his word; and thou, Cherik, none can equal thy great soul in generosity. I abolish, in favour of both of you, an odious custom, which barbarity had introduced among us: My subjects may for the future approach me at all times without fear.'

The Monarch heaped benefactions upon Tai, and Cherik became dearer to him than ever.

A F A B L E.

A Peasant had an ass that carried panniers, which his master filled with apples to the brim. The poor animal, though heavily loaden, trod on with obedient and patient steps. At a small distance from his village, the clown saw some ripe apples that hung over the path. 'O says he, you can carry these, as you carry the others so well'. The ass, as patient as his master was rapacious, redoubled his efforts, but his strength was unequal to his obedience. They had not gone far before the clown saw an apple lie upon the ground. 'O, for this one, he said, one can never make any difference.' The poor beast was unable to reply; but his strength was exhausted, he sunk, and died under his burden.

Now the moral is this: The peasant is the Prince,

Prince, and the aís is the people; but they must be a very pacific, aís-like people indeed, who will suffer themselves to be crushed to death; if they have any spirit, they will die first.

The HISTORY of A D D E L A S, Recount-
ed by Himself.

MY Father was of a noble family, and beloved by his Prince. He neglected nothing to procure me a good education; nor did I frustrate his hopes. When I entered into society, I joined, to a mind, not uncultivated, a heart benevolent and incorrupt. Among the companions of my studies, there was one, who had particularly distinguished himself; and nature had given him a softness and modesty, which tempered the lustre of his merit, and exempted him from envy. We conceived an affection for each other, which grew with time, and was consolidated by a train of reciprocal and tender offices. When we had completed our studies, we entered together into the profession of arms. Azor, so my friend was called, had the fortune to save my life in an engagement. His birth was not inferior to mine; and, my father having died, the place he had kept in the heart of his Sovereign was transferred to the father of Azor. The influence of my friend was, of consequence, considerable; and he might have procured friends at Court, if the sentiment of friendship could have been felt by minds base and interested. The happiness, however, which seemed to await him, was blasted by a
cruel

cruel event. His father, having displeased his Prince, was disgraced, and, a few days after, died of chagrin and grief. Azor partook of his misfortunes. All the honours of his house were ravished from him; and, his father having lived magnificently, the estates that devolved to him were scarcely sufficient to satisfy incumbrances and debts, which had been contracted.

Azor sustained his disgrace and disappointments with fortitude. The ingratitude of those whom he had obliged did surprize him. I alone remained faithful to him, and thought not of his losses. He was formerly my friend, but I now accounted him my brother. My fortune, which was considerable, I shared with him: What was more I spoke in his favour at Court. But my zeal was interpreted to be disrespect; and I was degraded for having expressed myself to the advantage of an unfortunate and innocent man.

I retired without regret, from honours, to which merit so seldom gives pretensions; and in one of my seats, accompanied with Azor, I sought for repose and satisfaction. We had equally a passion for letters; and books made a part in our amusements. We enjoyed the pleasures of the chace together, and our communications and intercourse were so delightful, that we accounted, as fortunate, the calamities and disgrace which had induced us to fly from society. But our felicity did not continue long. It was about to be cruelly interrupted.

A young widow lived in our neighbourhood. Caniade, so she was named, was possessed of the
most

most bewitching beauty. Her features were not regular, but they had in them every thing that could please. It was impossible to behold her without feeling affection and love. We went to pay her a visit: Her wit added to the impressi^on of her attractions. A delicacy, soft and sentimental, distinguished all her expressions. I observed all her charms, and felt the force of them. Azor was still more struck than I was. He opened to me the state of his heart, and the violence of the passion he had conceived. 'But, if Cansade, said he, has made the same impressions on you, I shall resign her to your love.' I embraced him tenderly, and assured him, that I would not deprive him of his mistress.

Azor had all the timidity, in regard to Cansade, that perpetually attends an extreme degree of love. I told her what my friend had not dared to mention to her: And I rejected with disdain, the idea of being an advocate for myself, and advancing any claim to her affections.

Azor was amiable: He loved, and was beloved. His mistress had not much wealth; but, having made with him a formal division of my effects, he was in a condition to espouse her. They were married: Possession served to add to his love: He was the happiest of men. I was the witness of his felicity, which I could not think of disturbing; but I was tortured with anxiety, and gave way to despondency and dejection. In one fatal night, during the heat of summer, not being able to procure sleep, I descended from my bed-chamber into the garden: A delicious coolness had succeeded
the

the warmth of the day; and the moon shone in her fullest lustre. I walked insensibly to an harbour, where I thought I heard the sound of human voices. I listened, and could distinguish some words. I approached under the impulse of a fatal curiosity; I saw Azor and Cansade, and beheld a conflict between modesty and love. I turned from a scene that became too interesting for me; but the image of it remained in my mind. It incessantly haunted me; and, whether, asleep or awake, I saw Cansade before me.

Azor, mean while, continued to have a place in my esteem. I should have suffered a thousand deaths rather than have betrayed him. But there were times when I envied his happiness, and considered my friend as a rival. I perceived that I was to blame; I blushed for my weakness, and perpetually fell into it.

The efforts which I made to be indifferent to Cansade, the want of sleep, and the little nourishment that I took, were injurious to my health. Azor was alarmed; he perceived me decline; and the thoughts of losing me interrupted his happiness. His iniquitude was extreme: He even carried it into the arms of Cansade.

I was affected with the proofs he gave of his friendship; and I thought I should be unworthy of it, if I concealed from him any longer what passed within me. I took the resolution to unfold to him my mind, to avow the sentiments I felt for Cansade, and to fly from him to a distant province. Would to Heaven, that I had done so! But it was destined
I should

I should be the instrument of destroying my friend.

Women are penetrating in regard to the effects of their beauty. Canfade was not ignorant of the impression she had made upon me: I could not restrain myself from beholding her with the eyes of a lover. She commiserated the condition to which she had reduced me: And her pity grew, perhaps, into a sentiment still more tender. It happened, that we were one day alone, and she spoke to me of the alteration in my health with so much sensibility and concern, that I was induced to mention to her, that I died for the love of her. But this indiscretion was no sooner committed, than I repented of it. I then told her of my intention to explain myself to Azor, and to fly from him. This design appeared to her improper, and she dissuaded me from it. She insisted, with me, that my absence would be highly afflictive to Azor, and that to mention to him the cause of it would be still more so: She insisted, that I ought to make a generous effort to overcome my passion; and that I should consider what I owed to Azor, and what she owed to herself.

The arguments of Canfade had their effect. I continued to struggle against an enemy whom it was impossible I could overcome. My passion, instead of decaying, acquired new strength. I even thought of alluring Canfade to gratify it. There is nothing more seductive of the virtue of a woman, than the having constantly before her a man all whose cares and movements are a tribute to her charms. If she listens to him, if she joins in the complaints that he makes of his destiny, she be-

comes



comes inflamed herself, she catches the fire that burns in the bosom of her lover. It was thus with Canfade. We had frequent assignations; and, at one of our meetings, while I spoke of the inutility of all my efforts, I perceived that she burst into tears. 'My condition, said I, afflicts you, and you weep for me. 'No returned she, I weep my own unfortunate situation; it is no less deplorable than yours.' 'Ah Canfade, cried I, why did you not suffer me to depart: What remedies do I feel?' 'Mine, said she, are no less cruel: I am now sorry for having detained you: I conjure you to fly: It is the only circumstance that can save us from our weakness.' I left her with the resolution never more to behold her; I went in search of Azor, whom I told, that a long journey was prescribed to me as the only means of removing my malady. Azor could not think of our separation: He insisted to accompany me; and it was with the utmost difficulty that I could prevail with him not to subject himself to so much inconvenience. Mean while, I avoided to see Canfade; and I thought to take my departure, without bidding her an adieu. But the Fates had decreed it otherwise.

Two days before I was to remove, I went into the garden, and turned my sorrowing eyes towards the arbour, where I had seen the happiness of Azor and Canfade. I experienced a melancholy emotion, and I approached with an intention to encourage it. As I entered the arbour, I beheld Canfade, with her eyes fixed on the ground, and
her

her cheeks bathed with tears. I hesitated how I should act. I had not the power to force myself to retire. I threw myself at her feet, and embraced her knees. 'Ah! said she, can you be so cruel as to abandon me? Why did I ever behold you?' I became enflamed with love. I forgot my remorseless my friend, my virtue. I saw nothing but Canide; and, never before, did she appear to me so beautiful. She gave me a look of inexpressible tenderness. I told her, that I was to leave her for ever. We wept, and mingled together our sighs. Love entirely took the possession of our hearts; I committed a crime, of which the sad remembrance will never forsake me.

When we returned to ourselves out of that delicious and magical forgetfulness, into which love had thrown us, we were confounded and astonished. Canide, tearing herself from my arms, gave way to despair; and I was, for some time, employed in preventing the effects of it. At length we separated, our hearts torn with remorse; and, without looking at each other, we took an eternal farewell. But, in the height of the scene we had acted, the unfortunate Azor had approached the harbour. I did not know that he knew my crime; yet, I dreaded to see him; I could not bear the looks of a friend I had injured. I was told, that he had gone to a house, two leagues distant, at which we generally called, when we took the pleasure of the chase. I was surprised at his departure, but had no suspicions of the cause of it. I went to bed; could procure no sleep; and arose early in the morning. The

idea of my crime did not leave me: It was ever before my eyes: it pursued and punished me. I felt too somewhat of a fatal presage, which added to my horror and my misery. A letter was brought to me from Azor: my hands trembled, while I opened it. The words it contained are engraved in my heart; and while I repeat them, pardon me, if my tears and my sighs interrupt my voice.

‘The moment you employ in reading this letter, is the last in the life of Azor. I saw you yesterday in the arms of Canfade: May you live with her long and happily! And may you never know that sentiment of grief, which I have experienced! Adieu.’

I underwent agitations the most painful and excruciating. My domestics hastened to inform Canfade of my situation. She came to me, and I delivered to her the fatal letter. She fell into a swoon: I left her to the care of her attendants, and, calling for my horse, I flew to the house to which Azor had gone. I saw his body, threw myself upon it, and gave vent to my cries and my tears. The dagger, with which he had stabbed himself, presented itself to my eye: I seized it, wounded myself with it, and was carrying it to my heart, when I was disarmed. I fell to the ground without sense or recollection: In this state, I was put to bed, and my wound was dressed. When I came to myself, I detested the care that had been taken of me: I tore off my bandages; I was seized with a violent fever. My life was despaired off; but I had not the good fortune to die. My crime required a
long

long expiation. Nature was stronger than my despair: and she saved me, that I might be miserable. Canfade, more fortunate than I was, died the victim of her sorrow.

When my health was entirely re-established, I formed the resolution of living in solitude and obscurity. The bodies of Azor and Canfade had been put in the same coffin; I ordered it to be transported to the place of my retirement. I deposited it in the earth, and caused a tomb to be raised above it. Near this spot, I pass moments embittered with the most afflictive reflections. The sight of the tomb perpetually revives in me the idea of my crime, and I cannot force myself from it. Every day I bathe it with my tears, and incessantly sigh for the moment that is to lay me in the dust.

The DEAD ASS.

AND this, said he, putting the remains of a crust into his wallet---and this should have been thy portion, said he, hadst thou been alive to have shared it with me. I thought by the accent, it had been an apostrophe to his child; but it was to his ass, and to the very ass we had seen dead in the road, which had occasioned La Fleur's misadventure. The man seemed to lament it much; and it instantly brought into my mind Sancho's lamentation for his; but he did it with more true touches of nature.

The mourner was sitting upon a stone bench at the door, with the ass's pannel and its bridle on
one

one side, which he took up from time to time---then laid them down---looked at them, and shook his head. He then took his crust of bread out of his wallet again, as if to eat it; held it some time in his hand---then laid it upon the bit of his ass's bridle---looked wishfully at the little arrangement he had made---and then gave a sigh.

The simplicity of his grief drew numbers about him, and La Fleur among the rest, whilst the horses were getting ready; as I continued sitting in the post-chaise, I could hear and see over their heads.

He said he had come last from Spain, where he had been from the furthest borders of Franconia; and had got so far on his return home, when his ass died. Every one seemed desirous to know what business could have taken so old and poor a man so far a journey from his own home.

It had pleased heaven, he said, to bless him with three sons, the finest lads in all Germany; but having in one week lost two of them by the small-pox, and the youngest falling ill of the same distemper, he was afraid of being bereft of them all, and made a vow, if heaven would not take him from him also he would go in gratitude to St Iago in Spain.

When the mourner got thus far in his story, he stopp'd to pay nature her tribute---and wept bitterly.

He said heaven had accepted the conditions; and that he had set out from his cottage with this poor creature, who had been a patient partner of his journey---that it had eat the same bread with him all the way, and was unto him as a friend.

Every

Every body who stood about, heard the poor fellow with concern---La Fleur offered him money---The mourner said he did not want it---it was not the value of the ass---but the loss of him---The ass, he said, he was assured, loved him---and upon this told them a long story of a mischance upon their passage over the Pyrenean mountains which had separated them from each other three days; during which time the ass had sought him as much as he had sought the ass, and that they had neither scarce eat nor drunk till they met.

Thou hast one comfort, friend, said I, at least in the loss of thy poor beast; I am sure thou hast been a merciful master to him.---Alas! said the mourner, I thought so when he was alive--but now he is dead I think otherwise.---I fear the weight of myself and my afflictions together have been too much for him---they have shortened the poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to answer for.---Shame on the world! said I to myself---Did we love each other as this poor soul but loved his ass---t'would be something.---



The AVARICIOUS PUNISHED; a Circassian History.

DIARBEC, Lord of the fruitful plains that lie along the banks of the river Teflis, was descended from the most ancient family that inhabited the valleys. His house could boast of a longer series of uninterrupted beauties than any other in Circassia.
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He could reckon fourteen maidens of his own family, who were all sold into the seraglio of Ispahan. Some of whom had actually possessed the heart of the mighty monarch of Persia. His ancestors had grown rich by the traffic of beauty, and had left him in possession of such numerous herds and flocks, that they covered the neighbouring mountains.

His riches however were not sufficient to satisfy his avarice. He was still desirous of increasing his acquisitions, and still laboured to augment a fortune already greater than he could enjoy. He despised his fellow-mortals, and trusted only in his own extensive possessions; from them he expected pleasure in manhood, and comfort in age. He took no pains to cultivate friendship, and felt more pleasure in the distant prostration of distant homage, than in the warm embraces of affection blended with esteem. Notwithstanding his pride, he had still one friend that esteemed, and one daughter that still loved him. His friend Arcadi was just, generous and sincere. He had travelled in search of wisdom among the Bramins, who propagate their harmless doctrine on the banks of Ganges; he had been initiated into the mysteries of those who adored the divinity under the symbol of fire; he knew the art of commanding armies, and of giving laws to men. Zamora, his daughter, surpassed all the maidens of Circassia in beauty. Her hair that shone brighter than the gold of Indostan, her features that seemed to borrow innocence from the dove, the blue lustre of her eyes, and the faultless delicacy of her person, all conspired to render her the most accomplished of all the daughters

daughters of the east. Diarbec seemed happy in the conversation of the one, and delighted with the innocent caresses of the other; he loved them both, but he loved his riches better. He frequently assured his youthful friend, that if he could not sell his daughter to greater advantage, and with a prospect of presiding in the seraglio of Persia, he should be preferred; a declaration which Arcadi considered as an actual promise: he loved Zamora, and his merit excited the same passion in her. Every thing seemed to be comfortable to their wishes, and a few days had compleated their union, had not a caravan arrived from Isfahan to purchase beautiful women for the harems of Persia.

The merchants, whom former correspondence had made acquainted with the family of Diarbec, repaired immediately to his house, and made their first application to him. Though Diarbec had no great inclination to sell his daughter, yet he had a strong desire to know her value. He therefore carried the merchants to her apartment, in order to examine her merits and fix her price. The merchants, whom long custom had rendered dispassionate judges of beauty, were immediately struck with her appearance; they examined her with the prying eye of diffidence and distrust; they searched for faults, but could not help commending. Every motion, every attitude, and every feature, displayed the most beautiful grace, symmetry, and proportion: in short, they found her worthy to grace the seraglio of the Persian Sophi, and even to adorn the seat of eastern throne.

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Struck with the appearance of so much beauty and perfection, they pressed Diarbec to name her price, and it should be immediately paid, for the charms of Zamora were inestimable. An offer so far above the most extravagant wish of his unbounded avarice, changed in a moment his former resolution; and forgetting all the ties of parental affection, and the declarations of affected friendship, he determined to sell his daughter; but at the same time resolved to make so large a demand as would console him for her absence, and place him far above all the inhabitants of the Circassian valleys. Accordingly he asked with confidence a thousand sequins of gold; but asked it only to try what they would be content to offer. He was therefore astonished to find his demand accepted without the least hesitation or delay.

The merchants having thus purchased the beautiful Zamora, took the lovely prize from her apartment, and placed her on a Persian camel. In vain she intreated the pity of her inexorable father; in vain she vowed to make no other than her dear Arcadi happy. Deaf to her intreaties, and unmoved at her tears, the merchants carried her from the house of her avaricious father. Her lover, who was soon informed of her misfortunes, flew to her father, his former friend; painted in the most lively manner the misfortunes that would inevitably attend both him and his daughter; and implored redress. Diarbec heard his complaint with that happy indifference which sometimes supports the mind under the commission of the most atrocious crimes :

he

he heard, pretended to pity, but failed to relieve.

The caravan now set forward on its return to Persia; for Zamora alone seemed a prize sufficient to recompence their expensive and toilsome journey. Her unfortunate lover, who had built all his hopes of future happiness on the flattering idea of possessing the lovely daughter of Diarbec, determined to abandon a country where he could never hope for tranquillity or peace. Accordingly he sold his small possession in Circassia, and hired himself as a camel driver to one of the merchants, and resolved in that disguise to rescue the lovely Zamora, or perish in attempt.

In the mean time, Diarbec triumphed in the late addition to his fortune; he reflected with delight that the expences of his family was lessened by the absence of his daughter, and at the same time his funds increased by the prodigious sum he had received from the Persian merchants; he found, or at least fancied he found in his riches, a sufficient recompence for the loss of his family and friends; and thanked heaven for indulging him in a profusion of the only blessings he esteemed below. But this tranquillity did not long continue; an army of Tartars, numerous as the insects that sport in the noon-tide beam, came sweeping down from the mountains of Jarigorod, and covered the whole plains of Circassia like a flight of locusts wafted by the eastern breeze.

Now the riches, the herds, the flocks of Diarbec, those fleeting treasures of fortune, in which he gloried, became an easy prey to bands of lawless invaders:

vaders; and his servants, who detested the avarice of their master, refusing to defend him, he was taken prisoner by enemies, whose hearts were, if possible, greater strangers to the feelings of humanity than his own. He was now, when too late, convinced, that he wanted a friend to assist him in repelling the enemy; and that even the presence of his daughter would either have mitigated the fury of the enemy, or softened the severity of servitude. But it was in vain to wish for what was not to be found, or endeavour to recal the fleeting moments, when he sacrificed both to his unbounded avarice. He now beheld all his substance dispersed like the sands that fly before the winds on the plains of Bokara, and himself sold to an Armenian shepherd, who employed him in tending his flocks at the foot of Mount Ararat, where his only portion were incessant toil, and unsheltered distress.

His mind, before a stranger to the softer passions of pity and commiseration, now began to acquire wisdom in the school of adversity; he now reflected on his former conduct, and the justice of his punishment. How often did he wish to behold once more his offended friend, and unjured daughter. He found no relief in reflecting that she might perhaps enjoy the smiles of majesty, while he himself felt the cruel hand of an unrelenting master, and his hoary head bent beneath the weight of servitude. He was however forced to support a burden which could not be removed, and bear with misfortunes which could not be mitigated by complaints. But time itself could not reconcile a mind to slavery
that

that had been nursed in the lap of liberty; he was therefore resolved to attempt an escape the first opportunity, though he well knew that his life must pay the forfeit of a discovery.

Let us now follow the Circassian lovers, whom we left on their journey with the Persian caravan. Arcadi, who had disguised himself in the habit of a servant, and hired himself as a mule-driver in the caravan, attended the camel that carried the lovely Zamora with assiduity and silent distress. One night when he was posted as centinel to watch the caravan, he selected two Arabian couriers, swifter than the wind, and placing Zamora on the one, and himself upon the other, left the Persian merchants buried in sleep, and, after two days, arrived safely at Reschid, a city which, though surrounded with mighty monarchies, claims a peculiar jurisdiction to itself.

In this city his great abilities soon procured him both honour and esteem; he was raised from one post and employment to another, till at last he became chief governor and judge. In this high station his integrity and capacity gained him the favour of the great, while his humility and lenity rendered him the favourite of the poor. Twice every day he sat on the seat of justice, hearing complaints and redressing grievances; and few came before him that were not satisfied with the justice of his decisions.

One day as he was thus dispersing justice in public, a criminal was brought before him, that seemed to have been long acquainted with famine and
fatigue

fatigue. The fetter had left on his leg the mark of slavery, and his hair being lately cut, evidently proved that he had fled from his master; a crime always punished with death; and, accordingly, Arcadi was going to pronounce the fatal sentence, when the wretched prisoner, in an agony of despair, cried out, "Alla is but one, and Mahomet " is his prophet! I deserve to die, for I despised " friendship, abused my parental authority, and " preferred wealth and possessions, though more " fleeting than the morning cloud, to domestic, " tranquillity. Were Arcadi or Zamora present, " I could encounter afflictions with fortitude! " Their forgiveness would smooth my passage to " the grave. I could resign my life with pleasure " in the arms of my faithful friend, and dearest " daughter. O cursed ambition, wretched wealth, " to what a miserable state have you reduced the " unfortunate Diarbec!"

The judge heard this exclamation with rapture and surprise. He gazed with astonishment on the miserable prisoner, and beheld in his face the features of the once-opulent, the haughty Circassian, now clouded with sorrow, and rendered obscure by famine and fatigue. Descending therefore from his tribunal, he flew to his father, and embraced him with all the forgiving fondness of a faithful friend. Diarbec was lost in amazement at so unexpected a scene of happiness and joy; but how was he transported to hear that his lovely daughter was still happy, and in his friend's possession! But even the pen of Dali, that delight of the heart, and rose of perfection,

perfection, cannot fully describe the joy that filled the breasts of this once-ambitious Circassian and his beautiful daughter, at so unexpected an event. Let it therefore suffice to say, that it can only be equalled in the bowers of paradise, the happy mansions of tranquillity and joy.

Thus was the condition of Diarbec changed at once, from misery and despair to happiness and exultation. The sentence of death, which he expected to hear pronounced from the tribunal of justice, turned into the kind congratulations of a faithful friend. And as Diarbec had learned in slavery the lessons of wisdom, of justice, of humanity he now felt for the afflicted, rejoiced in removing the ponderous hand of misfortune from the breast of the indigent, and in defending the poor and needy against the cruel tyranny of the rich and powerful. He was convinced, that the paths of virtue were the paths of happiness, and the only avenues that lead to the perennial fountains of felicity.

A REMARKABLE RELATION OF A HIGHLAND ROBBER.

NOT many years after the last Rebellion in Scotland, an Officer of some distinction was travelling through the Highlands. Barbarous as that part of Scotland still is, it was much more so then. The public roads, where there were any, were hardly perceivable. The people, though originally good-

good natured, were peculiarly inimical to soldiers, while the massacre that followed the Battle of Culloden was yet recent in their memories.

Thus situated, the Officer could not possibly know his way, and it was almost in vain to ask where he could neither understand nor be understood. To complete his misfortune, there happened to be that day a great fall of snow. He was attended only by a single servant. In such circumstances they continued their journey, not doubting but they should perish at last. After wandering in this painful suspense the whole day, they discovered, in the dusk of the evening, something like a light at a distance. Thither they repaired without hesitation; but when they reached the spot where they expected to find a house, they found themselves at the foot a tremendous precipice, and the light that had decoyed them still glimmering at an inaccessible height above their heads. In this state of desperation they hallooed with all their might, and were immediately asked by a human voice what they wanted. They then declared their situation, and only begged to know whether they could hope for any relief. In an instant a man came and desired them to follow him. They did so, but were obliged, though reluctantly, to leave their horses fastened below. They soon arrived by a zigzag way, to a large cavity in the middle of the rock, and the first sight they saw was a vast pile of faggots lighted up in the center of a prodigious vacuity. There their guide left them, and returned in a moment from some concealed part in this subterraneous

subterraneous habitation, with above fifty armed men.

At such a formidable and unexpected object, in circumstances otherwise sufficiently perilous, our Travellers were greatly and unavoidably startled, when one, who seemed to have the command of the rest, addressed them to this purpose :

“ You can be at no loss to guess what we are, from our appearance ; but you have nothing to fear. For tho’ we live by what is called violence, we are not insensible to humanity. Our depredations are never stained with cruelty, and seldom with blood ; and those whom necessity have thrown on our care, have never either been treated with barbarity, or suffered to want. We extort a little from those only who are able to spare it ; but rather augment than diminish the property of the poor. We know what we have to expect when we fall into the hands of the rich and powerful, and are resigned to our fate ; but we never take advantage of the miserable. Nor is it to distress others, but solely to support our selves, that we live in this manner. You see our quarters, and shall have all the accommodation they can afford you ; and if you can trust us, who have no reason to deceive you, we welcome you to a temporary residence in these adamantine abodes, with the most perfect sincerity. Our fare is homely but wholesome, and our beds, though coarse, are not infested with vermin. Nor be under any concern for your horses ; they too shall share our protection and hospitality. We have no hay, but they shall not want for corn and water. Stables

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we have none, but can shelter them for one night, at least, sufficiently from the inclemencies of the weather."

This harangue revived the courage of the guests, and they were seasonably presented with a cup of whisky each, to recover them from the cold and fatigue they had suffered. Their stomachs by this time must have been abundantly keen, and by their own account, they never supped more deliciously in their lives than they did that night, on poultry and fine Highland mutton hastily broiled on the live ashes.

Rest was the next thing of which they stood most in need: and their generous host led them to an inner apartment in the Cave, which seemed to be at once their treasury and their magazine. There two sacks of heath were by his orders brought in, and put on end with its crop uppermost. Then a rope was fastened about the whole to keep it together. On this simple contrivance, which formed a most delicious sofa, they laid themselves down.

The Officer had some notes of value about him, and above twenty guineas in gold, besides a very handsome gold watch, and other costly trinkets; but as he expected they would search him for his money, he did not attempt to secrete any thing. Their host either discovered or suspected their timidity, and offered himself to be their guard. They dissuaded him as much as possible; but he told them plainly, that unless he kept himself constantly by them, he could not be answerable for the conduct of his companions.

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He therefore slept by them on the bare rock the whole night. In the morning they found themselves thus alone with him, and every thing as they left it in the evening, save that of the whole fifty men they saw, not one was now visible but the head of the gang. Another fire of wood was instantly lighted up, and as he told them they had near twenty miles to ride before they could find any provision for themselves or horses, they were prevailed on to eat very heartily of cheese and whisky ere they set out.

He then produced their horses, who had been well fed, and were in charming spirits. He likewise insisted on putting them on a road where they might be in no further danger of losing their way. On this the servant was ordered to dismount and give him his horse; but he chose rather to walk, and told them, he could easily keep up with them. At their parting---“ Sir, (said the Officer) we are struck at the whole of your conduct, from first to last, with equal admiration and gratitude. We have been treated like Princes, where we expected our throats were to be cut. It is not in my power sufficiently to reward your generosity; but here is a small purse of guineas, which is all the ready cash I have about me. I can very well spare it, and shall think myself honoured by your acceptance of it. I am only sorry it is not more, for your sake.”

“ Look’e, Sir, (said the Highlandman) you now see our way of life. The fellows you saw are all trusty and tried. We go to a free market for whatever we want. In such a situation money can

be no object to us: though it were, know, that Serjeant More is above being hired to do what his heart tells him is right."---"Are you Serjeant More?" exclaimed the Officer.---"I am."---"Why, your name is a terror to the whole country round."---"It is."---"Do you know that a reward is offered for you, dead or alive?"---"I do."---"Why then do you trust yourself alone with two armed men?"---"To shew you that my heart is a stranger to fear." He then drew his sword, and leaning on it gently, "Sir, (said he) I was born a Gentleman, and have lived a Clown. Early misfortunes obliged me to conceal my name and family, and enlist in the Army. My conduct there attracted the attention of my superiors, but I had no interest to rise higher than a Halbert, and was discharged with the Regiment in which I served. This way of life was then imposed on me by necessity. It is likely I shall be made an example, to deter others from the same clandestine practices: and all I ask, when you hear of my death, whether public or private, is, that you remember you once owed your life to him who never took one but in the cause of his country, when he fought for his King, and exposed his own. Farewell!"

A NOBLE INSTANCE OF GENEROSITY.

THE Elizabeth, an English man of war, would infallibly have been lost in the shoals on the coast of Florida,

Florida, in 1746, had not Captain Edwards ventured into the Havannah. It was in time of war, and the port belonged to the enemy, "I come (said the captain to the governor) "to deliver up
"my ship, my sailors, my soldiers, and myself,
"into your hands: I only ask the lives of my men."
"No---" (said the Spanish commander) "I will
"not be guilty of so dishonourable an action. Had
"we taken you in fight, in open sea, or upon our
"coasts, your ship would have been ours, and you
"would be our prisoners. But, as you are driven
"in by stress of weather, and are come hither for
"fear of being cast away, I do, and ought, to forget that my nation is at war with yours. You
"are men, and so are we: you are in distress, and
"have a right to our pity. You are at liberty to
"unload and refit your vessel; and, if you want
"it, you may trade in this port, to pay your
"charges: you may then go away, and you will
"have a pass to carry you safe beyond the Bermudas. If, after this, you are taken, you will
"be a lawful prize; but, at this moment, I see in
"Englishmen, only strangers, for whom humanity claims our assistance."

MENALCAS AND ALEXIS.

MENALCAS was old. Four score years had already bowed down his head. The silver hairs shadowed his forehead, and a snowy beard flowed
over

over his breast. A staff secured his tottering steps. As he, who, after the labours of a fair summer's day, in the cool of the evening sits down content, and thanks the gods, waiting for peaceful slumbers; so Menalcas consecrated the remainder of his days to repose, and to the worship of the gods: for he had passed his life in labour and beneficence; and, therefore, tranquil and resigned, he waited for the slumbers of the grave.

Menalcas saw blessings diffused among his children. He had given them numerous flocks, and fruitful pastures. Full of tender anxiety, they strove to cheer his latter days, and to repay the care he had taken of their tender years. 'Tis a duty the gods never leave unrecompensed.

One day, as he was sitting at the entrance of his cottage, refreshing himself in the morning sun, no one was with him but his grandson Alexis. The lovely youth had not yet seen fourteen winters. The roses of the spring bloomed on his cheeks, while locks of gold flowed o'er his shoulders. The old man entertained him with discourses on the happiness of doing good to mankind, and of relieving the indigent. There is no pleasure, he said, can equal that we feel after a virtuous action. The brilliant charms of Aurora, the sweet setting of the sun, and the variegated beauties of nature, all fill the heart with delicious sensations: but the pleasure which springs from beneficence, is far, far more delicious! --- Tears of joy and tenderness bedewed the cheeks of young Alexis. The old man saw them with transport. You weep, my child, said he, fixing his

his eyes tenderly on him: surely my discourse, alone, could not cause these tears! There is something in thy heart, that makes them flow.

Alexis wiped the drops from his rosy cheeks; but his eyes were still filled with fresh tears. Oh! I know, yes, I feel, that nothing is so sweet as doing good.

Menalcas was affected. He pressed the youth's hand in his; and said, I see by thy countenance, I read in thine eyes, that thy mind is touched, and that it is not merely by what I have said.

The young shepherd, abashed, turned away his face.---At last, restraining his tears, I will tell you, said he, what, perhaps, I should have concealed for ever in the bottom of my heart; for I have learnt from you, that he who boasts of the good he does, is but good by halves. It was for that reason, I would have concealed from you, what made my heart throb; what convinced me so pleasingly, that the satisfaction of doing good, is the most delicious pleasure of our lives.

One of our sheep had strayed. I went to seek it on the hills; when I heard a voice. I crept towards the place whence the voice seemed to come; and I perceived a man. He took from his shoulders, a heavy burden; and, sighing, laid it on the ground. I cannot, no, he said, I cannot go any further. How full of bitterness are my days! A scanty and wretched subsistence is all I obtain by my labour. Many hours have I wandered, loaded with this burden, amidst the most intense heat; and I can find no spring to quench my thirst, no tree, not even

even a bush, whose fruit can refresh me. I see nothing all around me, but frightful deserts; no path appears to lead me to my hut, and my tottering knees cannot support me longer. Yet, let me not murmur.---Gods! you have always succoured me. Thus lamenting, he laid himself, exhausted, on his burden.

Then, without being observed, I ran with all my strength to our cottage. I instantly put into a basket, fresh and dry fruits, and filled my largest flagon with milk. I flew back to the mountain, and again found the unhappy man. He was then in a peaceful slumber. Softly, quite softly, I approached him, set the basket and flagon of milk by his side, and hid myself at a little distance. He soon awoke. What a sweet refreshment is sleep! he said; then, looking on his burden, I will now try to carry thee further; so, hast thou not served as a pillow to my head? Perhaps, the gods will direct my steps, that I may soon hear the murmur of some fountain, or that I may find some cottage, whose hospitable master will receive me under his roof.

At the moment he was taking up his load, he perceived the flagon and the basket. The burden fell from his hands. Ye gods! he cried, what do I see? Alas! my want disturbs my senses! I surely dream; and when I shall awake, all will vanish. But, no,---I am awake.---He laid his hand upon the basket.---Yes,---I am awake! What divinity; O! what propitious power, hath wrought this miracle? To thee I pour the first drops of this milk;

to

to thee I consecrate these two apples, the fairest of the basket. Receive, O vouchsafe favourably to receive my grateful offerings! Thou knowest the sincerity of my heart. He then sat down, and ate, while tears of joy ran down his face. When he was refreshed, he rose, and offered his thanks, once more, to the power that had watched over him with so much goodness. Or, have the gods, he said, have they sent thither some beneficent mortal! Why cannot I see and embrace him! Where art thou? Let me thank and bless thee. May the gods bless him! bless the generous man, all that are his, and all that are dear to him! I am satisfied. I will take with me, these fruits; my wife and children shall eat of them, and bless, with me, our unknown benefactor. He went his way, and I wept for joy.

I then ran till I had got before him, and sat down by the way through which he must pass. He came; he saluted me, and said, My son, hast thou seen any one in these mountains, bearing a sagon and a basket of fruit?---I have met no one bearing a sagon and a basket of fruit: but how came you into this desert said I: you must surely have lost your way: there is no path, that leads hither. Alas! my child, he said, I did unluckily lose my way; and, if some beneficent deity---or, if it were a mortal, the gods bless him!---if some beneficent being had not saved me, I should have perished with hunger and thirst, on these mountains.---Let me shew thee the way, said I; give me thy burden, that I may carry it, and thou wilt the more easily follow me.---After re-

fusing along time, he gave me the burden; and I conducted him to the road, that leads to his cottage.

This, my father, is what makes me still weep with joy. What I did, cost me little trouble; yet, every time I think on it, the remembrance delights me. How happy must he be, who has done a great deal of good!

The old man embraced the youth, with the sweetest transports of pleasure.---Ah! now I shall descend, without regret, to the grave; since I leave behind me, in my cottage, piety and beneficence.

AN AFFECTING INSTANCE OF PARENTAL AFFECTION.

IN one of the obscure corners of London, lived an indigent, but honest mortal, with his wife and three children, who gained a mean livelihood by selling greens, which he purchased of an opulent gardener in the neighbourhood, who had agreed to furnish him with what he wanted, on condition of his paying for them every week. This agreement was for some time literally performed; but at last the wife and eldest child falling sick, the unhappy man found it impossible to fulfil his promise, and at the same time procure the necessaries requisite in his afflicted family. And by this means he owed his griping creditor the immense sum of two and forty shillings.

The rich gardener, on finding the poor man had
not

not paid him as usual the weekly account, flew to his house, and after telling his debtor that he would no longer supply him with greens, added, in the most imperious manner, that unless he instantly paid his arrears, he would send him without delay to a prison. The poor man pleaded for time in the most pathetic manner; shewed him his wife and child, who lay in the most dangerous condition; and begged he would be contented to take half the sum, for the present, as he hoped then to be able to furnish his little shop, support his indigent family and pay him the remainder in a reasonable time. But all his attempts to soften the stony heart of his creditor were of no effect; he insisted on his paying him the whole directly, without shewing the least regard to the moving complaints of his fellow creature. The poor man finding it in vain to plead for indulgence, paid the debt, which was the whole sum he was master of. The inhuman creditor having received the money, left this unfortunate family, and, instead of pitying, insulted their misfortunes.

But the poor man was hardly alone, than he abandoned himself to his grief, which, by reflecting on the miseries he imagined must inevitably attend his distressed family, soon changed into despair. At length he was roused from his melancholy suggestions by his wife who begged him to bring her a little water, and provide something for the children who were crying for bread. "My dear children," cried he, your wants shall be supplied, but it will cost your poor father dear." He knew that the

parish was obliged to take care of distressed widows and orphans, and could think of no other method of preserving them from perishing, than by depriving her of a husband and them of a father, who was incapable of supplying them with bread.

Filled with this terrible purpose, he retired into a small closet, where he used to keep his herbs, determining to put it immediately in execution. The thoughts of a future state stopped him for some moments; but reflecting there was no other method of saving his family, he addressed himself to his Creator, begging he would not impute that to him as a crime, which, in order to save the lives of his innocent wife and children, it was absolutely necessary for him to perform. He now placed about his neck the fatal cord, and had soon launched into eternity, had not a woman who lived in an adjacent apartment heard the blows he gave the partition with his feet in struggling for life. She was then at breakfast; and thinking the sick woman stood in immediate need of her assistance, ran in with a knife in her hand, and entering the closet, cut down the unhappy wretch, who had probably only a few moments to live. Her cries brought the sick woman and a neighbouring surgeon to her assistance; by which means the unfortunate man was recovered.

This remarkable action soon spread over the neighbourhood, and fortunately reached the ears of a person of distinction, remarkable for his humanity, who ordered him to be brought to his house; and after placing the enormity of his crime in the
most

most conspicuous point of light, gave him money sufficient to furnish his shop, and provide necessaries for his family, ordering him whenever he was again reduced to misfortunes, to apply to him. The poor man, filled with gratitude, gave his Lordship a faithful account of the whole transaction, and described, in so affecting a manner, the dreadful situation he was in, on seeing his children on the point of perishing with hunger, that his generous benefactor could not refrain from tears.

How different must the conduct of the cruel gardener, and that of this humane nobleman, appear to the eye of every unprejudiced mortal? The former excites our contempt and abhorrence; while the latter engages our warmest wishes for his happiness. And surely those wretches themselves, who have no regard for any thing but their own interest, cannot help applauding this beneficent action, though their sordid souls will not suffer them to assist the needy, nor wipe the tears from the brow of indigence.

DESCRIPTION OF A STORM.

SEE the whole atmosphere is hurled into the most tumultuous confusion. The aerial torrent bursts its way over mountains, seas, and continents. All things feel the dreadful shock. All things tremble before the furious blast. The forest, vexed and tore, groans under the scourge; her sturdy sons are strained to the very root, and almost kiss the
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the soil they were wont to shade. The stubborn oak that disdains to bend is dashed headlong to the ground; and, with shattered arms, and prostrate trunk, blocks the road. While the flexible reed that springs in the marsh, yielding to the gust, eludes the force of the storm, and survives amidst the widespread havock.

For a moment, the turbulent and outrageous sky seems to be asswaged; but it intermits its wrath, only to increase its strength. Soon the founding squadrons of the air return to their attack, and renew their ravages with redoubled fury. The stately domè rocks amidst the wheeling clouds. The impregnable tower totters on its basis, and threatens to overwhelm whom it was intended to protect.

The rugged rock is rent in pieces; and even the hills, the perpetual hills, on their deep foundations are scarce secure. Where now is the place of safety? When the city reels, and houses becomes heaps of ruin! Sleep afrighted flies from the eyes of mortals. Diversion is turned in horror. All is uproar in the elements; all is consternation among mortals, and nothing but one wide scene of rueful devastation through the land.

The ocean swells with tremendous commotions. The ponderous waves are heaved from their capacious bed, and almost lay bare the unfathomable deep. Flung into the most rapid agitation, they sweep over the rocks, they lash the lofty cliffs, and toss themselves into the clouds. Navies are rent from their anchors, and, with all their enormous load, are whirled swift as the arrow, wild as the winds,

winds, along the vast abyfs. Now, they climb the rolling mountain, they plow the frightful ridge, and feem to skim the skies : Anon they plunge into the opening gulph, they lose the fight of day, and are lost themselves to every eye. How vain is the pilot's art ! How impotent the mariners's strength ! The reel to and fro, and stagger in the jarring hold ; or cling to the cordage, while bursting seas foam over the deck. Despair is in every face, and death sits threatening on every surge.

Now the clouds discharge themselves in a torrent of hail, that heavy artillery of the sky. Driven by the vehement wind, with what dreadful impetuosity does the strong shower fall ? How it rebounds from the mountains, and rattles on the resounding dome ! It attenuates the rivers into smoke, or scourges them into foam. It crushes the infant flowers, and destroys the gardener's early plants. But the fierce attack is quickly over. The clouds have soon spent their pointed shafts.

But, behold a bow of no hostile intention ; a bow painted in variegated colours on the dufburdened cloud. How vast is the extent, how delicate the texture of that showery arch ! It compasseth the heavens with a glorious circle, and makes us forget the horrors of the storm. Elegant is its form, and rich its tinctures ; but more delightful its sacred significancy. While the violet and the rose blush in its beautiful aspect, the olive-branch smiles in its gracious import. It writes in radiant dyes what the Angels sung in harmonious strains, " Peace on earth, good-will towards men."

INGRATITUDE

INGRATITUDE PUNISHED.

An Eastern Tale.

A Dervise, venerable by his age, fell ill in the house of a woman who had been long a widow, and lived in extreme poverty in the suburbs of Bassora. He was so touched with the care and zeal with which she had assisted him, that at his departure he said to her, I have remarked that you have wherewith to subsist alone, but that you have not subsistence enough to share it with your only son, the young Abdallah: If you will trust him to my care, I will endeavour to acknowledge, in his person, the obligations I have to you for your care of me. The good woman received his proposal with joy; and the Dervise departed with the young man, advertising her, that they must perform a journey which would last near two years. As they travelled, he kept him in affluence, gave him excellent instructions, cured him of a dangerous disease with which he was attacked; in fine, took the same care of him, as if he had been his own son. Abdallah a hundred times testified his gratitude to him for all his bounties; but the old man always answered, 'My son, it is by actions that gratitude is proved; we shall see, in a proper time and place, whether you are so grateful as you pretend.'

One day, as they continued their travels, they
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found themselves in a solitary place, and the dervise said to Abdallah, ' My son, we are now at the end of our journey : I shall employ my prayers to obtain from heaven, that the earth may open and make an entrance wide enough to permit thee to descend into a place, where thou wilt find one of the greatest treasures that the earth incloses in her bowels. Hast thou courage to descend into this subterranean vault ? continued he. Abdallah swore to him, he might depend upon his obedience and zeal. Then the dervise lighted a small fire, into which he cast a perfume ; he read and prayed for some moments, after which the earth opened, and the dervise said to him,----' Thou mayest now enter, my dear Abdallah ; remember that it is in thy power to do me a great service, and that this is, perhaps, the only opportunity thou canst ever have of testifying to me, that thou art not ungrateful : Do not let thyself be dazzled by all the riches that thou wilt find there ; think only of seizing upon an iron candlestick with twelve branches, which thou wilt find close to a door ; that is absolutely necessary to me ; come up immediately and bring it to me.' Abdallah promised every thing, and descended boldly into the vault. But, forgetting what had been expressly recommended to him, whilst he was filling his vest and his bosom with the gold and jewels which this subterranean vault inclosed in prodigious heaps, the opening by which he had entered closed of itself. He had, however, presence of mind enough to seize upon the iron candlestick

candlestick, which the dervise had so strongly recommended to him; and, though the situation he was in was very terrible, he did not abandon himself to despair; and, thinking only in what manner he should get out of a place which might become his grave, he apprehended, that the vault had closed only because he had not followed the order of the dervise; recalled to his memory the care and goodness he had loaded him with; reproached himself with his ingratitude, and finished his meditation by humbling himself before God. At length, after much pain and inquietude, he was fortunate enough to find a narrow passage which led him out of this obscure cave; though it was not till he had followed it a considerable way, that he perceived a small opening, covered with briars and thorns, through which he returned to the light of the sun. He looked on all sides, to see if he could perceive the dervise, but in vain; he designed to deliver him the iron candlestick he so much wished for, and formed a design of quitting him, being rich enough, with what he had taken out of the cavern, to live in affluence without his assistance.

Not perceiving the dervise, nor remembering any of the places through which he had passed, he went on as fortune directed him, and was extremely astonished to find himself opposite to his mother's house, which he imagined he was at a great distance from. She immediately enquired after the dervise. Abdallah told her frankly what had happened to him, and the danger he had run to satisfy his unreasonable

reasonable desires; he afterwards shewed her the riches with which he was loaded. His mother concluded, upon the sight of them, that the dervise only designed to make a trial of his courage and his obedience, and that they ought to make use of the happiness which fortune had presented to them; adding, that doubtless such was the intention of the holy dervise. Whilst they contemplated upon these treasures with avidity; whilst they were dazzled with the lustre of them, and formed a thousand projects in consequence of them, they all vanished away before their eyes. It was then that Abdallah sincerely reproached himself with his ingratitude and disobedience; and, perceiving that the iron candlestick had resisted the enchantment, or rather the just punishment which those deserve who do not execute what they promise, he said, prostrating himself,---‘ What has happened to me is just; I have lost what I had no design to restore, and the candlestick, which I intended to deliver to the dervise, remains with me: It is a proof, that it rightly belongs to him, and that the rest was unjustly acquired.’ As he finished these words, he placed the candlestick in the midst of their little house.

When the night was come, without reflecting upon it, he placed the light in this candlestick. Immediately they saw a dervise appear, who turned round for an hour, and disappeared, after having thrown them an aspre. This candlestick had twelve branches. Abdallah, who was meditating all the day upon what he had seen the night before,

was willing to know what would happen the next night, if he put a light in each of them; he did so and twelve dervises appeared that instant; they turned round also for an hour, and each of them threw an aspre, as they disappeared. He repeated every day the same ceremony, which had always the same success; but he never could make it succeed more than once in twenty-four hours. This trifling sum was enough to make his mother and himself subsist tolerably: There was a time when they would have desired no more to be happy; but it was not considerable enough to change their fortune: It is always dangerous for the imagination to be fixed upon the idea of riches. The sight of what he believed he should possess; the projects he had formed for the employment of it; all these things had left such profound traces in the mind of Abdallah, that nothing could efface them. Therefore, seeing the small advantage he drew from the candlestick, he resolved to carry it back to the dervise, in hopes that he might obtain of him the treasure he had seen, or at least find again the riches which had vanished from their sight, by restoring to him a thing for which he had testified so earnest a desire. He was so fortunate as to remember his name, and that of the city where he inhabited. He departed therefore immediately for Magrebi, carrying with him his candlestick, which he lighted every night, and by that means furnished himself with what was necessary on the road, without being obliged to implore the assistance and compassion of the faithful. When he arrived

at Magrebi, his first care was to enquire in what house, or in what convent Abounadar lodged; he was so well known, that every body told him his habitation. He repaired thither directly, and found fifty porters, who kept the gate of his house, having each a staff with a head of gold in their hands: The court of this palace was filled with slaves and domestics; in fine, the residence of a Prince could not expose to view greater magnificence. Abdallah, struck with astonishment and admiration, feared to proceed. Certainly, thought he, I either explained myself wrong, or those, to whom I addressed myself, designed to make a jest of me, because I was a stranger; this is not the habitation of a dervise, it is that of a King. He was in this embarrassment, when a man approached him, and said to him, 'Abdallah, thou art welcome; my master Abounadar has long expected thee.' He then conducted him to an agreeable and magnificent pavilion, where the dervise was seated. Abdallah, struck with the riches which he beheld on all sides, would have prostrated himself at his feet; but Abounadar prevented him, and interrupted him, when he would have made a merit of the candlestick, which he presented to him: 'Thou art but an ungrateful wretch, said he to him; dost thou imagine thou canst impose upon me? I am not ignorant of any one of thy thoughts; and, if thou hadst known the value of this candlestick, never wouldst thou have brought it to me: I will make thee sensible of its true use.' Immediately he placed a light in each of its branches;

branches; and, when the twelve dervises had turned for some time, Abounadar gave each of them a blow with a cane, and in a moment they were converted into twelve heaps of sequins, diamonds, and other precious stones. ‘ This, said he, is the proper use to be made of this marvellous candlestick. As to me, I never desired it, but to place in my cabinet, as a talisman composed by a sage whom I revere, and am pleased to expose it sometimes to those who come to visit me; And, to prove to thee, added he, that curiosity was the the only occasion of my search for it, here are the keys of my magazines, open them and thou shalt judge of my riches; thou shalt tell me, whether the most insatiable miser would not be satisfied with them.’ Abdallah obeyed him, and examined twelve magazines of great extent, so full of all manner of riches, that he could not distinguish what merited his admiration most; they all deserved and produced his desires. The regret of having restored the candlestick, and that of not having found out the use of it, pierced the heart of Abdallah. Abounadar seemed not to perceive it; on the contrary, he loaded him with caresses, kept him some days in his house, and commanded him to be treated as himself. When he was at the eve of the day which he had fixed for his departure, he said to him,---‘ Abdallah, my son, I believe, by what has happened to thee, thou art corrected of the frightful vice of ingratitude; however, I owe thee a mark of my affection, for having undertaken so long a journey with a view of bringing

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me the thing I had desired; thou mayest depart, I shall detain thee no longer. Thou shalt find to-morrow, at the gate of my palace, one of my horses to carry thee; I make thee a present of it, as well as of a slave who shall conduct thee to thy house; two camels loaded with gold and jewels; which thou shalt chuse thyself out of my treasures.' Abdallah said to him all that a heart sensible to avarice could express, when its passion was satisfied, and went to lie down till the morning arrived, which was fixed for his departure.

During the night he was still agitated, without being able to think of any thing but the candlestick, and what it had produced. 'I had it, said he, so long in my power; Abounadar, without me, had never been the possessor of it: What risques did I not run in the subterranean vault? Why does he now possess this treasure of treasures? Because I had the probity, or rather the folly, to bring it back to him: He profits by my labours, and the danger I incurred in so long a journey. And what does he give me in return? Two camels loaded with gold and jewels; in one moment the candlestick will furnish him with ten times as much. It is Abounadar who is ungrateful: What wrong shall I do him in taking this candlestick? None certainly; for he is rich: And what do I possess? These ideas determined him, at length, to make all possible attempts to seize upon the candlestick. The thing was not difficult, Abounadar having trusted him with the keys of his magazines. He knew where the candlestick was placed; he seized upon

upon it, hid it at the bottom of one of the sacks, which he filled with pieces of gold and other riches which he was allowed to take, and loaded it, as well as the rest, upon his camels. He had no other eagerness now than for his departure; and, after having hastily bid adieu to the generous Abounadar, he delivered him his keys, and departed with his horse, his slave, and two camels.

When he was some days journeyed from Balsora, he sold his slave, resolving not to have a witness of his former poverty, nor of the source of his present riches. He bought another, and arrived without any obstacle at his mother's, whom he would scarce look upon: So much was he taken up with his treasure. His first care was to place the loads of the camels and the candlestick in the most private room in the house; and, in his impatience to feed his eyes with his great opulence, he placed lights immediately in the candlestick: The twelve dervises appearing, he gave each of them a blow with a cane with all his strength, lest he should be failing in the laws of the talisman: But he had not remarked, that Abounadar, when he struck them, had the cane in his left-hand. Abdallah by a natural motion, made use of his right; and the dervises, instead of becoming heaps of riches, immediately drew from beneath their robes each a formidable club, with which they struck him so hard and so long, that they left him almost dead, and disappeared, carrying with them all his treasure, the camels, the horse, the slave, and the candlestick.

Thus was Abdallah punished by poverty, and
almost

almost by death, for his unmeasurable ambition, which, perhaps, might have been pardonable, if it had not been accompanied by an ingratitude as wicked as it was audacious, since he had not so much as the resource of being able to conceal his perfidies from the too piercing eyes of his benefactor.

GOOD-NATURED CREDULITY.

A Chaldean Peasant was conducting a goat to the city of Bagdat. He was mounted on an ass; and the goat followed him, with a bell suspended from his neck. "I shall sell these animals, said he to himself, for thirty pieces of silver. With this money I can purchase a new turban, and a rich vestment of taffety, which I will tie with a sash of purple silk. The young damsels will then smile more favourably upon me, and I shall be the finest man at the Mosque."

Whilst the Peasant was thus anticipating in idea his future enjoyments three artful rogues concerted a stratagem to plunder him of his treasures.---As he moved along, one of them slipped off the bell from the neck of the goat; and, fastening it, without being perceived, to the tail of the ass, carried away his booty. The man, riding upon the ass, and hearing the sound of the bell, continued to muse, without the least suspicion of the loss which he had sustained. Happening, how-

ever, a short while afterwards, to turn about his head, he discovered with grief and astonishment, that the animal was gone, which constituted so considerable a part of his riches ; and he inquired, with the utmost anxiety, after his goat, of every traveller whom he met.

The second rogue now accosted him, and said, " I have just seen, in yonder fields, a man in great haste, dragging along with him a goat." The peasant dismounted with precipitation, and requested the obliging stranger to hold his ass, that he might lose no time in overtaking the thief. He instantly began the pursuit ; and, having traversed, in vain, the course that was pointed out to him, he came back, fatigued and breathless, to the place from which he set out ; where he found neither his ass, nor the deceitful informer, to whose care he had entrusted him.

As he walked pensively onwards, overwhelmed with shame, vexation, and disappointment, his attention was roused by the loud complaints and lamentations of a poor man, who sat by the side of a well. He turned out of the way to sympathize with a brother in affliction, recounted, his own misfortunes, and inquired the cause of that violent sorrow, which seemed to oppress him. " Alas !" said the poor man, in the most piteous tone of voice, " as I was resting here to drink, I dropped into the water a casket full of diamonds, which I was employed to carry to the Caliph at Bagdat ; and I shall be put to death, on the suspicion of having secreted so valuable a treasure."

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“ Why don’t you jump into the well, in search of the casket ?” cried the peasant, astonished at the stupidity of his new acquaintance. “ Because it is deep,” replied the man, “ and I can neither dive nor swim. But will you undertake this kind office for me, and I will reward you with thirty pieces of silver ?” The peasant accepted the offer with exultation; and, whilst he was putting off his cassock, vest, and slippers, poured out his soul in thanksgivings to the holy Prophet, for this providential succour. But the moment he plunged into the water, in search of the pretended casket, the man (who was one of the three rogues that had concerted the plan of robbing him) seized upon his garments, and bore them off in security to his comrades.

Thus, thro’ inattention, simplicity, and credulity, was the unfortunate Chaldean duped of all his little possessions; and he hastened back to his cottage, with no other covering for his nakedness, than a tattered garment, which he borrowed on the road.

R U S T A N A N D M I R Z A .

An Eastern Tale.

RUSTAN and Mirza, both of the city of Ispahan, were nearly of the same age, and familiar in their situation and circumstances; they were merchants by profession, and known in the city by the name
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of the two friends. This friendship became conspicuous in their infancy, so that, while they continued at school, they gave instances of such affection for each other, as is rarely equalled by mature age: they were constant companions in studies and diversions; the same inclinations were common to both, and they seemed animated by the same soul. Their friendship increased with their years, and gathered strength in proportion to their bodies. Their fathers both died about the same time, and left them in easy tho' not affluent circumstances. They entered into partnership, and in a few years made a large addition to their common fortune. Their common interest being thus united, they increased the bond of union by marrying two sisters. In this happy state they continued for some years, the envy of the malicious, and the pattern of the wise, of the city of Is-pahan, when Rustan's wife died. This was the first instance of adverse fortune either of them had known; but the amiable affection which animated both their breasts, made them participators of each other's grief, and, by dividing the burden, rendered it the lighter. Mirza did all in his power to comfort Rustan; and indeed only so dear a friend could find language sufficient to ease a mind so deeply affected. Time at last began to mitigate the melancholy of Rustan, and, to complete the cure, the two friends determined to take a journey to Moaco, partly to settle some affairs with their agent, but more to remove from Rustan those objects which constantly brought to his remembrance his faithful and beloved spouse. They

They left their affairs to an old servant, and set out together for Moaco, hoping to return within the year. After settling their affairs, they indulged themselves in all the innocent amusements of the place; and, in order to render themselves more particularly acquainted with the general rules of commerce, they courted the acquaintance of all the Europeans of note, which trade had invited to that famous mart. They soon became intimate with those of the greatest consequence among them, and their modest deportment and affable behaviour procured the esteem of every individual; but, at one of those entertainments which the Europeans gave to the Asiatic merchants, a quarrel happened between Mirza and one of them, while Rustan was absent. The company prevented any mischief at that time, but the European, after the custom of his country, whispered Mirza to meet him the next day without the city. Mirza had too much nobleness of soul to refuse the challenge, and left the company pretty early, in order to meet his antagonist at the place appointed. But, in his return, he happened to fall, and by that means dislocated one of his arms. He was carried home by the inhabitants, where he continued full of pain, and in the greatest agitation of mind. His dear friend was equally affected with his misfortune, but was ignorant of the true cause of his emotions, which proceeded more from his being unable to meet the European merchant, than from the anguish of his fall. Rustan, however, soon found means to penetrate the secret, and offered to meet
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the European in his place; but this Mirza would not consent to; he set too high a value on the life of his friend, than to agree to his exposing it in such a manner. Here a noble struggle of friendship ensued, in which neither would yield to the superiority; but Mirza, with the anguish of the bruise, and agitation of mind, fainted away, and continued speechless all that night, and part of the next day. Tho' the parting with life itself was scarce equal to leaving his friend in these circumstances, yet Rustan had too delicate a concern for his honour, than to omit meeting the European at the time appointed. The latter, enraged to find that he was only to fight a deputy, after loading Rustan with the most opprobrious epithets he could devise, said he was glad, at least, of having an opportunity of being revenged on his friend. This ungenerous behaviour inflamed Rustan the more, so that they engaged, like two furies, and, in a few moments, Rustan had the good fortune to pierce the heart of his adversary. Immediately several Europeans rushed from a neighbouring thicket, and seized Rustan, whom they carried before the Cadi. It was in vain to prevaricate; the European was killed, tho' fairly, and Rustan, by the law, was condemned to die. He was accordingly dragged to prison, and orders given for his execution in eight days. Mirza, in a few hours, recovered from his insensibility, but it was only to feel the utmost shock of treacherous fortune. The melancholy tale was concealed from him for some time, but at last he was made acquainted with it.

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His grief was too great to be expressed; he received the news of his friend's fate, as if a thunder-bolt from the clouds had pierced his breast; he was incapable of uttering a single word, and only sighs found a way from his afflicted heart. At last, recollecting himself, that a state of inactivity was very unsuitable to the calls of friendship, he rose up, and, notwithstanding the inflammation in his dislocated arm, wholly applied himself to save the life of his friend. He applied to the Cadi, by means of the interposition of the greatest men in the city, but in vain: The Judge admired the effects of their mutual friendship, and would willingly have saved Rustan for Mirza's sake; but the whole body of the Europeans were determined to see justice executed on the murder of their countryman, and it would have been very impolitic in him to save a life, justly forfeited, at the expence of the displeasure of so great a body, on whom the trade of Moaco depended. Thus the judge remained obstinate, and the intercession of the European merchants alone was sufficient to delay the execution. Mirza repaired to the Consul of the Europeans, offering him a sum of money for his interposition with the Cadi; which he accepted, and the Europeans at last agreed to take twenty thousand crowns as a ransom, to be paid in forty days. Accordingly, the Cadi superseded the sentence, and Mirza took leave of his dear friend, to raise the prodigious ransom, by the sale of their common effects. But, when he came to Isphahan, he found his treacherous servant had embezzled the greatest
part

part of their estate, so that he could raise only two thirds of the promised sum; he applied to all their relations, to borrow the remaining part, but in vain; they shunned the unhappy Mirza, and deserted him, when they saw he had disposed of his fortune: That friendship they so much admired, while they were in flourishing circumstances, they now accounted madness. The generous Mirza was too much affected with the danger of his friend, to be much moved with the ingratitude of their common relations, and resolved to set him at liberty at any rate. He had nothing left but their household goods, with his wife and children: even these he parted with, and tho' he loved his wife with all the tenderness of a new-born passion, and his children beyond the common bounds of paternal affection, yet neither nuptial love, nor the fondness of a parent for his offspring, was equal to his friendship. Accordingly he bargained with a dealer in slaves, received the purchase money, and delivered them with a heart overcharged with grief beyond description. The tender but submissive upbraidings of a loving spouse, the soft complaints of suffering infants, the anguish of a fond father and affectionate husband, at so fatal a parting represent a scene too full of horror, too big with unnatural woe for human language to express.

The unhappy Mirza no sooner found himself possessed of his friend's ransom, than he set out with a caravan of merchants, travelling to Moaco, flattering himself with the pleasing idea, that he should at least be able to release his friend; but
fate

fate had another trial in store for him, another subject to exercise the mighty power of friendship. When their caravan was within a day's journey of Moaco, they were attacked by a band of robbers, who, in spite of a gallant resistance, stripped them of every thing but their cloaths. —

Mirza was, for some minutes, in despair, agitated with the most poignant grief, to find that all his hopes were vanished; he upbraided fate for sparing his life in the engagement, since he could be of no service to his friend; but, recollecting himself on a sudden, he determined to sacrifice his own life, to obtain the liberty of his friend. Inspired with this resolution, he proceeded to Moaco, and went directly to the Cadi, acquainting him that he had endeavoured to raise the ransom of his friend, but could not recover the whole, unless Rustan went in person to execute the sale of part of his estate, which he might do within the time limited, offering, withal, to remain in his place, and submit to suffer the sentence, if Rustan did not return. The Cadi was surprised at the generous behaviour of this uncommon friend; and, after consulting with the Europeans, who were to receive the money, consented that Mirza should be accepted in security for Rustan's return. Mirza then told his friend a formal story, which induced him to believe that his presence at Ispahan would procure the desired sum, without hinting one word of what had happened to himself. Rustan set out the next day, fully sensible of the prodigious obligations he lay under to the generous Mirza.

Day after day passed, in hopes of Rustan's return ; the day of execution approached, but no tidings of Rustan ; the Europeans beset the palace of the Cadi, demanding justice on the security of Rustan. The Cadi sent for the unhappy friend, and asked him what he had to offer, to pacify the enraged Europeans ; Mirza told the Judge he had nothing to say in his defence ; that he had resolved, when he entered the prison, to suffer for his friend ; that it was impossible to raise the ransom : And then related his adventures in his last expedition to Ispahan, the resolution he had taken, when robbed, and the artifice he had made use of, to persuade Rustan to go for that city. This relation drew tears from all that were present, and the rigorous Judge expressed his amazement at the uncommon effects of friendship ; but the Europeans, who saw the hopes of their great ransom was vanished, breathed nothing but revenge, and insisted that Mirza should suffer the punishment, to which his friend was condemned. The Cadi found in himself all the emotions of tender compassion for the unhappy young man, but was obliged, in compliance to the laws, and the sanguinary humour of the mercenary Europeans, to give orders for Mirza's execution, at the hour appointed : but, to mitigate the severity, as much as in his power, directed that it should be done in private.

The Europeans crowded to the prison, to see the last effort of so strange a friendship ; and the Cadi himself, willing to see if human nature was capable of supporting such a strange calamity, went

likewise

likewise to the place of execution. The dreadful apparatus of death was prepared in an inner room of the prison, which opened, by two folding doors, to the great gallery, where the spectators waited for the fatal catastrophe. Mirza was brought out, and viewed the croud of mercenary Europeans with contempt; he surveyed the dreadful engine on which he was to suffer, with the utmost composure of mind, without expressing the least dread in his countenance; on the contrary, as the fixed minute approached, his serenity seemed to increase, and a cheerful smile settled on his countenance; and, addressing himself to the Cadi said, "I enjoy a pleasure unknown to mortals, the transporting thought of dying to save my friend! A thought so exquisite, that my mortal faculties are too small to contain the extasy: This frail fabric has no organs proper to express my joy; but the happy hour is come, when that engine, now my only comfort, frees me from that clog of earth, and wafts me to happier regions, where I shall enjoy a whole eternity, in contemplating the mighty transport." Then, bowing down his head to the ground, he bid adieu to the Cadi, and entered the place of execution, with the extasy of a bridegroom. He was extended on the rack, but, before the executioner received the signal to pull the wheel, the doors were shut, and the croud dismissed.

The city of Moaco resounded with the magnanimous behaviour of the generous Mirza; the inhabitants pitied his fate, and cursed the avarice of the European merchants; even they relented, and were
heard

heard to murmur out his praises in spite of their disappointment for the loss of the ransom, that they had flattered themselves with receiving. The conjectures, with regard to Rustan, were various; but most blamed him for not returning, when he found it impossible to raise the ransom; Rustan was however blamed in vain. For, on his arrival at Ispahan, he was acquainted with the true state of his affairs, and from some merchants of that caravan, who were returned, learned what had become of his effects; and as a friendship, such as theirs, could not exist but in a sympathy of souls, he soon guessed the motive of his friend's conduct, in sending him to Ispahan, but resolved to disappoint him, by returning within the time limited. Hurried by the danger Mirza was in, he stayed but one night in the city, resolving to set out next morning for Moaco, to discharge his faithful security; but he was prevented; some malicious person, finding the affairs of the co-partnership desperate, complained to the Cadi, that Rustan owed him a considerable sum of money. The unhappy man was brought before the Magistrate, and, by the force of perjury, committed to prison, till payment of the pretended debt. This was the utmoſt effort of malicious fortune; friendship, honour, and reputation were now forfeited, and the unhappy Rustan had not a glimpse of hope. His grief, his anguish, and despair were boundless as their cause, and too great for the power of words to express. His case soon became public at Ispahan, and the most obdurate hearts melted into tears at his unhappy fate; but
this

this pity was destitute of relief, till chance or rather the unerring hand of providence, carried the shocking tale to the Captain of that band of robbers who had attacked the caravan. This wretch was touched with remorse at the relation, and resolved to atone for his past villainies, by one act of justice and generosity. He sent immediately to the Magistrate, acquainting him that he was the person who had robbed the caravan, and was willing to return all the effects, if assured of pardon. The proposal was accepted, the goods were delivered to the owners, and the money, taken from Mirza, was paid to Rustan, with a large additional sum, of which the robber made him a present. Thus he was at once delivered from all his difficulties, but feared that the time lost had forfeited his friend's life, which was the only misfortune he dreaded.

He set out with all expedition for Moaco, and hurried to the prison; but did not arrive till a day after the execution, and heard the dreadful catastrophe of his dear friend, and his gallant behaviour in his last moments. The thoughts, that himself only was instrumental to his death, were reflections too heavy for humanity; the unhappy Rustan sunk under his calamity, and fell into a swoon, in which he remained for some hours.

The noise of his arrival soon spread thro' the city, and the prison was again crouded by Europeans, and people of all nations, who came to gaze on so uncommon an object; the Cadi himself made one of the number, and ordered remedies to be applied, to recover the yet speechless Rustan. At
last

last he came to himself, but it was only to feel a weight superior to the hand of death. He attempted to lay violent hands on himself, and called aloud to the Cadi for his friend. This Magistrate, touched with his misfortunes, ordered the Europeans, who had prosecuted Rustan, to appear before him, and demanded if they had any claim upon him; they acknowledged they had not, since his friend, by his death, had satisfied the law, which they were sorry had been carried to such extremity. The Cadi entered their confession upon record, and then produced an order of the Bashaw of the province to pardon both the friends, and, upon a signal given, Mirza appeared, to the surprize of all the spectators; but the transports of the friends admit of no description: such only as are capable of so pure a flame, can have any idea of the mighty ecstasy. When the first transports of their mutual endearments were over, they mutually acknowledged the justice and humanity of the Cadi, who, by his interest, had procured a pardon from the Bashaw, and by the sham execution of Mirza, satisfied the malice of the greedy Europeans. Rustan related to the Cadi, the success of his journey to Ispahan, and, by that means, removed all suspicion, from himself, of using his friend with less amity than he deserved, and filled the whole audience with admiration, at the surprizing vicissitudes of sublunary things, and the wisdom of the divine director of events, ordering his dispensations for the virtuous, and the manifestation of his own glory and justice.

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The two friends, after continuing a few days at Moaco, returned to Ispahan, where Mirza redeemed his wife and children, and lived with them and his dear friend, in mutual fidelity, to a great age.

A V A R I C E: properly rewarded.
An oriental Tale.

THERE dwelt at Bagdad an old merchant, named Abow Cassem, noted for his avarice; although he was very rich, his cloaths were nothing but patches and rags, his turban was of the coarsest cloth, and so dirty that it was difficult to distinguish the colour; but of all his whole dress, his pantouffles (slippers) were what merited most the attention of the curious: the soles were armed with large nails, and the upper leathers were an assemblage of botches: the famous ship of Argos had not so many pieces in it, and since they had been pantouffles, which was about ten years, the most skilful cobblers in all Bagdad had exhausted their skill to keep them together. They were even become so heavy, that they passed into a proverb, and when any one wanted to express a thing that was remarkably clumsy, Cassem's pantouffles were always the object of comparison.

One day this merchant was walking in the bazar (the public market of this city) an offer was made him of a large quantity of chrystal, of which he made an advantageous purchase; hearing some
days

days after, that a perfumer, whose affairs were in a ruinous state, had some excellent rose water to sell, which was his last resource, he instantly took advantage of the poor man's misfortunes, and bought his rose water for half the value; this new bargain put him into good humour; however, instead of giving an entertainment to his neighbours, according to the custom of the merchants of the East, when they have made a fortunate purchase, he found it more convenient to go to the public baths, where he had not been for a long time. As he was undressing, a person whom he took to be his friend, [for the covetous rarely have any real ones] told him, that his pantouffles were the ridicule of the whole city, and that he ought to buy a new pair. I have thought of it a long time, replied Cassem, but they are not yet so bad but they may serve a little longer; during this conversation, he was quite undressed, and retired to the bath.

While he was bathing, the Cadi of Bagdad came likewise to bathe. Cassem coming out before the Judge passed first into the dressing room, and having put on his clothes, he sought in vain for his pantouffles, in the room of which he discovered a new pair; our avaricious merchant persuaded, because he wished it so, that the person who had just rebuked him about his old slippers, had made him a present of the new pair, put them on his feet without hesitation, and quitted the place, overjoyed at the thought of being saved the expence of buying.

When the Cadi had done bathing, his slaves
looked

looked about for their master's pantouffles, instead of which they could only find a vile old pair, which were readily known to be Cassem's; the Cadi's officers went directly in quest of the suspected thief, and finding him with the stolen effects upon him, after exchanging the pantouffles, the Cadi sent him to prison, and as he was reputed to be as rich as he was covetous, he was obliged to compromise the matter with the Cadi by the payment of a considerable sum of money.

On his return home, the afflicted Cassem for very spite, threw his slippers into the Tygris, which ran under his windows; some days after, a fisherman, pulling up his net, found it heavier than usual, which was owing to the weight of the pantouffles; the nails of which had caught hold of his net, and broke several of the meshes. The poor fisherman, enraged at Cassem and his slippers, took it into his head to fling them in at the windows, and he threw them with such force, that he overset the chrystal vases that decorated the cornishes and mantle-piece of the room; and one of them likewise struck the bottle containing the rose water, and dashed it to pieces.

Figure to yourself, if you can, the agonies of Cassem, on beholding this scene of devastation; cursed pantouffles! exclaimed the covetous wretch, tearing his beard, you shall not do me any future mischief; so saying he took up a spade, repaired to his garden, and dug a hole to bury them. One of his neighbours, who for a considerable time had owed him an ill office, seeing him turning up the

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ground, ran to the Governor, and acquainted him, that Cassem had just dug up a hidden treasure in his garden. This was sufficient to rouse the cupidity of the commandant, and our miser in vain remonstrated that he had not discovered any gold, but was only burying his cursed slippers; the Governor had made sure of money, and the unfortunate Cassem could not obtain his liberty, without a handsome present.

The distracted old man gave his pantouffles most heartily to the devil, and went and threw them into an aqueduct at a great distance from the city imagining that he should hear no more of them; but the devil who had not done playing his tricks with him, directed them to the conduit of the aqueduct, by which means they intercepted the current of the waters, and caused an inundation in the adjoining gardens; the owners, on discovering the cause, took the slippers to the Cadi, and demanded satisfaction for the damages they had occasioned. The unhappy master of them was once more committed to prison, and condemned to pay a fine, which amounted to a larger sum than the two former; after which, the Cadi, who would by no means detain his property, restored him his choice pantouffles. Cassem, that he might be finally delivered from all further harm, now determined to burn them; but as they had imbibed a great deal of water, he set them on the terras at the top of his house to dry by the sun. But fortune had not yet exhausted his quiver against the unlucky man, and she now dealt him a more cruel stroke than
all

all the rest: a young dog in the next house, perceiving the slippers leapt from his master's terras over to Cassem's, and seized one of them in his mouth, played his gambols with it, till he at last let it fall over the parapet, and unhappily it alighted on the head of a woman with child, who was passing along in the street, before Cassem's door; fear, added to the violence of the blow, made the poor woman miscarry; her husband carried his complaints to the Cadi, and Cassem was condemned to make him a recompence, proportioned to the injury he had done his wife.

Upon this fresh misfortune, he ran home and taking his pantouffles in his hands, he once more repaired to the Cadi: "Behold," said he, "my Lord, with an impetuosity which diverted the Judge, the instruments of all my sufferings; these cursed pantouffles have reduced me to poverty; deign therefore to publish a decree that I may not be made responsible for the ills they will doubtless occasion." The Cadi could not refuse this reasonable petition; and Cassem at length, by dear bought experience, learned the fatal effects of vile avarice.

S O L Y M A N and A L M E N A.

A pleasant History.

IN a pleasant valley of Mesopotamia, on the banks of the Irwan, lived Solyman, the son of Ardavan
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the sage. He was early instructed in all the learning of the east; but as his understanding opened, he grew weary of the labours of study, and thirsted only for the knowledge of mankind. With much importunity he prevailed on his father to permit him to travel; and the aged parent, after laying before him the dangers to which his virtue was exposed, intimated his consent in these words; "My son, if you are determined to travel, let your ear attend to the instruction of age. Move not one step from the valley of Irwan, if your heart rely not on the eternal providence: it is that confidence alone which must support you under all the possible contingencies of distress.-----May that immortal being whose eye is over all his creatures, save thee from folly and from vice! may his hand direct thee in the hour of negligence and his spirit guide thee through the maze of error! When thy mind shall be enriched with the knowledge of his works, may he restore thee, more virtuous, to the valley of Irwan, to the arms of thy aged father! and may he forgive this tear, which proceeds not from a distrust of his providence, but falls for the loss of Solyman."

The morning was spread upon the mountains when Solyman departed; and after various adventures he reached Dehli, the capital of the Mogul's dominions. Here he insensibly contracted a passion for the beauteous Almena; who returned it with reciprocal affection; consented to a perpetual union of hearts, and occasioned Solyman to lay aside the further pursuit of knowledge, and resolve upon
returning

returning to Irwan, to pass the remainder of his life in the sweets of connubial bliss. For the greater conveniency it was agreed they should take their passage by sea: the lovers accordingly proceeded to the coast, where they went on board a Persian vessel, bound for the gulf. They had not proceeded above five leagues from the shore, when they were pursued, and, after a bloody engagement, taken by a ship belonging to the King of Sundah, who at that time was at war with the King of Kanara. They dismissed the vessel and Solyman, but they took Almena. What heart does not bleed, what eye does not shed a tear for the wretched Solyman? Prayers and tears, and agony, and anguish, were in vain. The lover saw his dear, trembling, fainting maid, dragged by the hands of the unfeeling sailors into their own ship, after they had bound him to prevent the effects of his rage. "I ask not for your mercy," (cried the wretched youth), "only take me into your vessel along with that lady, and prepare your tortures, your racks, and wheels; for me prepare them, and let me perish before these eyes lose sight of Almena!"

The ship having lost her freight, returned to the coast of India, and Solyman went immediately in quest of Almena. Though almost exhausted with fatigue and sorrow, he travelled night and day until he reached the kingdom of Sundah. But alas! what could he do on his arrival? Stranger as he was to the people, and in a great measure to the language, he had as much to hope from chance

as from application; but his reliance upon Providence kept him from sinking into despair. "Immortal Mithra!" (said the afflicted youth), "thou beholdest me oppressed with misery: but thy beams still shine upon me; and while I enjoy thy light, I will hope for thy favour." Thus comforting himself, he still continued his search; and as he was walking one evening by the castle of Sevasir, he discovered through the iron palisadoes of the garden, by the glimmering of the moon, an image that glanced through his heart more swiftly than the lightning finites the traveller on the mountains of Hima. It was Almena herself; and in a burst of transport, he cried, "Almena! Solyman;" Struck at once with the voice, the name, and the figure of Solyman, surprise overcame her, and she fell senseless upon the terras.

Solyman, unable to enter the garden, in an agony of terror, cried out, "Save, save my Almena!" at the same time running round the walls in the utmost distraction. His exclamations alarmed the guard, who immediately secured him; though, from his cries and confusion, they concluded him to be mad, and made their report of him as such to the governor of the castle, who ordered him to be immediately brought before him.

Solyman, the moment he beheld the governor, fiercely cried out, "I conjure thee if thou art a human being, let me instantly fly to the relief of a lady in thy gardens." The governor was alarmed by an appearance of reason in this request, and ordered him to be secured, while he went himself into

into the gardens, to know if there was any foundation for it. There he found Almena supporting herself against the wall, not having perfectly recovered either her strength or reason. "Art thou, indeed, my Solyman?" (said she;) "if thou art my Solyman, support me in thy arms." In his arms he took her, and bore her to a pavillion, where he held her till her reason returned. She turned her eyes full upon him, and with a look full of fear and horror, shrunk from his embrace.

He then soothed her grief, and solicited her favour: but the weeping beauty pleaded so emphatically, and threw herself before him in such an agony of sorrow, and such a posture of supplication, as would have moved any heart, in which vice had not extinguished every spark of humanity. However, Nagrakut (for that was the tyrant's name) was not affected. On the contrary, he told her, that Solyman had no indulgence to hope for, but what her compliance might procure him; and then withdrew, to enjoy the balm of sleep and refreshment, while the virtuous Solyman and Almena suffered the most poignant affliction.

When the morning appeared, Nagrakut went at his usual hour, into the garden. Almena, who was still there, overcome by the weight of continued sorrow, had sunk into a transient slumber, on a bench in the pavilion. Nagrakut approached, and stood by her as she slumbered. There was a sight that might have excited tenderness in the breast of a savage: but it moved not the heart of Nagrakut, nor awakened any other passion in him but that of

a lubidinous desire. In a dream, she waved her hand, and cried, with a voice of mournful tenderness, "Do not murder him, Nagrakut! " let my Solyman live! then letting fall the hand she had raised, she sunk again into silent slumber.

Nagrakut yet felt no pity; but placing himself near her on the bench, inclosed her in his arms. She awoke; and, finding herself in the embraces of the tyrant, shrieked out with the most distressful horror. Her cries pierced the cell where Solyman was confined. With the united strength of rage and terror, he burst the door of his prison; and running through the apartments of the castle with a dagger in his hand, which he had fortunately snatched up in the way, he flew to the garden.

Almena was still shrieking and struggling in the arms of Nagrakut, who endeavouring to sooth her to his embraces, had not observed the approach of Solyman, "Villain," (said Solyman). "remove thy execrable hands from the person of that lady, and employ them in the defence of thy own!" Nagrakut, who was the most abject coward, called aloud to his guards. "Coward! slave!" (said Solyman), "draw this instant, or my dagger shall pierce thy heart." Nagrakut then fell at his feet; and begging for mercy, promised him Almena and liberty. "This moment, then," [said Solyman], "dismiss us from thy cursed prison." No sooner had he uttered these words, than the guards appeared. Nagrakut immediately beckoned to them to seize him: but Solyman, observing his motion, hastily ran up to him, and plunged his dagger into his heart. The

The tyrant fell. No way of escape, however, was left for Solyman: he was instantly seized by the soldiers, loaded with heavy chains, and shut up with Almena, in a strong apartment of the castle: with Almena he was shut up; for jealousy now no longer parted them; and she was considered as an accomplice in the murder of the governor.

Not long after, a body of Kanarians entered the country, and reduced the castle of Sevasir, where the lovers were confined. Almena was presented to the King, agreeable to the eastern custom; and Solyman having convinced the Kanarians, that he had no connections with the King of Sundah, entered into the service of their prince, as the only means by which he could attempt the recovery of Almena from this new bondage. He signified to the officers of the court, that he had some important intelligence to communicate to his Majesty; he gained admittance, and prostrating himself before the King, he thus expressed himself: "Let the King of Kanara live! for his ear is open to the complaints of the unhappy, and he despiseth no man for the miseries which chance hath brought upon him." "I am a man," (interposed the King, "proceed.") "It was my hand that put an end to the life of your enemy, the governor of Sevasir." "In that," replied the prince, "you did me a signal service: but let me know your motives; and I shall be better able to judge of the action, as well as of my obligations to you for it."

He then related the story of his love and misfor-

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tunes, how he had lost and found Almena, and plunged his dagger in the breast of the tyrant, who wanted to violate her honour; concluding with these words, "O prince, I am still miserable. I have reason to believe, that some of your officers will detain that lady, as a prize taken in the castle of Sevasir" "No officer of mine," [replied the King,] shall be suffered to detain her: let me know her name, and she shall be immediately restored to you." "Her name," [said Solyman] "is Almena."

The King appeared disturbed. He knew that Almena was the lady whom he had selected among the captives; and he had the most tender affection for her. In a few moments he withdrew, and commanded Solyman to attend him the following day. Distracted by contending passions, urged on the one hand by the most powerful love for Almena, and dissuaded on the other by pity for Solyman, by truth and humanity, he reasoned with himself, and virtue at last triumphed over passion.

The hour came at which he had ordered Solyman to attend him. The King received him with a condescending smile; and without the least appearance of uneasiness or dissatisfaction in his countenance, desired him not to be apprehensive about Almena, for that he should shortly be put in possession of her.

Having thus spoken, he went immediately to her apartment, and gently taking her hand, "Most beautiful of the daughters of India," [said he,] "cease your sorrows! I am not now come to offer

offer you my love; but to recommend to you another lover, who possibly may be happier in your favour than I could ever hope to be: he is now in the palace; and if you will give me leave, I will introduce him to you." "My heart" [said Almena] "has been so much accustomed to new distresses, that it is not now shocked by their frequency: but if you have any pity for me, suffer me to bewail my miseries in solitude. Not to be interrupted in my sorrows, is all I ask; and that is not, surely, too much for you to grant." The King answered with a smile, "If I am not to be happy in your love, I am determined that none but the person whom I am about to introduce to you, shall be so;" and hastily quitting the apartment, he returned with Solyman.

The lovers flew to each other's arms: "My Solyman!" "My Almena!" In a few moments being recollected, they threw themselves at the feet of the King; and Solyman, as well as the transports of his heart would give him leave, expressed his gratitude: "Generous prince," [said he,] "the thanks of Solyman are not worth your acceptance. But you will not be without a reward: yours shall be the supreme pleasure of conscious goodness; yours shall be the care of the Eternal Providence, and the prayers and blessing of Solyman and Almena."

Having thus surmounted adversity, and obtained their most ardent wishes, they set out by land to visit the venerable Ardavan, and the valley of Irwan: where they arrived without any untoward accident.

accident, or interruption to their felicity. The benevolent sage rejoiced to receive his son, not only safe from the dangers of travel, but happy in the enjoyment of his love; and with a heart full of tenderness, he thus conferred on both his paternal benediction:

“ Children of the heart, and comfort of the years of Ardavan! Solyman shall be as the sun, when he cometh from the chambers of the East, when he spreadeth his glories over the waves of Ganges; my son shall be as the Euphrates, the river of plenty, whose waves are the delight of a thousand meadows; he shall be like the roe upon the mountains, that danceth in the vigour of his heart, and saith to the fence of the husbandman, What art thou? His head shall be crowned with the rays of Mithra because his heart melted with compassion and because his hand was stretched forth to relieve the children of affliction!

Almena is fairer than the women of the East: she is more virtuous than the daughters of men: love dwell-eth in her heart, and benevolence sitteth in her eye. She shall be like the tree that droppeth balm upon the flowers of Irwan; as the star of the evening reflected from the river. Her countenance shall be pleasant as the calm surface of the ocean, when the gilded clouds of evening blaze upon its bosom: she shall be as the moon, when she lendeth her rays to the traveller, and sheddeth a mild light over the groves and valleys. Her voice shall be as the voice of the turtle, calling to her mate in the thickets of the forest. Like the stars that surround the

the chariot of the moon, shall be the Children of Almeha: beautiful as the plants of the cedar, and sprightly as the fawns upon the mountains."

Thus blessed by the voice of Ardavan, and happy in themselves, the virtuous Solyman and Almeha live in the valley of Irwan! Each day is endeared by the delights of tender love; and ever grateful for the divine favour, they close each day with prayer and praise."

STORY of SIR WILLIAM SIDNEY.

POETS and Philosophers have universally agreed, that the Country is the native soil of happiness, as being the scene and nurse of Innocence. But this truth has been oftener pronounced as a mere *ipse dixit*, arising from choice or opinion, than as a demonstrable problem proceeding from natural causes, which necessarily produce their effect.

Happiness and Virtue are twins, which can never be divided; they are born and flourish, or sicken and die together.--- They are the joint offspring of Good-sense and Innocence, and while they continue under the guidance of such parents, they are invulnerable to injury, and incapable of decay.

This Allegory can scarcely want explanation, even to the simplest mind; for every one will readily admit, that good-sense will be less sophisticated in the calmness of rural retirement, than amidst the
noise

noise and bustle of a city, where every sober thought is hurried away by the torrent of Fashion, and swallowed up in the whirlpool of Giddiness and Dissipation. Nor can it admit of a doubt, but that Innocence will be more likely to preserve its purity, where it is least liable to temptation.---- But if this does not sufficiently demonstrate the proposition, the following tale may serve more fully to illustrate it. For as theory without experiment, is intitled to no credit in Philosophy, so is precept without example of as little avail in Morals.

Sir William Sidney had been married about three years to one of the most lovely and amiable women that this country or any other ever produced. They had long been the objects of each other's choice, and, when united, were either the delight or envy of all who knew them.

About this æra an unjust attack upon a very considerable part of his estate, obliged him to defend his property by law; and he was of course under a necessity of going to London, to solicit his suit. It was impossible he could think of being separated from his beloved Julia; she could as ill support his absence: they, therefore, mutually agreed to quit their peaceful retirement together, and take a house in Town till their affairs were finally adjusted. She brought two lovely infants with her, determined that the care of their health and education should be the principal object of her attention, and their innocent blandishments the chief source of her amusement, during this excursion.

At their first coming to Town, Sir William was obliged

obliged to pass much of his time with his Lawyers but always returned with a delightful heart and chearful countenance to the happiness that awaited him in the society of an elegant and fond wife and his beautiful children.

In the course of his business, he became acquainted with an agreeable young Barrister of the name of Wilton, who was reckoned a man of parts, and uncommonly eminent in his profession; he had a pleasing person and engaging address, with an appearance and countenance calculated to inspire confidence, even upon a slight acquaintance.

Under this fascinating masque this wretch concealed one of the vilest hearts that ever yet disgraced human nature.-----Upon his first introduction to Lady Sidney, he formed a plan for her seduction; but when, upon a more intimate acquaintance, he found her virtue guarded by the tenderest attachment to her husband, he changed his battery, and resolved to compleat the ruin of this happy pair, by detaching Sir William's affections from his amiable wife.

He began by expressing his astonishment to Sir William at their mutual fondness, upon hearing they had been married near four years; talked of the charms of variety, and of the misery of confining affection to a particular object. Sir William seemed, at first, rather disgusted at this commonplace conversation; but as constant dropping wears the marble, this kind of discourse, aided by wit and raillery, at length produced its effect so far as to make Sir William cautious of expressing his
tenderness

tenderness for his wife or children before Mr Wilton.

Lovers have Lynxes eyes, and even this little change in her husband's manners quickly alarmed the anxious heart of Julia. Unused to disguised thought from him, she expressed her apprehension of having unwittingly offended; but Sir William quickly removed her delicate fears, by the tenderest assurances of his love and constancy; but observed, that it was unfashionable in London to shew the same degree of fondness and attention towards each other, which they had been used to indulge in the country.—"Then, would to Heaven (said Julia, smiling through her tears) that I had never quitted it!" He kissed away the pearly drops that glistened in her eyes, and Lady Sidney's happiness and confidence returned.

Though Wilton had been originally possessed of a sufficient patrimony, which was rendered more affluent from his profession, he was at this crisis become necessitous to the last degree. His extravagance had long since dissipated the first, nor could the latter support his debauched manner of living. Upon various pretences of unexpected calls for his clients, he had frequently borrowed pretty large sums from Sir William, though he was convinced that he would lose his suit, and of course be under a necessity of requiring immediate repayment.

This, however, did not deter him from proceeding in his base design; he thought he had already gained some ground in his pursuit, and he resolved

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to hurry his victim on even to the gulph of misery. One morning that Wilton had invited Sir William to breakfast with him at his Chambers, he was surprised, on his entrance, with seeing the most beautiful woman he had ever beheld, with some parchments in her hands, sitting by Wilton: she was dressed in weeds, and did not appear to be above eighteen years old. Sir William would have retired immediately; but Wilton, with an unembarrassed air, begged him to walk in, saying, he could make free with Mrs Herbert, as she was both his cousin and his client; and hopped the Baronet: was not so strait-laced as to fly from a pretty woman, though Lady Sidney was not of the party.

The freedom of this address excited Sir William's gallantry towards the Lady, who received it with the ease and politeness of a woman who had lived in the world; and the conversation became so interesting, that the clock struck three before any of the party thought of separating.

On Sir William's return home, his thoughts were entirely taken up by the beauty and vivacity of the young Widow. Lady Sidney was near lying-in, and happened on that day to be confined to her chamber; so he had nothing to interrupt his reverie, and continued to indulge it, till he was roused from it by Wilton's calling upon him, about seven in the evening. Their conversation immediately turned upon Mrs Herbert, whom Wilton said he had dined with, and that she had never ceased talking of the happiness Lady Sidney must pos-

self, in being blessed with such a husband:-----

“ For (added he) I have been describing you as the paragon of conjugal constancy.”

Where is the mortal proof against flattery ! The unhappy Sidney became its victim, even whilst it was undermining the virtue which it seemed to praise.

During the time of Lady Sidney's confinement, Wilton took particular care that Sir William should not waste his days in solitude ; he contrived perpetual parties of pleasure, so artfully, as almost to make them appear the effect of accident, lest Sir William's remaining tenderness should have been alarmed at a continued scene of dissipation, and negligence towards his wife. In all these interviews the lovely, lively Widow Herbert was the principal object ; and in order to apologize to Sir William for her uncharacteristic vivacity, she forged a tale of having been compelled to marry an old wretch, who used her ill when living, and dying left her poor. This last circumstance excited the generosity of her lover, as he was now become ; he gave with profusion, and she accepted with avidity, till his circumstances became shortly so much distressed, that he was obliged to make a reform in his family, by reducing the number of his domestics, and laying down his coach.

The neglected and unhappy lady Sidney languished away her hours in useless regret for the absence of her husband ; he seldom saw her ; he was out early, and came home late ; and even in those moments when she would request to see him, even
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at the hazard of her rest, his short stay was marked by impatience, and his enquiries after her health expressed in such a manner as if he seemed not to desire an answer.

Too quickly she perceived the loss of her happiness in that of his love, yet did she never once attempt to make him wretched, by lamenting her sufferings, or upbraiding his unkindness;---“ Sir William’s heart is good and generous [would she often say to herself;] and though, by fascination, for it must be such, estranged for the present from me and my children, nature will yet recover its rights, and his affections will return to us, perhaps endeared by their temporary intermission.

Notwithstanding the sense, virtue, and resolution of her conduct, grief preyed upon her tender frame, and she fell into a consumption, which it was supposed would terminate her life in a few months. Sir William was not so totally lost to the feelings of humanity, as not to be affected at seeing her decline; he wished to behave with kindness towards her; but whenever he beheld her, his conscience smote him, as the cause of her sufferings, and he endeavoured to fly from her and himself into the arms of dissipation and vice. His concern for Julia was absorbed by Mrs Herbert’s gaiety; and the distress of his circumstances received temporary relief by Wilson’s fertility in expedients. The loss of his law-suit, however, putting an end to the latter, he was besieged by his creditors, and their clamours rendered his home as uneasy to him, as it had before become unpleasant. The

The tender, the neglected Lady Sidney saw and pitied his distress, and with a firmness which virtue alone can bestow, proposed to him what he wanted courage to require from her, the selling of her jointure, in order to accommodate his difficulties. She assured him she felt infallible signs of her approaching dissolution, and that therefore she should not need the generous provision he had made for her; but that if any thing could restore her health, it would be the transport she should feel at having it in her power to contribute to his happiness.

Sir William could not support such unmerited goodness; he threw himself at her feet, declared himself unworthy of her tenderness, and promised that his future life should atone for his past errors. She flew into his arms, he pressed her to his heart, embraced his children, and once more experienced the sincere delight of an husband and a father.

The only difficulty now remaining was to break with the still charming Mrs. Herbert. He was resolved to part from her, but that separation should be gentle. Little did he know that Mrs. Herbert's thorough knowledge of his distressed circumstances, had rendered him perfectly indifferent to her, and that she heartily wished for an opportunity to get rid of the engagement, without any seeming rupture on her part.

Fortune at that instant played one of her extraordinary gambols, and introduced a young man just arrived from India, to the acquaintance of Mrs. Herbert. In the course of their conversation he told her, that a gentleman had died in the ship
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that brought him over, who was supposed to be worth a million of rupees, and that he had left his whole fortune to a niece of his, who was called Lady Sidney.---This intelligence instantly changed Mrs Herbert's sentiments toward Sir William, and attached her more strongly to him than ever; she was therefore really afflicted, when he with faltering tongue and downcast eyes informed her, that he was come to take an everlasting leave of her. She burst into tears, threw herself at his feet, commended his virtue, lamented the tenderness of her attachment to him, which could end but with her life; and begged, that in order to soothe her scruples, and prove that he had really loved her, he would consent to sign a promise, that if it should ever be in his power to marry her, he would do so, under a penalty of ten thousand pounds. He was at first startled at the proposal, but he still loved her, and would at that moment have fulfilled the promise she exacted, had it been in his power. Her tears and blandishments prevailed, and the infatuated Baronet signed the article, which Wilson had already prepared.

Her point so far gained, this artful woman and her vile accomplice, Wilson, were impatient for the total accomplishment of their designs, by hastening Lady Sidney's death. They provided a poisonous drug for her, which Wilson undertook to persuade Sir William was almost a panacea in consumptions, and begged of him to prevail upon his wife to take it. The unsuspecting husband fell easily into the snare, and the draught was accordingly prepared for the innocent Julia. But

But Providence would not suffer their wicked designs to succeed :--Mrs Herbert's maid had overheard the infernal accomplices discoursing of the deed, and seen them mix the deadly potion ; and being struck with remorse, flew to Sir William Sidney's house and revealed the dreadful secret to Lady Sidney's woman. That faithful creature trembled at the horrid tale, and when her Lady called for the supposed medicine, refused to deliver it into her hands, and acquainted her with what she had just heard.

The terrified Julia too easily conceived that her husband must necessarily be an accomplice in this crime, else wherefore should Mrs Herbert or Wilson wish her death ? " If it be so (said she to her maid,) Maria, I have no wish to live, and will obey my fate. The bane of life is an antidote to all its ills ; and Oh I charge you, by all you hold most sacred, never to reveal this fatal secret, nor let my cruel husband suffer for his crimes to me, more than his conscience shall inflict upon him. Now bring my children to me ; let me embrace and clasp them to my dying bosom, and recommend them with my parting breath to the protecting care of Heaven.---Alas ! they soon will have no earthly friend ;--they have no father ! or sure he would not wish to rob them of a mother's fostering care."

The painful parting with her children past, she forced the poison from her weeping maid, and raising up her eyes to Heaven, implored forgiveness for her cruel husband, and blessings on her children

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ren; then bent her lips to meet the fatal draught, which she was sure would give her endless peace.

At that instant Sir William, pale, frantic, and almost breathless, rushed into the chamber; he snatched the envenomed drug from her weak hand, and dashed it to the ground.---“ Oh, have I saved you!” he exclaimed, and sunk upon the bed beside her.

When his returning sense would give him leave, he prostrated himself upon the earth, and returned thanks to Heaven, for having been the instrument of his beloved wife’s preservation.

Returning home he had met Mrs Herbert’s maid, who had acquainted him with the horrid particulars already related, and he had flown to save his Julia. When reconciled to her, his next emotion was that of just resentment. He sent for an Officer of Justice to seize Mrs Herbert and Wilson, but their guilty souls had taken the alarm at her maid’s long absence, and they were both fled.---Wilson was some years after broke upon the wheel for a murder at Paris, and his fair, but wicked associate died in a premature old age of want and misery.

Sir William, now entirely cured of his delirium, after receiving his Indian legacy, and settling his affairs, returned with his amiable wife into the country; where peace and affluence soon restored her health; and where they still continue, in the midst of their lovely family, living proofs of the maxim first laid down, “ That the Country is the native soil of happiness; as being the scene and nurse of Innocence.”

CITY-NIGHT REFLECTIONS.

WHAT a solemn stillness reigns around me!--- All is dark and silent :--- The clock has struck one ; the expiring taper rises, and sinks in the socket ; the watchman forgets the hour in slumber ; the laborious and the happy are at rest ; guilt, excess, and black despair, alone are waking ; the drunkard once more fills the destroying bowl ; the robber prowls his midnight round ; and the wretch, intent on suicide, lifts his guilty arm against his own sacred person.

Let me no longer waste the night over the page of antiquity, the works of genius, or the essay of fancy ; let me no longer distract my brain with reflections on past calamities, or present troubles ; the first of which, as time is past, are, in their nature, remediless ; and the latter, of which patience and resignation can alone extract the barbed darts of anguish from, and lessen the present pain of ; But let me, in imagination, pursue the solitary walk, where Vanity, ever changing, but a few hours past, walked before me ; where she kept up the pageant ; and now, like a froward child, seems hushed with her own importunities. Let me suppose myself within the environs of a large and opulent city :---What a gloom hangs all around me ! -----The dying lamp feebly emits its expiring gleam ; no sound is heard, but of the slowly-strik-

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ing clock, or distant watch-dog; all the bustle of human pride is forgotten; and this sad silent hour displays an useful memento of the emptiness of human vanity.

There may come a time when this temporary solitude may be made continual, and the city itself, like its inhabitants, fade away, and leave a desert in its room. How have the most noted cities, nay, empires, once triumphed in existence, obtained their victories, and reigned in pomp and splendor for a while; then, with short sighted presumption, have they promised themselves immortal lustre:---But where are now 'the cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces' of ancient Greece and Rome: The musing traveller wanders over the awful ruins of these; he revolves their ancient splendor in his mind, and feels the transitory state of human grandeur and every earthly possession.

Here, says the meditating mind, stood their citadel,---but, now, overgrown with weeds; their Senate-house, where they harangued with nervous eloquence and strength of argument, is now the haunt of every noxious reptile: Temples and theatres stood here;---now, only an undistinguished heap of ruins;---they are fallen! luxury and dissipation made them feeble. The rewards of State were conferred on amusing, rather than useful members of society; riches and opulence invited the plunderer, and at last swept the degenerated state into general destruction.

How few appear in the streets, which, but a few
hours

hours ago, were crouded! and they, who appear, no longer now wear their daily mask, or attempt to hide their wickedness or their misery. But who are those, who make the streets their couch, and find a short repose from their wretchedness at the doors of the opulent? Tell me, every feeling heart, is their a circumstance demands your pity more than those, whose circumstances are too humble to expect redress, and their distresses too great, even for pity: The world seems to have disclaimed them; society turns its back upon them, and gives them up to infamy and hunger. These poor, shivering females, have, once, seen happier days; but deluded by a villain, and deserted by their friends, have been forced into the horrid paths of prostitution, and are now lying at the doors of their betrayers, and suing to wretches, whose hearts are insensible to calamity, and dead to every feeling of humanity, or benevolence.

Why was I born to feel the sufferings of wretches I cannot relieve?----Poor houseless creatures!----The world will give you reproaches, but will not give you relief. Why was this heart of mine formed with so much sensibility and tenderness, without a capacity of relieving the wants and miseries of our fellow-creatures? This sensibility makes indeed the heart that feels it more wretched, than the object that sues for its assistance. But let me turn from these scenes of infamy and distress to the sanctified hypocrite, who has been talking of virtue and honesty all day, and now, under the cover of
night

night, practises every vice, the reverse of all he has harangued in praise of: Well says the immortal Milton:

For neither man, nor angel,
Can discern hypocrisy, the only evil
That walks invisible, except to God alone.

But the unexpected day-break from on high shall withdraw the veil from his hypocrisy, and put an end to his double-dealing, as it does now to my reflections

A COUNTRY NIGHT'S Reflections.

WHAT a delightful night!--The moon, full-orbed, appears in majestic splendor, in the front of yon high eastern hill: The lengthening shadows move along the plain below; the whole creation sleeps; pain and anguish only wake: The laborious husbandman forgets the toils of the day in peaceful slumbers; and nature makes a pause---an awful pause, prophetic of her end.

Here let the musing mind a-while indulge reflection;----reflection awful and instructive, as this midnight hour:---the clock strikes twelve.---Oh Time, memento of eternity! how are thy hours squandered away in trifles and intemperance! yet, who shall redeem thy loss, or give back yesterdays to come? The once hospitable mansion rises before my view, but now, alas! forlorn, untenanted,---the owner flies to Courts, and cities, unmindful of
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the village swains; intemperate feasts, and poisonous luxury, succeed to harmless mirth and hospitable cheer; but let the voice of reason and reflection thus address thee:---Return thou to the hospitable seat of thy forefathers, let thy flock cloath the naked, and let thy table feed the hungry; be thy instruction the guide of the ignorant, and thy example reproof to the froward; so shall benevolence increase thy store, and thou shalt look forward, to the end of life, as the consummation of thy felicity.

The miser now counts his ill-gotten store; he fears even the whistling wind, which his fears misconstrue as the midnight thief, while he worships in secret the god of his idolatry: As he accumulated wealth, he discovered his own importance by increase; but, as he prized it more, he used it less; and, as the hand of time scattered snow upon his head, the freezing influence extended to his bosom; he surveys the shining ore, with a look of circumspective caution:----‘Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee, and then, whose shall all these things be?’ The ambitious, waking, now plan schemes of future glory, unmindful of this transitory state and the uncertainty of human power; while others, perhaps, lament the time mispent in such pursuits, and are ready to exclaim:---

Where now, ye lying vanities of life, Ye ever tempting, ever cheating train, where are you now, ---and what is your amount!

The sons of poverty, dozing a while, forget their gravings and their daily cares, while luxury in palaces

palaces lies stretching its vain thoughts to form imaginary wants.

The plaintive voice of mourning, breaks, through the stillness of night, on my attentive listening ear ; ---the unhappy fair-one breathes the accents of her woe ; like another Philomel, she complains of the perjured youth ; the villain sleeps, unconscious of remorse, unmindful of her anguish ; but he shall one day awake to a sense of guilt like his, and shall acknowledge, that no life can be pleasing to God, but what is harmless and inoffensive to human kind.

Thou who sittest inthroned in power, relieve the wants, and heal the calamities of all those who, from the remotest parts of the earth, waking in the bitterness of their spirit, O address thy Throne ; sleeping and waking, defend them still ; let thy day-spring, from on high, break in upon, and sustain them.---

The sprightly larks shrill matin wakes the morn :
---here pause my thoughts a while.

LOUISA: or, Love rewarded.

IF we examine impartially that estimate of pleasure, which the higher ranks of society are apt to form, we shall probably be surprised to find how little there is in it either of natural feeling or real satisfaction. Many a fashionable voluptuary, who has not totally blunted his taste or, his judgment, will
own,

own, in the intervals of recollection, how often he has suffered from the insipidity, or the pain of his enjoyments; and that, if it were not for the fear of being laughed at, it were sometimes worth while, even on the score of pleasure, to be virtuous.

Sir Edward -----, to whom I had the pleasure of being introduced at Florence, was a character much beyond that which distinguishes the generality of English travellers of fortune. His story was known to some of his countrymen who then resided in Italy; from one of whom, who could talk now and then of something beside pictures and operas, I had a particular recital of it.

He had been first abroad at an early period of life, soon after the death of his father had left him master of a very large estate, which he had the good fortune to inherit, and all the inclination natural to youth to enjoy. Though always sumptuous, however, and sometimes profuse, he was observed never to be ridiculous in his expences; and, though he was sometimes talked of as a man of pleasure and dissipation, he always left behind him more instances of beneficence than of irregularity. For that respect and esteem in which his character, amidst all his little errors, was generally held, he was supposed a good deal indebted to the society of a Gentleman, who had been his companion at the University, and now attended him rather as a friend than a tutor. This Gentleman was, unfortunately, seized at Marseilles with a lingering disorder, for which he was under the necessity of taking a sea voyage,

voyage, leaving Sir Edward to prosecute the remaining part of his intended tour alone.

Descending into one of the valleys of Piedmont, where, notwithstanding the ruggedness of the road, Sir Edward, with a prejudice natural to his country, preferred the conveyance of an English hunter to that of an Italian mule, his horse, unluckely, made a false step, and fell with its rider to the ground, from which Sir Edward was lifted by his servants with scarce any signs of life. They conveyed him on a litter to the nearest house, which happened to be the dwelling of a peasant rather above the common rank, at whose door some of his neighbours were assembled at a scene of rural merriment, when the train of Sir Edward brought up their master in the condition I have described. The compassion natural to his situation was excited in all; but the owner of the mansion, whose name was Venoni, was particularly moved with it. He applied himself immediately to the care of the stranger, and, with the assistance of his daughter, who had left the dance she was engaged in, with great marks of agitation, soon restored Sir Edward to sense and life. Venoni possessed some little skill in surgery, and his daughter produced a book of receipts in medicine. Sir Edward, after being blooded, was put to bed, and tended with every possible care by his host and his family. A fever was the consequence of this accident; but, after some days, it abated, and in a short time he was able to join in the society of Venoni and his daughter.

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He could not help expressing some surprise at the appearance of refinement in the conversation of the latter, much beyond what her situation seemed likely to confer. Her father accounted for it. She had received her education in the house of a Lady, who happened to pass through the valley, and to take shelter in Venoni's cottage,) the night of her birth. 'When her mother died,' said he, 'the Signora, whose name, at her desire, we had given the child, took her home to her own house; there she was taught many things, of which there is no need here; yet she is not so proud of her learning as to wish to leave her father in his old-age; and I hope soon to have her settled near me for life.'

But Sir Edward had now an opportunity of knowing Louisa better than from the description of her father. Music and painting, in both of which arts she was a tolerable proficient, Sir Edward had studied with success. Louisa felt a sort of pleasure from her drawings, which they had never given her before, when they were praised by Sir Edward; and the family concerts of Venoni were very different from what they had formerly been, when once his guest was so far recovered as to be able to join in them. The flute of Venoni excelled all the other music of the valley; his daughter's lute was much beyond it; Sir Edward's violin was finer than either.---But his conversation with Louisa---it was that of a superior order of beings!---science, taste, sentiment!---It was long since Louisa had heard these sounds. Amidst the ignorance of the valley, it was luxury to hear them; from Sir Edward

ward, who was one of the most engaging figures I ever saw, they were doubly delightful. In his countenance there was always an expression, animated and interesting; his sickness had overcome somewhat of the first, but greatly added to the power of the latter.

Louisa's was not less captivating----and Sir Edward had not seen it so long without emotion. During his illness he thought this emotion but gratitude; and, when it first grew warmer, he checked it, from the thought of her situation, and of the debt he owed her. But the struggle was too ineffectual to overcome, and, of consequence, increased his passion. There was but one way, in which the pride of Sir Edward allowed of its being gratified. He sometimes thought of this as a base unworthy one; but he was the fool of words which he had often despised, the slave of manners he had often condemned. He at last compromised matters with himself; he resolved, if he could, to think no more of Louisa; at any rate, to think no more of the ties of gratitude, or the restraints of virtue.

Louisa, who trusted to both, now communicated to Sir Edward an important secret. It was at the close of a piece of music which they had been playing in the absence of her father. She took up her lute, and touched a little wild melancholy air, which she had composed to the memory of her mother. 'That, said she, no-body ever heard except my father; I play it sometimes when I am alone and in low spirits. I don't know how I came to think of it now; yet I have some reason to be sad.' Sir

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Edward

Edward pressed to know the cause: after some hesitation she told it all. Her father had fixed on the son of a neighbour, rich in possessions, but rude in manners, for her husband. Against this match she had always protested as strongly, as a sense of duty, and the mildness of her nature, would allow; but Venoni was obstinately bent on the match, and she was wretched from the thoughts of it----‘To marry, where one cannot love,’ to marry such a man Sir Edward!----It was an opportunity beyond his power of resistance. Sir Edward pressed her hand; said it would be profanation to think of such a marriage; praised her beauty: extolled her virtues; and concluded, by swearing, that he adored her. She heard him with unsuspecting pleasure, which her blushes could ill conceal. Sir Edward improved the favourable moment; talked of the ardency of his passion, the insignificance of ceremonies and forms, the inefficacy of legal engagements, the eternal duration of those dictated by love; and, in fine, urged her going off with him, to crown both their days with happiness. Louisa started at that proposal. She would have reproached him, but her heart was not made for it; she could only weep.

They were interrupted by the arrival of her father, with his intended son-in-law. He was just such a man as Louisa had represented him, coarse, vulgar, and ignorant. But Venoni, though much above their neighbour in every thing but riches, looked on him as poorer men often look on the wealthy, and discovered none of his imperfections.

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He took his daughter aside, told her he had brought her future husband, and that he intended they should be married in a week at farthest.

Next morning Louisa was indisposed, and kept her chamber. Sir Edward was now perfectly recovered. He was engaged to go out with Vernon; but, before his departure, he took up his violin, and touched a few plaintive notes on it. They were heard by Louisa.

In the evening she wandered forth to indulge her sorrows alone. She had reached a sequestered spot, where some poplars formed a thicket on the banks of a little stream that watered the valley. A nightingale was perched on one of them, and had already begun its accustomed song. Louisa sat down on a withered stump, leaning her cheek upon her hand. After a little while, the bird was scared from its perch, and flitted from the thicket. Louisa rose from the ground, burst into tears. She turned, and beheld Sir Edward. His countenance had much of its former languor; and, when he took her hand, he cast on the earth a melancholy look, and seemed unable to speak his feelings. 'Are you not well, Sir Edward?' said Louisa, with a voice faint and broken. ---- 'I am ill, indeed,' said he, 'but my illness is of the mind, Louisa cannot cure me of that. I am wretched; but I deserve to be so. I have broken every law of hospitality, and every obligation of gratitude. I have dared to wish for happiness and to speak what I wished, though it wounded the heart of my dearest benefactors----but I will make a severe expiation. This moment I leave you.

Louisa

Louisa ; I go to be wretched ; but you may be happy, happy in your duty to a father, happy, it may be, in the arms of a husband, whom the possession of such a wife may teach refinement and sensibility----I go to my native country, to hurry through scenes of irksome business or tasteless amusement ; that I may, if possible, procure a sort of half-oblivion of that happiness which I have left behind, a listless endurance of that life which I once dreamed might be made delightful with Louisa !

Tears were the only answer she could give. Sir Edward's servants appeared, with a carriage, ready for his departure. He took from his pocket two pictures : one he had drawn of Louisa he fastened round his neck, and kissing it with rapture, hid it in his bosom. The other he held out in a hesitating manner. ' This,' said he, ' if Louisa will accept of it, may sometimes put her in mind of him who once offended, who can never cease to adore her. She may may look on it, perhaps, after the original is no more ; when this heart shall have forgot to love, and ceased to be wretched.'

Louisa was at last overcome. Her face was first pale as death ; then suddenly it was crossed with a crimson blush. ' Oh ! Sir Edward ! ' said she, ' What----what would you have me to do ! '----He eagerly seized her hand, and led her, reluctant, to the carriage. They entered it, and, driving off with furious speed, were soon out of sight of those hills which pastured the flocks of the unfortunate Venoni.

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The virtue of Louisa was vanquished; but her sense of virtue was not overcome. Neither the vows of eternal fidelity of her seducer, nor the constant and respectful attention which he paid her during a hurried journey to England, could allay that anguish which she suffered at the recollection of her past, and the thoughts of her present situation. Sir Edward felt strongly the power of her beauty and of her grief. His heart was not made for that part, which, it is probable, he thought it could have performed; it was still subject to remorse, to compassion, and to love. These emotions, perhaps, he might soon have overcome, had they been met by vulgar violence or reproaches; but the quiet and unupbraiding sorrows of Louisa nourished those feelings of tenderness and attachment. She never mentioned her wrongs in words: sometimes a few starting tears would speak them; and, when time had given her a little more composure, her lute discoursed melancholy music.

On their arrival in England, Sir Edward carried Louisa to his seat in the country. There she was treated with all the observance of a wife; and had she chosen it, might have commanded more than the ordinary splendor of one. But she would not allow the indulgence of Sir Edward to blazon with equipage and show that state which she always wished to hide, and, if possible, to forget. Her books and her music were her only pleasures: if pleasures they could be called, that served but to alleviate misery, and to blunt, for a while, the pangs of contrition.

These

These were deeply aggravated by the recollection of her father; a father left in his age to feel his own misfortunes, and his daughter's disgrace. Sir Edward was too generous not to think of providing for Venoni. He meant to make some atonement for the injury he had done him, by that cruel bounty which is reparation only to the base, but to the honest is insult. He had not, however, an opportunity of accomplishing his purpose. He learned that Venoni, soon after his daughter's elopement, removed from his former place of residence, and, as his neighbours reported, had died in one of the villages of Savoy. His daughter felt this with anguish the most poignant, and her affliction, for a while, refused consolation. Sir Edward's whole tenderness and attention were called forth to mitigate her grief; and, after its first transports had subsided, he carried her to London, in hopes that objects new to her, and commonly attractive to all, might contribute to remove it.

With a man possessed of feelings like Sir Edward's the affliction of Louisa gave a certain respect to his attentions. He hired her lodgings separate from his own, and treated her with all the delicacy of the purest attachment. But his solicitude to comfort and amuse her was not attended with success. She felt all the horrors of that guilt which she now considered as not only the ruin of herself, but the murderer of her father.

In London Sir Edward found his sister, who had married a man of great fortune and high fashion. He had married her, because she was a fine woman,
and

and admired by fine men ; she had married him because he was the wealthiest of her suitors. They lived, as is common to people in such a situation, necessitous with a princely revenue, and very wretched amidst perpetual gaiety. This scene was so foreign from the idea Sir Edward had formed of the reception his country and friends were to afford him, that he found a constant source of disgust in the society of his equals. In their conversation fantastic not refined, their ideas were frivolous and their knowledge shallow ; and, with all the pride of birth, and insolence of station, their principles were mean, and their minds ignoble. In their pretended attachments, he discovered only designs of selfishness, and their pleasures he experienced were as fallacious as their friendships. In the society of Louisa he found sensibility and truth ; her's was the only heart that seemed interested in his welfare : she saw the return of virtue in Sir Edward, and felt the friendship which he shewed her. Sometimes when she perceived him sorrowful, her lute would leave its melancholy for more lively airs, and her countenance assume a gaiety it was not formed to wear. But her heart was breaking with that anguish which her generosity endeavoured to conceal from him ; her frame, too delicate for the struggle with her feelings, seemed to yield to their force ; her rest forsook her ; the colour faded in her cheek ; the lustre of her eyes grew dim. Sir Edward saw these symptoms of decay with the deepest remorse. Often did he curse those false ideas of pleasure, which had led him to consider the ruin of an artless girl, who loved and trusted him, as an object which it was
luxury

luxury to attain, and pride to accomplish. Often did he wish to blot out from his life a few guilty months, to be again restored to an opportunity of giving happiness to that family, whose unsuspecting kindness he had repaid with the treachery of a robber, and the cruelty of an assassin.

One evening, while he sat in a little parlour with Louisa, his mind alternately agitated and softened with this impression, a hand organ, of a remarkable soft tone, was heard in the street. Louisa laid aside her lute, and listened; the airs it played were those of her native country, and a few tears, which she endeavoured to hide, stole from her on hearing them. Sir Edward ordered the servant to fetch the organist into the room; he was brought in accordingly, and seated at the door of the apartment.

He played one or two sprightly tunes, to which Louisa had often danced in her infancy; she gave herself up to the recollection, and her tears flowed without controul. Suddenly the musician, changing the stop, introduced a little melancholy air of a wild and plaintive kind----Louisa started from her seat, and rushed up to the stranger---He threw off a tattered coat, and black patch---It was her father!----She would have sprung to embrace him; he turned aside for a few moments, and would not receive her into his arms. But nature at last overcame his resentment; he burst into tears, and prest to his bosom his long-lost daughter.

Sir Edward stood fixed in astonishment and confusion.----'I come not to unbraid you,' said Venoni, 'I am a poor weak, old man, unable for upbraidings;

I am

I am come but to find my child, to forgive her, and to die! When you saw us first, Sir Edward, we were not thus. You found us virtuous and happy; we danced and we sung, and there was not a sad heart in the valley where we dwelt. Yet we left our dancing, our songs, and our chearfulness; you were distressed, and we pitied you. Since that day, the pipe has never been heard in Venoni's fields; grief and sickness have almost brought him to the grave; and his neighbours, who loved and pitied him, have been chearful no more. Yet, methinks, though you robbed us of happiness, you are not happy---else why that dejected look, which, amidst all the grandeur around you, I saw you wear, and those tears which, under all the gaudiness of her apparel, I saw the poor deluded girl shed.'----'But she shall shed no more,' cried Sir Edward; you shall be happy, and I shall be just. Forgive me, my venerable friend, the injuries which I have done thee; forgive me, my Louisa, for rating your excellence at a price so mean. I have seen those high-born females to which my rank might have allied me; I am ashamed of their vices, and sick of their follies. Profligate in their hearts, and, amidst affected purity, they are slaves to pleasure without the sincerity of passion, and, with the name of honour, are insensible to the feelings of virtue. You, my Louisa!---but I will not call up recollections that might render me less worthy of your future esteem. ---Continue to love your Edward; but a few hours, and you shall add the title to the affections of a wife; let the care and tenderness to a husband

bring back its peace to your mind, and its bloom to your cheek. We will live for a while the wonder and the envy of the fashionable circle here. We will restore your father to his native home; under that roof I shall once more be happy; happy without alloy, because I shall deserve my happiness. Again shall the pipe and the dance gladden the valley, and innocence and peace beam on the cottage of Venoni.'

The INSTANTANEOUS IMPRESSION.

FLORETTA possessed more beauty than fortune; and though she was esteemed the most amiable Shepherdess in the Province of Lisle, she yet possessed more sense than beauty. A certain undiminished sweetness sat in every feature of her face, and charmed in every action of her mind. Like Shakespeare's Perdita----if she sung, such was the melody of her voice, we would have her sing forever:----If she danced in the rural ring on the green, or on the upland, the Swains, with enamoured fondness, hung on every movement, and intreated her to dance for-ever. In short, every incident of life served but as a mirror to exhibit her endowments. The simplicity of her manners----the artless innocence of her mind----the warmth of her endearing and kind temper, were attractions that drew every Shepherd around her Cottage, and made the little embosomed mansion like an aviary of birds----a scene of vocal harmony and music. We might with voluptuous pleasure dwell on the description

description of her abode ; painting the enamelled beauties of the scene with poetic colouring, and giving even fresh luxuriance to the tints of Nature. But

“ -----To paint the lily,
“ To throw a perfume on the violet,
“ To smooth the ice, to add another hue
“ Unto the rainbow, or try, with taper light,
“ The beauteous face of Heaven to garnish,
“ Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.”

Her cottage was beautiful by nature, and was tenanted by Heaven :---Man, therefore, need not flatter himself possessed of abilities to enrich it by description. In vain did the Swains assail her with all the eloquence of erratic love : Floretta was too poor for a wife. In the present day of fashionable extravagance, it is a melancholy truth, that no motive so generally actuates the mind as interest. Our luxuries and refinements beget innumerable wants, unknown in earlier times ; which force the human mind to deviate even from its most amiable volitions, and prosecute lines of conduct as mortifying as they are disgraceful. The pristine simplicity of our plains is contaminated with a portion of the rage that has gained such entire possession of the fashionable world. The Shepherd no more invokes the inspiration of the rural Pan ; the oaten reed lies neglected ; and the purling streams flow unassociated by the wonted melody of the piping Swains. In the little retired village, indeed, which gave birth to the lovely Floretta, a remnant may be seen of Arcadian simplicity ; but tinged with the

the volatile salt of perfidious refinement, it exists in so vitiated a state, that it deserves not the name of Felicity. An incessant round of pleasure, indeed, may be foolishly conceived by the young, infatuated, and thoughtless, to be happiness. Levity, bordering on licentiousness, marks the characters of the females; and an unbounded thirst in the pursuit of interest and pleasure, those of the men. In such a society may it not be wondered, that the lovely Floretta remained uncontaminated, since we know how easily, and how imperceptibly the chains of passion cling around the heart? Gilt o'er by the sanctity of custom, Vice loses its deformity, and assumes the most fascinating features. Never, therefore, O never let us trust ourselves one instant, in the presence of a crime. The first step towards iniquity is difficult to accomplish---the second may be painful---but the third is easy: The ladder that reaches to the abyss, becomes gradually more easy, as we descend, till at last we find pleasure in what at first gave us pain. Floretta is an excellent exception to this general rule. She stood the shock of association unhurt: she saw through the misleading glare of lawless pleasures, and shuddered at the danger she was daily exposed to. To the many assiduities of the village-swains she was impenetrable. They sung, they danced, and they piped in vain. She saw that they assailed her virtue, not her heart. They did not seek for conjugal delights in her society, but for momentary gratifications in her seduction. Aware of their ends, she had strength and virtue enough to defeat them; and

and she lived the pattern of imitation, as she was the emblem of innocence.

Florio, the son of a farmer in the neighbourhood, returned from the Academy, where he had completed his education ;---an education not designed to render him eminent in any public profession, but such as fitted him for social intercourse, and domestic retirement. His father, possessed of happy affluence, esteemed it more eligible to station his heir in the bosom of his pastoral fields, than in the round of dissipation attendant on a Town-life, or in the busy, bustling, enviable road to fame. Florio was happily calculated for the path in which he was to walk. He was possessed of a most captivating sensibility ; tender in his nature, and with a comfortable mixture of that wit and humour which is the seasoning to the dish of life.

Strolling one day across the uplands of the beautiful and various country near his father's, he accidentally saw Floretta.---Floretta saw him. The glance was mutual, and the Impression was Instantaneous ! They felt an undescribable something take possession of their hearts ; It was pleasure mingled with pain. This mutual sensibility urged them to pass on ; but an irresistible impulse fixed them to the spot. Their eyes alternately met, and fell towards the ground : they were confounded, as their glances, in the interchange, were discovered, and from the pure ingenuousness of their souls, a vermillion spread itself upon their cheeks.

Florio, however, recovering himself from the enchantment which had chained him to the ground
advanced

advanced with the most enamoured, and yet throbbing heart to Floretta.

" May I not (says he, with the most winning sweetness of accent)---may I not help you to tend your flock, my Shepherdess? I will be a faithful guide, and will conduct them across the hill for you, with care.---Do, pray, let me ease you of the task."

" Gentle Stranger (replies the lovely Floretta,) it is so delightful a task, that I cannot agree to part with it."

" Then pray (says he), my fair-one, let me enjoy but a part of the delight. I know not how it is, but I take an interest in the welfare of your flock. I think they are the finest Lambs I ever saw. But blest me (continues he, with a sigh,) what have I to do with them?---They are the property of a Shepherdess, whose heart, no doubt, is in the possession of some favoured Swain, and I tarry and gaze upon them, to my undoing."---A momentary suspense seized them both, on this instant. She knew not what to say; and he wished to have the doubt removed, for which the hint was thrown out. His susceptibility was touched.---He read the desired answer in her blushing cheek and down cast-eye. He saw the inward workings of her heart, and with a tumultuous tide of transport he snatched the fair-one's hand, and imprinted on it the warmest effusion of his soul. Recollecting himself, and starting at the thought of his having been, perhaps, too vehement in his address, he, with the awe that is inspired by the emotions of honourable love, retreated

treated a few paces, and prayed the fair-one to forgive him the effects of a transport which he could not smother, and which he hoped did not arise from misconception or disrespect. The language of the heart, as it is gathered from the eyes, is the simplest thing on earth, and did more for this enamoured pair, in two minutes of suspense which succeeded to this apology, than all the eclairsissement that words could have brought about. Were we permitted, in an imitation of the most captivating Physiognomist that ever penned a History for the entertainment of Mankind, to translate the dumb language into English, it would nearly run as follows :

“ Believe me, kind Swain (said Floretta,) I am as pleased with your transports as yourself. I feel an inexpressible pleasure in your society; and would the delicacy of my sex permit, I would return your caresses with equal ardour, and shew you how much your first appearance hath prepossessed me in your favour.”

“ O Heavens ! (exclaimed the enraptured Florio And is it impossible that I have made an impression on your heart?---Is it possible, that I may be happy enough to be united to you for-ever---to dwell in your society---to hang upon your sweetness, and, like the bee from the perfumed floweret, distill the balmy essence from that lip, without ravaging its beauty, or injuring its sweets;---Is it possible that I may be yours ?”

“ It is, my Shepherd, it is !----There is an attachment in my bosom, which, as it is fixed there no doubt, by the hand of Providence, for the wisest ends,

ends, I do not counteract, which tells me I must be yours or no one's."

When the happy enterval was past, which had been filled up with such significant intercourse of the eyes as hath formed the ground-work for the above interpretation, they parted, without reducing it to more explicit language----but not before he had intreated to know her name.

"Floretta---a Maid whose only fortune is her Innocence; and her occupation a Shepherdess."

"And I am Florio, possessed of a comfortable inheritance; not enough, indeed, to answer the calls of Luxury, but more than sufficient for two such people as you and I are."

They parted--she to conduct her sheep to the pasture, on the brow of the hill; and he to seek his father. He soon found him, and throwing himself at his feet, with an earnestness and a warmth which bespoke at once the ardour of his affection, and the sincerity of his heart, he besought him to consent to his union with Floretta. The father knew her---admired her;---for every one that knew, admired her; and raising his son, with parental tenderness told him---the choice was worthy of his heart--- He considered Floretta as the richest female of the Land, since she possessed treasures more estimable than lucre, in an undefiled and a pure heart. She would make a wife capable of rendering his journey through this life a chain of felicity, in which there would be found no intermitting link of anxiety or sorrow.

Florio,

Florio, in a few days, was joined to Floretta : and at this very moment they are the happiest couple in the Province of Lisle,

THE TRUE ENJOYMENTS OF LIFE.

MAY he survive his relatives and friends ! was the imprecation of a Roman, on the person who should destroy the monument of his ancestors. A more dreadful curse could scarcely be denounced

I remember to have seen it somewhere recorded, that an Emperor of China, on his accession to the throne, commanded a general release from the prisons, of all that were confined for debt. Amongst the number was an old man, who had been an early victim to adversity ; and whose days of imprisonment, reckoned by the notches which he had cut on the door of his gloomy cell, expressed the annual revolution of more than fifty suns. With faltering steps, he departed from his mansion of sorrow : his eyes were dazzled with the splendor of light ; and the face of nature presented to his view a perfect paradise. The goal, in which he had been imprisoned, was at some distance from Pekin ; and he directed his course to that city, impatient to enjoy the congratulations of his wife, his children, and his friends.

With difficulty he found his way to the street, in which formerly stood his decent habitation : and

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his

his heart became more and more elated at every step which he advanced. He proceeded, and looked with earnestness around; but saw few of those objects with which he was formerly conversant. A magnificent edifice was erected on the site of the house which he had inhabited: the dwellings of his neighbours had assumed new forms; and he beheld not a single face, of which he had the least recollection. An aged beggar, who stood with trembling knees at the gate of a portico, from which he had been thrust by the insolent servant who guarded it, struck his attention. He stopped, to give him a pittance out of the bounty with which he had been supplied, by the Emperor's liberality; and received, in return, the sad tidings, that his wife had fallen a lingering sacrifice to penury and sorrow; that his children were gone to seek their fortunes in unknown climes; and that the grave contained his nearest and most valuable friends.

Overwhelmed with anguish, he hastened to the palace of his Sovereign, into whose presence his hoary locks and mournful visage soon obtained admission; and, casting himself at the feet of the Emperor, "Great Prince," he cried, "remand me to the prison, from which mistaken mercy hath delivered me! I have survived my family and friends; and, in the midst of this populous city, I find myself in dreary solitude. The cell of my dungeon protected me from the gazers at my wretchedness; and, whilst secluded from society, I was less sensible of the loss of social enjoyments.

I am

I am now tortured with the view of pleasures, in which I cannot participate ; and die with thirst, though streams of delight surround me."

SUCCESSFUL INTREPIDITY OF ADMIRAL
BLAKE, WITH HIS DEATH AND CHA-
RACTER.

A SPANISH fleet of sixteen ships, immensely rich, had taken shelter in the Canaries. Blake, receiving intelligence of it, immediately made sail towards them. He found them in the bay of Santa Cruz, disposed in a formidable posture. The bay was secured with a strong castle, well provided with cannon ; besides seven forts in several parts of it, all united by a line of communication, manned with musqueteers. Don Diego Diagues, the Spanish admiral, ordered all his smaller vessels to moor close to the shore, and posted the larger galleons farther off, at anchor, with their broadsides to the sea.

Blake was rather animated, than daunted, with this appearance. The wind seconded his courage, and, blowing full into the bay, in a moment brought him among the thickest of his enemies. After a resistance of four hours, the Spaniards yielded to English valour, and abandoned their ships ; which were set on fire, and consumed, with all their treasure. The greatest danger, to the English, still remained. They lay under the fire of the castle, and all the forts ; which must, in a little time

time, have torn them to pieces. But the wind, suddenly shifting, carried them out of the bay; where they left the Spaniards in a astonishment, at the happy temerity of their courageous victors.

This was the last, and greatest action of the gallant Blake. He was consumed with a dropfy and scurvy, and hastened home, that he might yield up his breath in his native country, which he had so much adored by his valour. As he came within sight of land, he expired.---Never man, so zealous for a faction, was so much respected and esteemed, even by opposite factions. He was, by principle, an inflexible republican; but, amidst all the trust and caresses which he received from the ruling powers, that were thought to be very little grateful to him. "It is still our duty," he said to the seamen, "to fight for our country, into what hands soever the government may fall." Disinterested, generous, liberal; ambitious only for true glory; dreadful only to his avowed enemies; he forms one of the most perfect characters of the age, and the least stained with those errors and violences, which were then so predominant. The Protector ordered him a pompous funeral, at the public charge: but the tears of his countrymen, were the most honourable panygeric on his memory.

T H E E X E C U T I O N .

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of Ocean bear;
Full

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
 Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
 The little tyrant of his field withstood,
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell, guiltless of his Country's blood.

“SEE! see! (said the beautiful and sympathizing Maria, looking out at the window, and pointing with her left hand towards the gallows)---see the last stage of Iniquity, the miserable end of a miserable life! The poor fettered Wretch, walking behind the men with white rods † in their hands, is the criminal!” Her piteous accent affected me much; and I asked with more than common concern, “What he had done?” “Driven [said she] by extreme

† At Edinburgh, where the scene is supposed to lie, the gibbet is commonly at the bottom of the West Bow, contiguous to the Corn-Market, Grass-Market. There it is customary for the acting Magistrates and Law-Officers to walk in formal procession to the place of execution before the criminal, with white rods in their hands. Perhaps it may prevent somewhat of the Reader's surprize, when he finds so much shrewdness and science in one thus circumstanced, to be assured that the Scotch are, at this moment, perhaps, the most learned people in Europe; that Literature in all its branches is often taught with liberality and taste in their common parish schools; and that the great Dr Johnson himself, had his pride permitted the experiment, might even have met with his match in Scotland at the plough tail

extreme necessity to procure an immediate relief to a famished family, he sallied forth in an evil hour, and only exacted a few shillings of one, who had but a few minutes before cheated his neighbour of as many guineas.

“ Which now [added she, with her eyes full of tears, and the archest look in the world] is the worthiest of the two; the Robber, or the Robbed? ---Most probably the Robber. And yet [quoth she] the last whose knavery is notorious, is carested, distinguished, and trusted; while the first, though impelled by a momentary impulse to one insignificant but lawless deed, shall be hanged like a dog in a tether.”---In the name of Goodness and Humanity, Why are not Judges hanged for overstretching, as well as others for breaking, the Law?---“ Because the Devil, like a conjurer as he is, protects his own,” quoth Maria.

Mean while the Malefactor came slowly and silently onward: he had something about him passing shew. His features were manly and expressive; his manner familiar, but composed. A sigh now and then broke gently from his bosom, and the big round tear stood quivering in his eye. He made a stand at the foot of the ladder, as if to recollect himself---paused---looked round him---then fixing his eyes full on the gibbet with less terror, though not less devotion, in his countenance than any Canter of all the Canting fraternity that ever canted, “ O Tree! [said he] how grim is that cloud that lowers on thy aspect! What does it signify to die? But to be hanged is dreadful indeed,

deed! The Destinies, however, have woven for me this garment, and it must be worn."

With these words he vaulted lightly on the scaffold. Here one or two of his friends came and shook him by the hand. His poor wife then made her appearance; and such a scene of tenderness ensued, as singularly affected and overpowered the whole multitude that surrounded them. She struggled up the ladder, flung herself in his arms, and continued motionless in that embrace above ten minutes. She then looked up in his face, but could not utter a word. Three different times did she fall in a swoon at his feet, and was at last carried away frantic.

All this time his behaviour was equally recollected and affectionate. And when the dear partner of his soul was torn from his fond embrace for ever, "Now, (says he) all is over! It is not in the power of Earth and Hell to give my heart such another shock, and the bitterness of death is past!"

Then wiping his eyes with his handkerchief, he beckoned with his hand, as if he meant to speak. The muttering of the multitude instantly died away; and among five or six thousand people there was hardly a breath to be heard.

"I would [said he] take as little of this world with me to the next as possible; and if you will give me leave, you shall in a very few words know the whole of my mind.

"Many who know both who I am, and what I have done to procure the gallows, will be but

too apt, perhaps, from my present pitiful condition to overlook, as is usual with the favourites of Fortune not only what I am not, but also what I have never been.

“ For the most part retaining through life an unpolled mind, and piquing myself on an exemplary uprightness of intention; qualms, suspicious fears of futurity, and all the hideous train of fiends that haunt and distract the breasts of the guilty, never to this hour gave the least annoyance to mine.

“ I give it as the opinion of a dying man, who has often and carefully made the experiment, that a merry heart, a feeling heart and an honest heart, is the marrow and soul of all sound Philosophy, of all true Religion, of all human Happiness: and certainly, it is the only spark of wisdom that the folly of fools, has never yet been able to drown. There’s enow o’ plagues in this plaguy world, though a man be not a plague to himself.

“ For my own part, I never made a bustle about any thing, but always endeavoured to tumble down through life as easy as possible. I have always found, that to be too busy there is some danger. The laborious pity the lounge, and the lounge laughs at the laborious. The Scripture saith, what all find to be true at last, It is vain for you to rise up early, to sit up late, and to eat the bread of sorrow.

“ It gives me some comfort, that what I have said has so far recovered the good humour of my hearers. I am no Methodistical whiner; yet Death
stares

stares me so full in the face, that I would fain mention futurity, but for the wags on each side of me, some screwing up their mouths in derision, some gaping for a hint to jest about and some with infinite archness only chuckling at my simplicity. Trust me, I envy not your mirth; but the strange delirium of treating Death as a mere bugbear, at which children can only be alarmed, let me tell you, hath much more of the serious than the comic in it. I see myself the capricious Tyrant, indignant at the levity and indifference of all mankind, perching already on the ears of many a little pretty Master and Miss, who, though there were not a gallows in the world, must yet very soon submit to his power.

“ I can appeal to all who knew me, if I was not just as jolly a fellow as the best of you; if I had not once as much warmth in my breast, as much vigour in my nerves, as good blood in my veins, and as much Mercury in my brain, though, perhaps not so much money in my purse, as any of you all! Shew me the man who ever durst call me either villain, coward, or liar with impunity. I can say with confidence, I never made a lie in my life; and scorn to die with less spirit than I lived. And yet I do assure you, from the palpitation of my own heart, the near approaches of Death, make the blitheest sad, the proudest humble, the wisest doubtful, the bravest timid. We all know how we are, but none of us know how we may be. For all that, the present, abstracted from the future, would rather be a curse than a blessing. Then might we exclaim, ‘ O Nature! why hast thou led us this

‘ unmerciful dance !---Annihilation? cruel Annihilation, hence ! Torment us not before the time !’

“ Most certainly, if we do well, the farce will end well ; if not, what can we expect but the fate we have shapen to ourselves? Yet how many poor, silly, inconsiderate devils are there, who daily swallow the hook with the bait, and affect to put on a fool’s-cap in the very jaws of Eternity ! What a pity such blockheads should ever die ! The world, bad as it is, is surely good enough for them.

“ Then a-propos, you may think it too good for me. As circumstances now are, it matters not a pin to me what you think ; I think otherwise myself, and that’s consolation sufficient. Know moreover, that knaves and hypocrites were ever my aversion. When my dear wife and two innocent babes were at their last gasp, ‘ You shall not perish ’ (quoth I) though it should cost me my neck.’ What then? It has done so. But three lives so much more precious to me than my own, is sufficient compensation.

“ Am I more criminal now than he who every where affects to be what he really is not ; and for no other reason, but that he may the more easily possess what is not his own? No : I have something about me that would never let me stoop to be a cheat ; and I would not exchange my present condition for that of thousands, who are treated by every selfish scoundrel that approaches them as the Right Honourable of the earth. The Laws that condemned me were made by the Great, and have no other object than to keep the wealth of the world

in their own power, and entail on others the keenest poverty, and the vilest subjection. But an innocent death on a gibbet is more eligible than the most sumptuous life on a throne, encircled with sycophants and liars, bedaubed with perjury and crimes. They will say, I was hanged. What care I? Many an honest fellow has been hanged before me. Should they blast my memory with the name of villain, I shall only wish they may never meet another more deserving the character. I would recommend my wife and children to their mercy, but that they have shewn me too little to expect they will shew any to them.

“ It is a naughty world ; I found it deceived and deceiving, and leave it in the same humour. I see another, and a better fate awaiting me in another, and a better state of being ; and a few hours shall rid me of wretchedness for ever. Farewel ! ”

“ May Peace and Felicity (quoth I) rest unmolested on thy gentle ghost, and breathe their softest fragrance for ever around thee ! I will sing requiems to thy soul while I live ! I doubt thou hast carried more merit away than there is behind thee. Not one of all thy numerous spectators but deserved the gallows, perhaps, more than thou didst. Trust me, the ministers of Heaven who waft thy spotless spirit to the bosom of Mercy, pay no regard to the manner of thy exit. Ignominy is a spectre unknown in the sacred abodes of Mortality. It is a puff that stinks in the nostrils of the living, but reaches not those of the dead.

THE

THE APPOINTMENT;

A Paraphrase of an admired French Pastoral.

AT the decline of a fine day, a young Shepherdess found, at last, means to escape the watchful eye of her mother, and hurried the slow steps of her numerous flock towards a thick Grove at some distance from the Hamlet. The hour of appointment, notwithstanding all her care, being elapsed, gave her a great deal of anxiety. When she was arrived, Good Heavens! what were not her suspicions, when often looking in every part of the Grove she could not find her Thirsis! In her impatience she calls to him in vain for the Echo alone made answer to the fair one's cries. Among a thousand cruel suspicions that were occasioned by her anger, she fixed on the most cruel of all. "Thirsis! the perfidious Thirsis no longer loves me? (she cried.) He cannot, at the same time, be blessed with a return of love, and be faithful. A Shepherdess who doats on him has no charms in his eyes; but he would be still constant, if I could cease to love. I was warned of it before I knew him; return a Lover's love, and he will cease to love you. Love will last no longer than its desire is nourished by Hope, it is destroyed by Enjoyment. The ripening Sun had four times tinged our harvest before I would listen to his prayers; though my heart the whole time could not but approve of

his

his love. In concealing from him the ardour that devoured my soul, what did I not suffer? what pains have I not endured, to try his love? How have I tormented myself, to conceal the delusive hope of loving with safety---cruel to my Swain, but more cruel to myself? He never experienced but the severest rigour from me, till one fatal day, fatal to the secret of my heart, Thirstis, with too much tenderness, expressed his flame. 'How long [said he---I still remember it] will you be insensible to the passion that destroys me? In spite of all your beauty, are you not afraid of seeing me one day, sacrifice my love for you to some other? Ah! Great God? If ever I cease to adore my Phillis, may my pipe, my voice, and my verses cease to please? May I be seen to murder with my own hands the little birds that I instruct? May my meadows be without flowers, and my orchards without fruits? May my tender sheep and my noble bulls be poisoned with the juice of the most envenomed herbs, and may I abandon them to the fury of the wolves? May I myself be still subject to your cruelty? I swear by the Gods, or rather by myself, that love has made you, my Phillis, the idol of my adoration, my Supreme Deity? The passion I bear to you will never have an end. Trust to my love, my oaths, your own beauty?' I was then convinced of his fidelity, by his trouble, his languor, in short, by every thing. I could no longer resist such powerful attacks---A bewitching confusion took away my senses, and in the agitation of my soul, acknowledged my defeat to my perfidious lover.

I adore

I adore you, said I, and shall be too happy, if my heart may expect from your's an eternal ardour. I engage myself to you, my dear Thirlis, for ever; and may this lamb be the pledge for my tender and perpetual attachment? It will grow, and may our loves grow with it, that they may be greater if possible, than at present? Who can express what was then said? Are there any oaths remaining that we did not mutually make? Whatever is forcible, or whatever is tender to be inspired by Love, did we repeat over and over in that happy hour. Transient Pleasures, bewitching Moments, be less engaging, or be more lasting? Scarce had I suffered my heart to give vent to its desires, than Night intruded on our innocent pleasures. In spite of our inclinations, we were forced to give up their charms; I arose to depart---our eyes were filled with tears, and we could only pronounce, To-morrow? Since that happy day, with the utmost exactness has he been before me in this our solitude; but, alas? to-day I may wait for him in vain, he has no longer any desire to see me. No doubt the perfidious Wretch is making a merit of my griefs at some Fair One's feet; and to flatter her the more, he despises my beauty, and laughs at my credulity. Ye Gods? by whose names I was robbed of my innocence, deign to send down your vengeance on the head of this perfidious Lover?"

She had scarce finished these words, when Thirlis appeared: and at the sight of her shepherd her anger was forgotten, and with an ingenuous, lively, and tender air she said, "Is it for me, Thirlis, to

wait

wait for you?" "Shepherdes [he returned,] lay aside your anger. I was here, at this place of our appointment, two hours before you; you are arrived, but oh? what an unexpected misfortune have I escaped? A wolf, just before your arrival, presented itself to my view, and oh? ye Gods, what an alarm? dragged away this cherished Lamb, this pledge of your love? Heavens? said I, what a fatal omen was this for my love! But, Monster, I despise thy fury; and thou alone, without my crook or dog, you shall soon feel what a Lover dares do. In short, I followed, and overcame the beast; and he lost at once his life and his prey. I was revenged by his death for our disappointment. Could I inflict a smaller punishment on them who had parted us?" At the end of these words, the Shepherdes related her fears to him, and the faithful Thirsis made gentle complaints. Phillis, to appease him, made ample atonement for her unjust suspicions, by granting him a thousand and a thousand favours.

THE PRESENT MOMENT.

An Oriental Fable

AS I passed one day through an obscure valley, I saw a young man, from whom a beautiful damsel was hastening. She appeared in great disorder, and fled with precipitation. I approached the young man, and he said to me: "I am in the
flowe

flower of my age, and the garden of love promises me the most delicious fruits. I am rich, and can purchase the most beautiful girls of Circassia; but I would freely renounce the most beautiful girls of Circassia, the most delicate fruits in the garden of love, nay even my riches and my youth, could I but one night enjoy all the charms of Dariffa, who flies from my arms, and disdains my embraces." I pitied the folly of this young man, and pursued my journey.

One day, as I was walking in the gardens of the King of Damas, I heard a man very near me uttering profound sighs. As I was separated from him only by a rising hillock, I plainly perceived him. The hands of the ablest artists of Damas had made his habits from the most beautiful silks of Syria: his countenance was as sorrowful as his habits were rich: his frowning forehead concealed his eyes, his look was gloomy and sullen, and all the muscles of his face were in a confused motion. He said, "what doth it avail me to be kindly treated by the King, to possess a fine house, and beautiful women? How can I enjoy these riches and favours so long as Ali Nafrou, is possessed of the supreme authority? I have the carresses of the pince; but Ali Nafrou, his confidence? I am honoured, and he is powerful. Ah? to enjoy his power for the space of a single moon, I would give my riches, my rank, and even my life, Yes me life! I should be happy in the loss of it, could I be but first put in the place of Ali-Nafrou!"

I left Damas to go into Persia. I arrived on the banks

banks of a river, the bridge cross which was just broken down. A man stood on the border of it : wrinkles had begun to appear on his face, and time had already whitened his beard. He ran about like one disordered in his senses---he rolled about in the sand---then stood up and said, " How unfortunate am I, not to be able to cross this river and get into the city ? I should then finish such a business as would double my vast treasures ; and to me of what use are my riches, if I cannot encrease, them ? I would at present freely renounce my wives, my children, my native country, and the greatest part of the remainder of those days I have to live, to cross this accursed river ! I left this man, and pursued my road to Persia.

I traversed the deserts of Mesopotamia, where I met a traveller, whose provisions, and water in particular, had been exhausted more than two days. He said, " I would give all I possess, I would free-sacrifice my pleasures, and even a great part of my life, to obtain one single wish. Oh ! that I were but on the banks of a great river, and just entering therein ; I should then see the water play over my limbs, I should descend beneath the surface, and and should feel myself refreshed by its friendly waves. When I arose, I would take large draughts, and I should be happier than the great Persian monarch !" I ordered water to be given this poor man, and then pursued my journey.

I traced in my mind what had passed : I recollected the young man, who despaired of the favours of Darissa? the old man who could not traverse the river,

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the courtier of Damas ; and the traveller perishing with thirst ; I meditated on these things as I walked, and said to myself : “ Is it possible, that I can stop in the little valley of Abila when it is in my power to reach the beautiful plains of Surnaar ! Can an inclination for that valley so long detain me, as to make my arrival at Bagdad too late, where the most delicious fruits of Asia are to be met with, and where every object of my desires await me ! Can I so long gaze on the borders of a lake, as to despise the prospect of the extended main ! What can a momentary and futile object annihilate the noblest views of futurity, and fetter the human soul to the present moment ! Weak mortals ! can you sacrifice the pleasures of a year to those of a moon ! those of a moon to others but of a single day, and left to a moment.



STORY of Lady FANNY BEAUMONT and Lord LAYTON.

A Fatal animosity, which had subsisted for more than a century between the Families of Beaumont and Layton, could not prevent the union of two hearts, though derived from ancestors who seemed to possess an hereditary hatred to each other. The gay and pleasing Lord Layton was captivated with the fair and blooming Lady Fanny Beaumont and her gentle mind felt no aversion to his Lordship,

ship, although he was deemed an enemy to her house. At the time when their acquaintance commenced her father was gone to Nice, for the recovery of his health; she had no mother living, but was left to the care of her eldest brother, Lord Belville, who felt a personal disgust, joined to a family resentment, against Lord Layton. The Lovers could have no hopes of combating his aversion, nor could they sacrifice their affections to his dislike: there remained then no alternative for Lady Fanny, but to throw herself into the arms of Lord Layton, and trust to her father's parental affection for the pardoning an action to which he never would have consented. In short, the Lovers took a trip to Scotland, and returned irrevocably united.

Lord Belville represented his sister's disobedience in so strong a light to the Earl of Beaumont, that he sunk beneath the shock, lived but to curse his daughter and expired.

Lady Layton, who, notwithstanding the rash step she had taken, was a dutiful and affectionate child, was sincerely afflicted for having offended her father, and lamented his death with such unfeigned sorrow, that her husband was obliged to exert his utmost tenderness to soothe her grief, and prevent its becoming fatal to her life. Time's lenient hand and Lord Layton's unceasing fondness, at length triumphed over her affliction, and she became as happy as a mind endued with sensibility can be, when conscious of having committed an inepareable fault.

In less

In less than two years after her marriage she became the mother of a lovely girl ; this darling object, at the same time that it afforded her the highest delight, brought with it the remembrance of her unforgiven offence.----She would often press the little Fanny to her heart, bathe her with tears, and then exclaim, " O may'st thou never be so unhappy as to incur a Father's curse !"

Four years rolled on, and saw Lord and Lady Layton the happiest pair in the gay circle of the Beau-monde. What a surprising length of time for such a fashionable couple to enjoy the delights of conjugal affection ! But fear not, my gay Readers ; happiness neither is, was, or ever will be permanent, whilst men have passions that controul their reason.

It happened about this time that Lord Layton, being in company with some of his brother Peers, was prevailed on to go with them to a Masquerade at Carlisle-House. He sauntered about for some time with that indifference which persons who have been used to those scenes of dissipation, after their novelty is worn off, are generally sensible of ; and was on the point of returning home, when the pressing of the croud occasioned a Lady to miss her step from a part of the floor that was raised, and fall directly into his Lordship's arms. With the utmost activity and address he conveyed her out of the croud, and seated her on the first vacant sofa that was near. When he had deposited his precious charge in safety, he was struck with admiration at the grace and elegance of her figure, and surprized at his

at his own want of attention, in not having notice of it before. The Lady returned him thanks for the assistance he had rendered her in the politest terms, but with a foreign accent. His Lordship replied to her in French ; and some Ladies, who were of her party, coming up, he begged he might be permitted the honour of joining them for the remainder of the night. The service he had done the fair Louisa, intitled him to the compliance of the company with her request ; and for the first moment of absence, for four long years, he felt not a wish to return to his, till then, beloved Fanny ! When the party sat down to supper, he had been indulged with a sight of Louisa's face, which in a moment obliterated all the beauties he had ever seen ; he gazed on her in a silent rapture, and looked peace and happiness away. Poor, thoughtless man ? He knew not then the misery which he was likely to entail on a deserving and beloved wife, upon himself, and on the charming object who was the innocent source of all their misfortunes ?

At parting, Lord Layton obtained permission to wait upon Louisa the next day, and returned home with such sensations as he never had before experienced ; for though his mind was exalted with delight and rapture, there was a something like remorse that mingled with them, and prevented their being perfect. He blushed when he met his Fanny at breakfast, turned away his face when she tenderly enquired his health, and was too much in a hurry to give her any account of the Masquerade, as he was obliged to dress and go out instantly.

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He flew to his appointment with Louisa, who received him with all the chearfulness of unsuspecting innocence; but told him that as her aunt, with whom she lived, was in so bad a state of health as not to be able to see company, she must decline the honour of his future visits. This circumstance rendered the moments precious; he took the fair occasion, and declared he could not live without beholding her. The rhetoric of Lovers is generally prevailing, and our young French woman was so far drawn in by that of Lord Layton, as to tell him that the back-door of her aunt's house opened into the Park, and that she frequently walked there at an early hour in the morning.

It is not to be doubted but that Lord Layton took advantage of this information, and for many months their clandestine interviews continued uninterrupted.

We are told in Scripture, that "No man can serve two masters at the same time;" and I will be bold to say, it is as little possible for a man to love two women at once.----Lord Layton's conduct did not contradict my opinion---His neglect and indifference toward the amiable and virtuous Fanny, kept pace with his encreasing fondness for the lovely and innocent Louisa. He considered the former as an obstacle to his happiness with the latter; but as his mind was not yet totally abandoned to vice, he knew not how to remove this bar without plunging too deep in guilt.

The Reader has, I suppose, long since discovered that Louisa's heart was almost as susceptible of Lord Layton's

Layton's agreeable qualities, as his Lordship's was of her charms: her being a stranger in this kingdom, joined to the secrecy with which she had carried on her acquaintance with them, prevented her from knowing any thing relative to his situation, but what he thought proper to reveal; and no one will suppose that he had ever mentioned his wife. But being now pretty well assured of Louisa's affections, he flattered himself that he might prevail on her to become a voluntary victim, and sacrifice her virtue to his vice. At their next interview, after the most extravagant professions of love, his Lordship lamented, in the most pathetic terms, the misfortune of not having a hand as well as a heart to bestow upon the fair Louisa. The surprize which she felt at this discovery, rendered her speechless for some moments. When the power of utterance returned, she exclaimed, "Basest of men? Have you then, in spite of the integrity of my heart, and the innocence of my conduct, drawn me in to be an accomplice in the worst of crimes, that of defrauding another of their happiness? Fly from my injured sight this moment, and never let me see you more!" At these words the virtuous Louisa rushed from his hold, conveyed herself instantly into the garden, and made fast the door against her insidious Lover, who was, perhaps, as much astonished as she had been. From that moment his Lordship in vain essayed every art to gain the sight of his offended Fair; even his letters were returned unopened, and all kind of correspondence cut off between them. Opposition seemed

seemed to encrease his passion: and he determined to obtain the objects of it, even at the hazard of every thing that should have been dear to him.

The hapless Lady Layton, who had spent many months in solitude and sorrow, though under the same roof with her Lord, was now to be removed entirely from his sight; she never had reproached his want of tenderness, but he could not silence the upbraiding of his own heart. He had a seat in Westmoreland, which had not been inhabited by any of his family for above a century---In this dismal castle he commanded his obedient wife immediately to be immured: she did not presume to murmur against this harsh decree, but only entreated that her little Fanny might be the companion of her solitary hours. This was denied her, on account of the unwholesomeness of the situation she was to be confined to. Her maternal tenderness triumphed over her self-love, and she resigned her child to the care of a governess, without betraying her resentment of her husband's inhumanity by any other signs than sighs and tears.

During Lady Layton's melancholy confinement she wrote frequently to her Lord, entreating him to let her know in what she had offended him, pouring forth her prayers for his and her daughter's welfare. He never deigned to answer her epistles---his whole time and thoughts were taken up in the pursuit of Louisa, who still continued firm to her resolution, and would neither hear from, or see him. For near two years there seemed to be no alteration in the situation of this unhappy family. At length, one night, as Lady Layton lay upon her sleepless couch,
about

about midnight she heard her chamber door open, and saw her Lord standing by her bed-side---she started with surprize, and on her first emotion would have rushed into his arms ; but he repelled her with a look that froze her to a statue, “ Madam, (said he) you have much boasted of your obedience and your love, I require a proof of them now---Your life is the great bar to all my happiness.” “ Then rid yourself and me of misery, at once ! (exclaimed the unhappy Fanny) Behold my naked bosom ? it shall meet the blow, and bless the hand that gave it.” No, Madam, (he replied) I will not be a murderer ; but hear me, and obey. Feign yourself sick to-morrow ; the servants in this house are all at my command ; they will ask no questions ; let all but the servant who attends you, and in whom I can confide, believe you dead. In about ten days a hearse will arrive, in which you must consent to be placed, and conveyed a few miles from hence. A chaise will then meet you, with my servant in it, who will attend you to the Continent, and place you in a Convent by another name----You will there have society, and spend your days more chearfully than here---you must there continue to conceal yourself, and by so doing, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have obliged, and rendered me happy, which it is not in your power to do by any other means. I wait for your reply.” With streaming eyes Lady Layton answered, “ In marrying you, my Lord, I broke the first of ties, filial obedience ! and all my sufferings are but due punishments for such a crime. Though I have failed

in my first duty, I will fulfil the second---You shall be happy, if I can make you so!" "It is enough," he cried; and instantly withdrew.

The almost distracted Lady Layton had no occasion to affect sickness; the disorder in her mind was sufficient to inflict it. Hope, the wretch's last resource, had now quitted her sad bosom; Despair usurped its room; and she determined to exceed her cruel husband's commands, by making that a reality, which he had only desired her to feign. The means alone were wanting; but as Shakespeare says, "O Mischief! thou art swift to enter into the thoughts of desperate men." She recollected a closet, in which there hung some rusty armour---she sought, and found a dagger. Wild with her griefs, she would have plunged it instantly in her sad heart; but on drawing it from the sheath, she found the point so encrusted with rust, that her force was not sufficient to make it penetrate her bosom. The delay which was necessary to make it answer her purpose, afforded her some time for reflection: she had been bred religiously; and the tremendous idea of rushing into the presence of an offended Deity, in the actual commission of a breach of his Laws, deterred her, for some time, from attempting her life. But the distraction of her thoughts again returned; she could no longer doubt that her husband wished her death, in order to bestow the name of Wife on some beloved object.---Then what had she to do with life, when no longer permitted to act in the tender and respectable situations of Wife or Mother? She considered herself as
a black

a blank in the creation ; and hoped it might not be deemed criminal in the Almighty's sight, to rid herself of an existence which was only marked by wretchedness.

In this desponding, miserable state she continued for ten days, when hearing the sound of a carriage, which she had been long refused to, and supposing it to be the gloomy vehicle used only to convey the dead to their last peaceful mansions, she exclaimed, " I will not be entombed alive ! " Then snatching up the dagger, and plunging it deep into her breast, cried out, " This, to punish disobedience to a tender Father ; and this to prove obedience to a cruel Husband ! " At that fatal instant her chamber door was thrown open, and her lovely little Fanny sprung forward to rush into her arms. The dagger dropped from her trembling hand ; and the Governess advancing, quickly informed her now expiring Lady, that her brother, the Earl of Beaumont, had met Lord Layton on his return from Westmoreland ; that they had fought, and her husband had been mortally wounded ; but that before he died, he had sent of an express to her, ordering her immediately to bring the little Fanny to plead his pardon with her much injured mother, and to release her instantly from her confinement.

The unhappy Lady Layton caught up her lovely Fanny to her bleeding bosom, deplored the untimely fate of her unhappy Lord, sunk on her knees to implore forgiveness from offended Heaven for her fatal rashness, and expired.

From this sad Story let the young and thoughtless

less learn, that the smallest deviation from the paths of virtue is liable to plunge the soul and body in the extremes of vice and misery ; for none can say to themselves, Thus far and no farther will I go.

The AMBITIOUS MAN PUNISHED.

PHILEMON lived in the center of a forest, which seemed destined by nature for the asylum of peace and tranquillity. Corroding care, remorse, and anxiety were strangers to his retirement : Ambition alone flattered herself with being one day able to gain admittance.

Philemon, favoured by the gods, offered them pure victims ; a lamb or a sheep constantly expressed his gratitude for their bounties. The ground, rendered fertile by his labour, abundantly produced every thing necessary for his support. He never visited the populous cities, but to exchange his fruits for corn to sow his little patrimony.

When he returned, his cottage appeared more lovely than before. Ebony, gold, and ivory, indeed, which adorn the palaces of the great, did not display their splendors in the abode of our philosopher ; his own industry had provided his whole furniture, which, tho' homely, was abundantly sufficient to answer all the occasions of nature.

A double incloser of tufted trees concealed his little mansion from the eyes of the curious traveller. A clear murmuring brook, offered him the constant
tribute

tribute of its streams, which, by forming various meanders, rendered this happy retreat doubly delightful. Philemon sprinkled his flowers with the adjacent water, and drank himself of the same salutiferous stream; and often from a bower, dedicated to the contemplation of nature, survived its wandering course.

Thus happily lived Philemon; free from the flattery of deceitful friends, the insinuating caresses of a perfidious mistress, and the artful behaviour of unfaithful servants. His heart was a stranger to passion, nor did he even wish for an increase of his happiness. But at length his reverence for the gods, who had so amply reward his devotion, began to abate: Immediately he fancied his life was too serene, and began to complain of his destiny.

Discontent rendered him a burden to himself; the barrier of virtue which confined his wishes was destroyed, and ambition entered that retreat, which till then, had been impregnable. Being in possession of this small abode, she summoned all her retinue of chimerical projects, to attend her at the cottage of Philemon, who was soon too sensible of their cruel effects.

The gods, irritated at his conduct, withdrew from him their favours; the thirst of riches inflamed him; ambition augmented his desires, and even engaged him to beseech the gods to render propitious those projects he had formed himself, without their approbation.

Philemon had for some time neglected offering sacrifices to the gods, but now repeated them with
greater

greater fervency than ever: The blood of his chosen flocks now smoaks upon their altars.

One day, in the frenzy of his imagination, he prayed the gods to change the little brook, which glided by his cottage, into a river; and his small boat into a ship laden with the treasures of the Indies. A clap of thunder immediately succeeding his prayer, Philemon concluded that his wishes would be accomplished, and boldly leaped into the little boat. Philemon now thought the happy moment was arrived; but, alas! it was but the prelude to his misfortunes. And ambition, who had inspired him with these chimerical projects, now abandoned him to his own folly.

Immediately the brook began to swell, the torrents tumbled from the adjacent mountains, and, mixing their foaming waters, swept away the lands with their rapid course. The boat suddenly changed into a ship, was lifted up by the waters, and hurried away with the greatest violence. Philemon contemplated, with rapture, the large heaps of treasure in his ship; but could not behold, without regret, the destruction of his dear cottage, where he had lived above twenty years in the greatest tranquillity.

The ship was hurried away, by the foaming torrent, into the pathless ocean. Philemon now began to recover from his frenzy, and recollecting that he had omitted imploring the gods to conduct his ship into an harbour of safety, endeavoured to atone for that neglect; but it was now too late: The gods who before were his protectors, were now deaf to his cries.

Horror

Horror began to invade the breast of Philemon; the mountainous surges of the ocean threatened destruction; a terrible tempest assaulted the ship, which, striking against a rock, sunk with all her riches.

Philemon, for some time, supported himself against the boisterous element, which at last threw him on a desert coast; where, after acknowledging he was justly punished for his indiscretion, he expired on the shelly beach.

From this example, we should learn to be contented with the station in which providence has thought proper to place us; and to let all our wishes be regulated by prudence, lest, with Philemon, we become the victims of our own folly.

Content alone can all our wrongs redress,

Content, that other name for happiness.

'Tis equal if our fortunes should augment,

And stretch themselves to the same vast extent

With our desires; or those desires abate,

Shrink and contract themselves to fit our state.

A True STORY for the USE of YOUNG LADIES.

-----Ah! then, ye Fair,
Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts,
Dare not the infectious sigh, the pleasing look,
Downcast and low in meek Submission drest,
But full of guile! Let not the fervent tongue
Prompt to deceive with adulation smooth,
Gain on your purpos'd will. Nor in the bower,
Where

Where woodbines flaunt,* and roses shed a couch,
While Evening draws her crimson curtains round,
Trust your soft moments with betraying Man!

HEAR me! O hear me, ye loveliest and dearest of all that is lovely and dear in nature! Surely you must be sensible, that short as the present is, even here felicity is greatly preferable to wretchedness. Think where you are, and where you must soon be. Do you know that Life is as full of dangers as the firmament of stars? Ask your seniors in years and experience, and they will tell how delicate and and perilous the season of youth is. Read Henrietta's Story, and from her fate tremble for your own.

The parents of this young Lady were respectable, though not wealthy. They loved her much, and her attachment and attention to them were the consolation of their old age. Nature endowed her well both in body and mind, and her education was equal to her other accomplishments.

One night at a ball, as often happens on such occasions she was seen by a young Gentleman of Fortune, who at first sight fell violently in love with her. His name for the present shall be Stanely. He beheld her at first with the eye of sacred love and made honourable proposals. Her heart was as young and susceptible as his: and it was not long before she was smitten with an equal flame. But his circumstances were greatly superior to her's. His offers for that among other reasons, were sufficiently acceptable both to her and her friends.

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It was now time, however, to consult his own. With them, he found a disparity of fortune an insuperable obstacle. Minds that have no happiness but in hoarding, think there can be none without it. This mortifying disappointment he carefully secreted from his Charmer. It was soon whispered, notwithstanding, among her connections; nor did he in the least deny it, the moment an explanation was demanded.

The natural consequence of this affecting discovery was, that his visits were prohibited, while the attachment of the Lovers continued inviolable. In vain was every method then tried to alienate their affections from one another. No considerations could mitigate their mutual fondness, no precautions keep them asunder. How strong the reciprocal prepossessions of young hearts! How fatal the chains of Love! How capricious the tricks of Fortune!

Henrietta's parents, naturally apprehensive of the consequence of an intrigue without the least probability of marriage, in order to prevent all further correspondence with Stanley, sent her to France, where she lived with a distant relation for some time. Her lover, however, soon found out the place of her retreat; nor was he long in flinging himself at her feet. He told her, they were made for each other, united by Heaven, and that Hell itself should not henceforth part them; that he was willing even now to give her his hand, and abide by the consequence, that for his own part

no sufferings could affect him so much as her absence; that his father would certainly disinherit him, but that he would work for her, beg for her, rob for her, die for her; that could she bear to live with him without the formality of Matrimony he could maintain her handsomely; and as his father could not live long, they could then marry at their own convenience. This passionate declaration, so captivating to female credulity, prevailed; her virtue, which had, probably, been none of the strongest, gave way; and in a few months they returned to London perfectly in the ton, lived together according to the fashion, and set up an equipage. The friends of both equally abandoned them, only that Stanley's father, who still lives not very distant from Watling-street, and was a man of gallantry himself in his younger days, did not grudge the expence of a mistress to his son.

It is but justice to the memory of Stanley to observe that possession did not in the least abate his tenderness; and that there is not a doubt but he would have married her according as he promised, as soon as he found it consistent with his future prospects. His preliminary conduct was criminal and romantic, but he had a large share of resolution. Providence, however, interfered to blast an union that originated in guilt; for they had not cohabited above two or three years, when poor Stanley fevered and died. But O! what a scene of cruelty on the one hand, and distress on the other, then ensued! Henrietta had one child by him, and at this time was big with another. His unrelenting friends,

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notwithstanding, stripped her of every thing, rudely pushed her out of the house, and even suffered her to be persecuted for his debts.

In such a condition, and thus circumstanced, she had not one human being with whom to consult, or into whose bosom she could deposit her complaints. Modest women did not avoid her more studiously than she avoided all others. And since the man of her heart was no more, the whole world appeared to her a blank, and all her comforts seemed buried in the grave with him. To what quarter could she then look for relief? "My dear Boy (she would say to her son,) thou art now fatherless, and without a friend. Thou hast reason to blush at the very name of thy mother. My sorrows will soon end with my life; but what can deliver thee from all the infamy and wretchedness which I have entailed on thy head!"

My heart will not suffer me to describe minutely the misfortunes this poor lady has sustained, and still sustains from her own follies and her Lover's relations. She was brought to-bed of a girl shortly after Stanley's death, and she regards her children with an affection truly and exemplarily maternal. One would think she had suffered enough for all her misconduct; for she had certainly perished from mere want, or rotted in a gaol before this time, but that the tenderness of her own father returned, who, with a generosity and compassion that do honour to humanity, instantly afforded her all the relief and consolation in his power.

The two tender infants shared as much of his sympathy

ympathy and attention, as if they had been legitimate. The babe on the breast he put out to nurse, and sent the boy into the country with his mother, where they live in the greatest retirement. But say, ye tender-hearted, how wretched must not her life be, with opulence exchanged with penury, honour for shame, and hope for despair! The friends of Starley reprobate her and her children with the most savage antipathy; and the law can afford her no redress. Happy if she can find any comfort from Heaven, and her own heart! for to her, Life, in all its appearances, is henceforth a tree without fruit, and a well without water.

My fair Sisters, take care of your hearts; admit no guest there whom you do not perfectly know. Who can tell what mischiefs result from rash attachments! Above all things, preserve your innocence; it is a treasure, in possession of which you can never be poor. Whatever is flattering in our sex, tends to seduction; and be assured happiness never succeeds to lost honour.

From hence, ye Beauties, undeceiv'd,
 Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd;
 And be with caution bold:
 Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes
 And heedless hearts is lawful prize,
 Nor all that glisters gold.

The singular Fortune of CHAJA AIASS;
 A real History.

CHAJA AIASS was a native of the western Tary, and left that country to push his fortune in Indostan.

Indostan. He was descended of an ancient and noble family, fallen into decay by various and accidental revolutions. He, however, had received a good education, which was all his parents could bestow. Falling in love with a young woman, as poor as himself, he married her; but he found it difficult to provide for her necessaries of life. Reduced to the last extremity, he turned his thoughts upon India, the usual resource of the needy Tartars of the north. He left, privately, friends, who either would not, or could not assist him, and turned his face to a foreign country. His all consisted of one sorry horse, and a very small sum of money, which had proceeded from the sale of his other effects. Placing his wife upon the horse, he walked by her side. She happened to be with child, and could ill endure the fatigue of so great a journey. Their scanty pittance of money was soon expended; they had been subsisted for some days upon charity, when they arrived at the skirts of the Great Solitudes which separate Tartary from the dominions of the family of Timer, in India. No house was there to cover them from the inclemency of the weather; no hand to relieve their wants. To return was certain misery; to proceed was apparent destruction.

They had fasted three days; To complete their misfortunes, the wife of the Aiafs was taken in labour. She began to reproach her husband for leaving his native country at an unfortunate hour; for exchanging a quiet, though poor life, for the idle prospect of wealth in a distant country. In this distressed situation she brought forth a daughter
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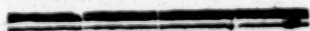
They remained in the place for some hours, with a vain hope that travellers might pass that way. They were disappointed. Human feet seldom tread these deserts: The sun declined apace. They feared the approach of night; The place was the haunt of wild beasts; and, should they escape their hunger, they must fall by their own. Chaja Aiafs, in this extremity, having placed his wife on the horse, found himself so much exhausted that he could scarcely move. To carry the child was impossible: The mother could not even hold herself on the horse. A long contest began between humanity and necessity: The latter prevailed, and they agreed to expose the child on the high way. The infant, covered with leaves, was placed under a tree; and the disconsolate parents proceeded in tears.

When they had advanced about a mile from the place, and the eyes of the mother could no longer distinguish the solitary tree, under which she had left her daughter, she gave way to grief; and, throwing herself from the horse on the ground, exclaimed, 'my child! my child!' She endeavoured to raise herself; but she had no strength to return. Aiafs was pierced to the heart. He prevailed upon his wife to sit down. He promised to bring her the infant. He arrived at the place. No sooner had his eyes reached the child, than he was almost struck dead with horror. A black snake was coiled around it; and Aiafs believed he beheld him extend his fatal jaws to devour the infant. The father rushed forward. The serpent, alarmed at his

voci-

vociferation, retired into the hollow tree. He took up his daughter unhurt, and returned to the mother. He gave her child into her arms; and, as he was informing her of the wonderful escape of the infant, some travellers appeared, and soon relieved them of all their wants. They proceeded gradually, and came to Lahore; where Abkar, the Emperor of the Moguls, kept at this time his Court.

It happened, that Asiph Chan, one of the Emperor's principal Officers, attended then his presence. He was a distant relation to Aiafs, and he received him with attention and friendship. To employ him, he made him his own Secretary. Aiafs was soon recommended to Asiph in that station; and, by some accident, his diligence and ability attracted the notice of the Emperor, who raised him to the command of a thousand horse. He became in process of time Master of the Household; and his genius being still greater than even his good fortune, he raised himself to the office and title of Actimad-ul-Dowla, or High-treasurer of the empire. Thus he, who had almost perished through mere want in the desert, became, in the space of a few years, the first subject in India.



On RETIREMENT.

----- Then is the time,
For those whom wisdom, and whom nature charm
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
And

And soar above this little scene of things ;
 To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet ;
 To sooth the throbbing passions into peace ;
 And woo 'lone quiet in her silent walks.

THOMSON.

THE season of the year inviting me for a time to quit scenes of hurry and confusion, I retired lately into the country to enjoy a calm retreat, breathe the salubrious air, and feast my eyes with nature cloathed in the blooming garment of the spring. Here I often contemplate the wonders of creation undisturbed, and think myself happier in solitude, than the gaudy courtier amidst the splendors, noise, and hurry of court.

This is safety's habitation : silence guards the door against the strife of tongues, and all the impertinences of idle conversation. The swarm of temptations that beset us amidst the gaieties of life, are banished from these scenes of retirement ; here, without disturbance, I can survey my own thoughts and ponder the secret intentions of my own heart. In short, here I can learn the best of sciences, that of ' knowing myself.'

The other evening I strayed in the fields, and pleasing myself with that variety of objects that presented themselves on every side, night overtook me, before I was aware. The whole face of the ground was soon overspread with shades, only a few of the lofty eminences were cloathed with streaming silver, and the tops of the waving groves and summits of the mountains were irradiated with
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the smiles of departing day. The clouds, expanding their purple wings, were tipped with a ray of gold, while others represented a chain of lofty mountains, whose craggy summits overshadowed the vales below, and along their inaccessible sides there appeared various pits and romantic caves.

A calm of tranquillity and undisturbed repose spread over the whole scene. The gentle gales fanned themselves asleep, so that not a single leaf was in motion: Eccho herself slept unmolested, and the expanded ear could only catch the liquid lapse of a murmuring stream. The beasts departed to their grassy couch, and the village swains to their pillows; even the faithful dog forgot his post, and slumbered with his master.

Darkness was now at its height, and the different objects were only rendered visible by the faint glimmerings of the stars. This solemn scene brought to my remembrance the terrors which often invade timorous minds; this, said I to myself, is the time when the ghosts are supposed to make their appearance, and spirits visit the solitary dwellings of the dead. But what should terrify me, when I know I am encompassed by the hand of my Maker, and that in a short time I shall enter a whole world of unbodied beings. Nor is it unreasonable to suppose, that numbers of invisible beings are, at this instant, patrolling the same retreat, and joining with me in contemplating the works of the Almighty Creator.

While I was thus reflecting on the excessive timidity that possesses many people's minds, when the sable curtain of the night is drawn, the moon

darted her silver rays from the eastern part of the horizon, and dispelled the veil from the countenance of nature. Every object appeared more delicately shaded, and arrayed in softer charms. This beautiful prospect, more various than fancy itself can paint, brought to my mind that beautiful night-piece in Homer :

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er heav'n's clear azure, spreads her sacred light ;
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene,
Around her throne, the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole ;
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver ev'ry mountain's head :
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies ;
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.

My thoughts were recalled from these pleasing thoughts, by the noise proceeding from the steps of an ancient inhabitant of a neighbouring cottage ; his face, though wrinkled with age, had in it something majestic, and his hoary locks flowed loosely over his shoulders. He seemed surprized at seeing me alone in the fields, and, when he understood that the contemplation of the stupendious works of my Maker had alone detained me, he was filled with admiration :---' Son, said he, I have for near fifty years been an inhabitant of yonder cottage. My youth was indeed squandered in pursuing the fashionable amusements of the age ; but finding, on mature, reflection, that true pleasure only consists in treading
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the paths of virtue, I abandoned the deceitful pursuits of the world, and retired to this solitary cottage, where I have continued in peace and tranquillity. Here I can contemplate the wonders of my Creator, and rejoice in a firm hope of a happy eternity. Is it not surprising to think that mortals can be pleased with the ample dimensions of Ranelagh's dome, or the gay illumination of Vaux-hall grove, and not be touched with transport at the stupendous display of omnipotent skill? At the august grandeur and shining stateliness of the firmament? That forms an alcove for ten thousand worlds, and is ornamented with millions of eternal luminaries.---This must surely betray not only a total disregard of the great Creator, but the most abject littleness of mind, and the utmost poverty of genius. Four score years have revolved since I first breathed the vital air; such a term, to unthinking youth, may seem of a prodigious length; hours crowded behind hours exhibit an extensive plan, and flatter us with a long progression of pleasures. But how short and scanty to one who has made the experiment! It was, methinks, but yesterday, that I abandoned the gay, and retired to this lonely habitation, and I must shortly resign both for the sleep of death. As soon as we are born, we draw nearer to our end, and how small is the interval between the cradle and the tomb?---A few minutes past, and we plunge into eternity; and on this unconsiderable portion alone depends our final felicity. Defer not therefore, my son, one single moment to cultivate a correspondence with
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the condescending Deity, and taste the pleasures of divine friendship. Then shall death, whenever he approaches, be stripped of his terrors, and the grave become a mansion of tranquillity.---Hark! the death-bell from yonder tower, laden with heaviest accents, saddens the air. It gives notice to surviving mortals, that the last enemy has begun the chase, and has even now laid one of our neighbours in the dust. It is therefore high time for us to cultivate good works, and sow the seeds of virtue, that eternity may yield us a joyful harvest.--Farewel, my son, reflect on these observations of mature age, and pursue the path that leads to the regions of everlasting felicity.

The Powerful Effects of V I R T U O U S
A D M O N I T I O N S.

A N E A S T E R N T A L E.

ATTEND to the voice of instruction ye mortals, who pursue with avidity the impulse of glory, and fly on the wings of fancy in pursuit of visionary honours: ye who, to gratify the calls of Ambition, spread the earth with desolation, write on the the tablets of your memory the precepts of the son of Omrah.

On the borders of Abyssinia, within a beautiful valley watered by the Nile, and enamelled by the æreal hand of nature, lived Zaferah a youth descended

descended from the caliphs of Egypt, and from the loins of Onurah ; but his virtues allied him to the gods. His habitation was erected near the foot of a lofty rock, whereby he was sheltered from the scorching winds, which, by sweeping over the burning sands of the desert, spread destruction as they pass. From the top of this rock issued a gentle stream, which falling from the declivity in thin sheets of water, appeared like a considerable torrent. Part of the water, by its fall down this lofty precipice, after swelling into foam, arose in a refreshing dew, adding a delightful coolness to the air, verdure to the grass, and the most lovely tints to the flowers of the valley ; thro' the midst of which the rest of the stream gently glided in pleasing meanders, till it joined the queen of rivers.

The gardens of Zaferah were extended from the place of his abode to the basis of the rocky precipice. The palm and the cedar here displayed their spreading branches ; a thousand fragrant trees and shrubs imparted their spicy odours to the winds ; while the grape, the fig, the date, and the pomegranate, courted the passenger's hand, and offered their sweets to all who desired to taste the bounty of nature. Zaferah's house was a neat and beautiful structure : it was furnished with elegance, and his apartments adorned with the rich carpets of Persia : it was the residence of Hospitality, and Peace attended the happy owner to his couch. He tasted the sweets of luxury without being corrupted ; and enjoyed the blessings of Providence, without losing their relish by the satiety of repletion. The hungry
entered

entered his door, and went away satisfied; the poor and necessitous came to his gate, and departed rejoicing.

Zaferah divided his time between these acts of benevolence, the worship of the Almighty, the study of the sciences, and the culture of his garden. Piety and Wisdom made their abode in his heart, and exercise strung his nerves with strength. He hunted the leopard, the tyger and the lion; but he suffered the goat to climb the rocks, and the wild ass to range the plains in safety; for he made war only on the enemies of mankind.

But the wisdom and virtue of Zaferah were too conspicuous to be concealed in this sequestered valley; they were known among the neighbouring nations. His fame spread over Egypt, and reached even the capital of the great empire of Abyssinia, whose sceptre was then swayed by Abdumal, a young and virtuous Prince. He heard with delight the praises of Zaferah, and sent messengers, to invite him to his court: he offered him wealth, and power, and pleasure: but Zaferah intimated that he was neither desirous of riches, nor wished to fill the envied seat of honour; that he knew no pleasure equal to the congratulations of an upright mind, which it was not in the power of princes to bestow. This refusal at once heightened the esteem Abdumal had conceived for Zaferah, and animated him to renew his solicitations; he besought him to be the guardian of his youth, and the protector of his kingdoms. Zaferah now hesitated, and at length resolved to obey the invitation. He dreaded indeed the

the intrigues of a court, and the artifices of the great; he was afraid of the pleasures of the palace, and distrusted his own virtues. But as he hoped he was called by heaven to be the distributor of happiness, he thought it his duty to obey; and mounted his dromedary departed from his beloved habitation with few attendants, and, after a long journey, reached the capital of Abyssinia, where he was received by the nobles, and conducted to the splendid palace of the youthful monarch.

Zaferah prostrated himself before the great Abdumal, who raised him, and received him with great complacency and joy; but soon allowed him to retire to an apartment in the palace, allotted for his residence. He now conversed with the mighty Emperor of Abyssinia; his eyes were dazzled by the splendor of his furniture, and he was beloved by the prince. He daily received new acquisitions of wealth and power; and conferred happiness on all around him; but he soon found that jealousy had poisoned the hearts of all the courtiers, and that those who fawned upon him were contriving his destruction: he was filled with apprehensions, and wished himself at his lovely retreat on the banks of the Nile. He however by his wisdom disconcerted their designs, and the arrows they levelled at him rebounded from the breast-plate of his integrity, and wounded those who drew the envious bow. The Emperor saw this and was enraged; but Zaferah taught him to mitigate justice, by blending her stern decrees with the lenient dictates of mercy.

At length Abdumal, seized by some unknown disorder

disorder, grew thoughtful and melancholy : to recover him from this languor, and at the same time to weaken the influence of Zaferah, they strove to rouse his passions, by inspiring him with a love of glory. They pointed out the alluring prospects of conquests ; described the dominions adjoining to his own, that might be easily seized, and displayed the stratagems by which he might form pretences to ravage, conquer and secure the territories of princes who had never offended him, and were beloved and admired by their subjects. They pressed their arguments with zeal and eloquence, till Abdumal, inflamed by the glory of conquest, embraced the flattering proposals ; his eyes sparkled ; and he was ready to unsheath the sword, and spread horror and desolation over the country of an innocent and inoffensive people.

Zaferah then arose, and, in the midst of the assembly of the nobles, thus addressed the powerful prince of Abyssinia : “ O monarch, whose dominion
 “ is extended over a grateful and happy people,
 “ let not thy soul be corrupted by the allurements
 “ of ambition : thy territories are as extensive as
 “ the power of thy beneficence. Why shouldst
 “ thou render thy people miserable, and unjustly
 “ destroy the lands of princes thou hast long called
 “ thy friends ? If thy melancholy can only be cured
 “ by blood, let every morning some beautiful virgin,
 “ or some brave and amiable youth, perish to satiate
 “ thy thirst : let these thy advisers be the instruments to slay and to destroy. Every morning let them bring an human heart quick from
 “ the

“ the slaughter, and while warm and quivering
“ with life do thou suck the purple stream, and
“ make thy countenance look gloriously terrible,
“ with the blood of the innocent ; of beings like
“ thyself, and for whose preservation the gods have
“ placed thee on the Abyssinian throne.”

At these words the eyes of the courtiers flashed with indignation, and they cast on Zaferah a look of contempt. Abdumal shuddered with horror, and the whole assembly was silent. At length one of the nobles, with envy sparkling in his eyes, burst into reproaches against Zaferah ; inveighed with bitterness at the barbarian who was capable of giving such advice to the great Abdumal ; and attempted to prove that such a monster, more savage and more deceitful than the crocodile inhabiting the banks of the Nile, was unworthy to breathe the vital air. Abdumal heard him with pleasure ; and Zaferah seemed devoted to banishment or destruction ; nor were any even disposed to pity his misfortunes.

But Zaferah, stretching out his hand, spoke in the following manner : “ O Abdumal listen to the
“ dictates of wisdom ! The voice of mercy has
“ been uttered by my lips, and thou art offended.
“ The lust of conquest, founded on ambition, a cruel
“ an insatiable thirst of blood. But how inconti-
“ stent is man ! I have mentioned the daily sacrifice
“ of a single victim to this passion, and thou art
“ struck with horror ; but thine eyes have beamed
“ with joy at the thoughts of a war, in which
“ millions of thy fellow-creatures, and many even

“ of thy brethern, O Abdumal must fall the victims
 “ of that savage passion. These thy courtiers and
 “ thy friends, who justly appear shocked at the
 “ cruelty of daily bereaving a single father or a
 “ tender mother of the child of their hopes, propose,
 “ in the gaiety of their hearts, to strip ten thousand
 “ parents of their beloved offspring ; to make ten
 “ thousand disconsolate widows, ten thousand un-
 “ happy orphans, for thy daily diversion, and to
 “ cure thee of thy melancholy. Those who call
 “ me barbarian for only desiring thee to stain thy
 “ lips with blood, would fill thy baths, and persuade
 “ thee to swim in the vital stream, that must flow
 “ from the bosoms of thy friends, who now look
 “ up to thee as their common father, their lord,
 “ their guardian. They will not indeed die by thy
 “ hand ; but thou, O Abdumal ! will be the unjust
 “ cause of their destruction. The nations whom
 “ thou art thus to treat as thine enemies, now
 “ revere thy virtues ; but, by stratagems too big
 “ with horror to be repeated, are to be the innocent
 “ victims of thy ambition ; and their blood, like the
 “ waters of the Nile in the Egyptian fields, is to
 “ overflow the land, and fatten it for thy possession.
 “ In short, they propose as a remedy for thy
 “ languishing spirits, the burning of cities, and the
 “ rape of virgins : the sword, fire and famine are to
 “ be let loose, and injustice and cruelty are to erect
 “ the trophies of thy glory. O Abdumal ! to what
 “ a monster would they transform thee ! What a
 “ remedy is this for thy melancholy ! War is indeed
 “ the most dreadful scourge that can affect mankind.

“ I-

“ It ought never to be undertaken but when laws of
“ nature and self defence render it necessary ; and
“ then it ought to be carried on with the utmost
“ vigour. Those who fall in the defence of their
“ country, and their native rights, resign their
“ breath on the bed of honour. Victory then justly
“ wreaths the laurel crown ; and the sword should
“ never be sheathed, till the ambitious tyrant is
“ humbled in the dust ; till the blessings of peace
“ are secured, and the rights of mankind established
“ on a basis, solid and durable as that of the ever-
“ lasting mountains.”

This speech affected Abdumal in the most sensible manner ; he bowed his head in token of conviction, while an ingenuous shame was painted on his cheek ; he embraced Zaferah, and thanked him for having delivered him from his mistaken counsellors, and for withdrawing the veil of delusion they had spread over his mind. They retired and the wife Zaferah recovered the Emperor from his languor of mind, by engaging him in business : he rendered his people happy by the wisdom of his laws : he visited the different parts of his dominions in person ; built cities, introduced the arts and made commerce flourish. In short, by following the advice of Zaferah, which was always agreeable to the dictates of reason ; his reign was truly glorious ; wealth and plenty flourished in his dominions, and he became more rich and powerful than if he had conquered the territories of all his neighbours.

THE

The SUFFERINGS of an INNOCENT LADY.

IF we seriously reflect on the various acts of injustice committed by the depravity of human nature, we shall have reason to conclude, that none merit a severer censure than that of parents squandering away their substance, and leaving their children exposed to beggary and contempt. It is highly ungenerous to render any thing, whose sole dependence is upon us, miserable by our neglect; but to rob those of their birthright, who, but for us, had never existed; to render wretched what owes its being to us, in order to gratify some darling passion in ourselves, is such a monstrous piece of cruelty, that, if daily experience did not demonstrate its truth, one would hardly believe any thinking being could be guilty of it. Dorimon, by the good management and frugality of his ancestors, was left in possession of a very considerable estate. When he came of age, he married a young lady of virtue and fortune, by whom he had a very numerous offspring; which certainly ought to have rendered him industrious in the improvement of a patrimony, which was the sole dependence of all his children: But alas! the immoderate love of pleasure prevailed over paternal affection; and, instead of making his family the principal object of his care, he devoted his mind to invent new modes of indulging his inordinate inclinations.

This

This worst of fathers, however, did not long enjoy the means of rioting in voluptuousness; for, in a few years, he squandered away his whole estate, fell into the extremest poverty, and died in prison. His wife, who for some years had languished under the dreadful apprehensions of want, died of a broken heart; and all their children, except one, being seized with various distempers, bore their mother company to the silent chambers of the grave.

Ariana, a girl about twelve years of age, was alone left to these miseries, death had secluded from her dear relations; and must have been obliged to have had recourse to public charity for a wretched subsistence, had not Sabina, a sister to Dorimon, in order to avoid the shame of having one of her family wear the livery of the parish, admitted Ariana into her family. For the reader must not suppose this favour proceeded from any pity she had for the poor unfortunate creature.

The treatment, however, she met with was little, better than what she would have found in any of those places from which her aunt made so great a merit of preserving her.

Nor would the education, allowed her, have been sufficient to have enabled her to resist the shocks of fate she afterwards experienced, had not benevolent nature endued her with qualifications, which most others can only attain by labour and study.

She was blessed, without the help of precept, with an innate piety and resignation to the divine will: And, without instruction in the formal rules of politeness and decorum, she had a natural affability
and

and sweetness of deportment, which could not fail of pleasing.

Being no stranger to the misfortunes entailed on her by her father's ill conduct, and having but little reason to hope she should ever live in the world in a manner suitable to her birth, she reflected that patience and humility, alone, would render her easy under her present and future sufferings. She considered, that to be poor was not always to be miserable; and, that riches were not constantly attended with happiness. She therefore justly concluded, that the meanest state, with content, was comfortable; but, without it, the highest was wretched and miserable.

With regard to her person, she was of a stature, perfectly well shaped, and easy and genteel in all her motions. If she was not a perfect beauty, there was a great deal of regularity and harmony in her features; which, joined with a very delicate complexion, fine hair and teeth, and a certain sweetness diffused through all her air, made her appear extremely lovely.

A young Gentleman, whom I shall call Silvius, of a large estate, and fine person was pleased with her appearance; and, being a frequent visiter of Sabina, he had no difficulty in finding opportunities of entertaining the object of his passion. He flattered himself, from his former successes with the fair sex, that he should find no great difficulty in conquering the virtue of Ariana.

This young creature, a stranger to artifice and design, was pleased with the fine things he said to her,

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her, and could not help feeling that pleasure which none, but those who love, are capable of, whenever she saw or heard him. And, not suspecting he intended any thing farther, than her prudence, as well as inclination, might permit her to encourage, he soon made a considerable progress in her affection. But one evening, happening to be alone with him, he began to take some liberties with her, which very much alarmed her modesty, and, pushing him from her, she cried, "How, Silvius, is this treatment proper for a woman of virtue? Or could you think me worthy of an honourable passion, if I could submit to bear it?"

These words, and the looks and gestures with which they were accompanied, soon made him desist, and convinced him, that her virtue would not be so easily sacrificed as he had imagined. But, as he pleaded, in excuse for his boldness, the excess of his passion, she, at last, consented to a reconciliation.

It would be tedious to describe all the methods and artifices he made use of to gain his point; it will be sufficient to say, that nothing was omitted which a person long practised in the arts of seduction could invent. But, finding all his stratagems were of no effect, and that he must either abandon his pursuit, or propose an honourable marriage, he determined to deceive her by a mock ceremony.

Accordingly, at his next visit, he solemnly protested he never had a thought, or wish, tending to the prejudice of her virtue, all his aim being to make her his wife.

"I am"

" I am, said he, no stranger to the misfortunes of your family, nor are they of any consequence to me, who, you know, have an estate sufficient to support us in more grandeur than is necessary for happiness : But, continued he, I have a mother, who, I grieve to say, is of a far different way of thinking. All the perfections that heaven could bestow on human nature, would, to her, be of no estimation, if wealth and opulence were not added. This unhappy temper in her has prevented me from making those public declarations, I otherwise should have been proud to have done, of my inviolable attachment to you ; as she has been the best and most tender parent to me, notwithstanding her avarice, and is now extremely ancient ; I tremble at the thought of sending her to the grave, perhaps sooner than nature intended, and with the dissatisfaction of seeing me do the only thing she would never forgive. And on the other hand, without you, life is but a burthen to me, and I could gladly lay it down. A private marriage, therefore, is the only expedient capable of preserving both my happiness and the quiet of my parent."

This offer of a private marriage Ariana had not power to refuse. She reflected that the sacred ceremony was not more binding for not making a great noise ; the private marriages were almost as frequent as public ones ; that no one could condemn her for securing to herself a fortune so superior to what she could expect, and, as it was the greatest and only testimony he could give of his honourable intentions it would be imprudent to refuse accepting of it.

She

She therefore agreed to be disposed of by him, in the manner he desired, provided no part of the marriage ceremony was omitted. He told her, he should be full as careful as herself in that particular : that he could confide in the secrecy of one friend, who should therefore perform the office of father ; that he would take care to provide a license and ring ; but, as it was possible, notwithstanding all their caution, that some accident might betray the secret, if the ceremony were celebrated in a church, he desired her to permit it to be performed in some private room.

As she knew nothing was more customary among persons of condition, than marriages of this nature she made no objection, as to the place he judged proper for the performance.

Having settled this material point, they proceeded to others relating to her manner of life after marriage ; and it was resolved, that she should quit her aunt's house on the day the ceremony was performed, and retire to lodgings prepared for her : but, as it would be dangerous for him to cohabit with her, he was to pass for one of her kindred, when he came to visit her ; That whenever she went out of town, he was to supply her with a sufficiency for defraying all expences till his return : That he should write constantly every week, during his absence, but without subscribing his real name, to prevent discovery, providing any of his letters should miscarry.

These preliminaries being settled to the satisfaction of both parties, Silvius prepared a licence, ring and every thing else necessary for the nuptials the next day ; and the ensuing one, early in the morn-

ing, Ariana quitted her aunt's, house, leaving a letter directed for her, wherein she acknowledging her goodness in taking care of her for so many years, and begged her pardon for not acquainting her with the place of her retreat, or the motives for her departure ; adding, that, she had the strongest reasons for acting in this manner, and should never do any thing that might call a blush into the face of any of her family.

Ariana now launched into the wide ocean of the world, with a heart perfectly at ease, and unapprehensive of any future storms in her voyage of life. She did not discern the rocks and sands which lay between her and that harbour of calm delights, so enchanting in the prospect. Nor had she experience enough to discover the gathering storm, which was that instant preparing to burst in fury on her head.

Silvius, who never intended to perform any thing he had promised her, got a fellow, who was a dependant on him, to personate a clergyman : and his own footman, whom she had never seen being dressed like a country gentleman, acted the part of the friend he had mentioned to her, by giving her hand.

Every thing was conducted in the most serious manner, so that it was impossible for her to have the least suspicion how cruelly she had been betrayed. She therefore lived happy, because contented. She had never been accustomed to much public diversion, nor was she, indeed, a friend to such noisy pleasures. Her aunt had always kept her at home, employed in working some curious ornament for her dress, or in the necessary affairs of the family ; so that living

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in the manner she was now obliged to do, in order to keep herself concealed, was not at all irksome to her : She had some hours, almost every day, the company of the man she loved, and knew no want of any other.

But this halcyon season lasted but a short time : Business, or satiety of the charms he had taken so much pains to gain, now called him to the country. Prepared as she was for it, by the knowledge he did not live constantly in town, she could not think of parting without agonies insupportable : He did not, indeed, fail to comfort her the best he could, assuring her, he would contrive to make his absence as short as possible ; nor did her inexperience of mankind enable her to discover, that what he said to her was rather words of course, than flowing from the sincere ardors of affection, so she had not that addition to her griefs.

Soon after he was gone, she found herself with child, which before she had been insensible of : She wrote the news of it to him, in the character of a third person, as had been agreed between them : and received for answer, that he would not have her under any concern about her pregnancy, for he should not fail to take a proper care both of her and the infant she should bring into the world ; but expressed nothing of that satisfaction at hearing she was about to make him a father, as might have been expected from a husband, who so tenderly loved his wife, as she had flattered herself he did her.

She could not help being a little alarmed at it at first, but the consideration, that the fears of intercepting

cepting might lay some restraint on him, joined to the confidence she had both in his love and honour, soon dissipated all uneasy reflections on that head.

In about four months after he returned to town; but his presence, which she imagined would give her perfect happiness, in a great measure, destroyed what she had enjoyed in his absence. While he continued in the country, she was every day pleasing herself that the time of his return still grew more near, and indulging the idea of those felicities, she doubted not but his coming would bestow: But, when she saw him, how were all these golden hopes frustrated! His words, indeed, were obliging, but his looks gave the lye to his tongue. His eyes, those true intelligences of the heart, no longer sparkled with that impatient ardor, which was once the indication of his passion: The visits he made her were much shorter than usual: He was always full of business; always in a hurry; and whenever she mentioned the condition she was in, and seemed to lament that a child, really born in honour, should, at its first entrance into the world, be looked upon as the offspring of shame, he only affected to laugh at her romantic notions, as he called them, and said, he thought she had reason to be quite easy; for when once the time arrived that he should acknowledge her for his wife, she would be fully recompensed.

All this Ariana knew as well as he, and had often reflected on as the only comfort under her present situation; but then she thought the remonstrance did

did not so well become his mouth, and that the delicacy of his passion the old have made him grieve, that he could not, at present, appear with all the advantages of a wife.

She did not, however, make any complaint on this score; and though she had too much reason to suspect a very great decay in his affection, yet she only endeavoured, by all the endearments in her power, to awaken it to its former energy, without letting him know she perceived any alteration.

But what secret anguish she endured, while acting in this manner, let any women whose prudence has enabled her to do the same, be judge!

As for Silvius, he gave himself no trouble to dive into her sentiments, but contented himself with finding she made him no reproaches. The truth is, he was now entirely taken up with a new object: The charms of a Lady in the country had rendered him utterly forgetful of those he had left in town, nor did his return to Ariana rekindle any of that passion he had once felt for her.

He stayed no longer in London, than some business, which brought him up, absolutely obliged him to do; and, when he took his leave of Ariana, ordered her not to write to him till she had received a letter from him, because, he said, he was going to pass the hunting season, with some relations he had in a different country, and could not fix any place to which her letters might be directed with safety.

This story, though invented merely to avoid the trouble of her letters, and the pain of dissimulation in answering them, was believed as sacred truth by
Ariana;

Ariana ; and, though she regretted the suspension of the only pleasure she could enjoy in his absence, yet she did not, even in thought, murmur at the occasion.

Many weeks passed over, after his departure, without any letter from him ; and, as the expiration of her pregnancy drew near, her anxieties increased : But what considerably augmented her distress, the persons with whom she lodged, having all along regarded her as a kept mistress, told her, she must not expect to lie in at their house : That her being there so long had occasioned much talk in the neighbourhood, and tarnished the reputation of their house.

How hard was all this to be borne by a woman, who was conscious she had never transgressed the rules of virtue, and detested more than death being the creature they imagined !

But all she could offer, in her defence, had not the least effect on their inexorable hearts. They even reproached her in a manner, which would have made any one, less sincere to her promise, declare the whole truth : But the duty she owed Silvius as a husband, the obligations he had laid her under of keeping their marriage an inviolable secret, and the firm belief she had that her innocence would one day be cleared, gave her patience to sustain, not only this shock, but also many others which she afterwards met with.

However, her youth, condition, and the good nature and complaisance she had always behaved with in the family, wrought so far upon them at last

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that they promised to speak to a midwife of their acquaintance, with whom, they told her, she might live, till she was delivered of her burthen, and, if she thought proper, for a sum of money leave it behind her, to be disposed of in such a manner, as never to be troublesome to her.

The first part of this offer was too agreeable to Ariana, not to be accepted with thanks; but the latter shocked her soul to think, there could be women in the world capable of such a barbarity to their children, as to leave them to the mercy of those mercenary creatures.

She however, did not express any part of her sentiments on that head to them, perceiving they were fixed in this opinion, and any thing she could urge, in vindication of herself, would appear no more than the affectation of a virtue she was far from putting into real practice.

A bargain, though at a very extravagant rate, being made, Ariana removed with an aching heart, to her new habitation: Where the fawning behaviour of the woman which she mistook for real good nature and compassion rendered her in a little time more easy.

As she had now more reason than ever to be impatient for a letter from Silvius, as she could not write to him before she received it; but no letter arrived: And the hour of her delivery being come, she found herself the mother of two sons: Then it was she began to think it cruel in him, who alone had the power of comforting her, to shew so little regard to what might be her fate.

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Let any one figure to themselves the melancholy state of her condition ;----no husband, no relation, no one friend about her to alleviate that rack of nature, in which all the tenderness that can be shewn, and every kind of consolation that can be given, is necessary to render it supportable :--- Yet, how light, how trifling, were the sorrows she now endured, to those which soon, very soon after, she was obliged to bear !

She had not been confined many days to the maternal bed, before her maid, whom the people with whom she had lodged, recommended to her, went privately away in the night, taking with her all of value that the poor Ariana was mistress of, not only her money, but her watch, tweezer, a diamond solitaire, and several other trinkets, which Silvius in his days of fondness, had bestowed on her, leaving her nothing for defraying the expences of the place she was in, and supporting herself and children, but a few cloaths.

It must be owned, that this was an heavy loss, but Ariana did not at first feel half its weight :---She considered herself as married to a man who could, and she did not doubt would, repair it amply ; and therefore did not make herself very uneasy about it.

But when the time, in which women in her condition usually keep their chamber was expired, and she had received no letter from Silvius, then it was she began to feel how truly miserable she was : No nurse provided for her children ; no money to defray the charges of her lying in : The late cringing behaviour of the midwife, now turned to frowns, and

threats

threats of putting her out of the house. In this terrible situation, she ventured to write to Silvius, and with great difficulty prevailed on the woman to let her stay while she might reasonably expect an answer.

But no letter coming, the cruel old wretch compelled her to sell her cloaths, in order for the payment of her money ; then turned her out of doors with both her children, for no body would take the charge of them, without security that they should not become burthenfome to the parish.

Behold her now a wretched wanderer ! No friend to relieve her ! No habitation in which she might shelter herself and infants from the inclemency of the air ; To have recourse to her aunt seemed less promising ; however, she ventured to write to her, acquainting her she was married, tho' not to whom, and beseeching her to afford her some relief, or at least not to suffer her two infants to perish through want.

She had obtained leave to sit in a shop, while she wrote and sent this letter ; but that inhuman woman was so far from having any compassion on her sufferings, that she ordered one of her maids to go to the place where the boy who carried the letter said she was, and tell her, she would have nothing to say to her ; that if one shilling would save her and her brats from starving, she would sooner throw it into the kennel, than bestow it on her ; and that, if she dared to come into the neighbourhood, where she lived, she would send her to the house of correction.

The poor girl was obliged to obey her Lady, in

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delivering this cruel message, but softened it as much as her capacity, or indeed the meaning of it, would bear.

Though Ariana, was no stranger to the severity of her aunt's temper, and had armed herself against the worst she had to expect, yet she could not hear her unnatural reply, without swooning away : The people of the shop had the compassion to give her a glass of water with some drops, but, as soon as she recovered, desired she should go, as they knew not what might happen, and she had two children with her.

Sabina's maid could not forbear shedding tears, to see a person, on whom she had waited, reduced to this miserable condition, and put three shillings into her hand, which was all the poor girl was then mistress of. Poor Ariana thanked her with an humility befitting her present state, telling her, she did not doubt shortly to be in a condition of returning the favour, in a very ample manner.

She then went to several houses which had bills for lodgings at their doors, hoping to get some shelter, till she could write again to Silvius ; but the little family she had in her arms, prevented every one from taking her in, and night approaching, she was obliged to go to an inn, where even there she was denied admittance, till she had consented to be locked, all night, into her chamber ; so fearful were they of her going away before they were stirring, and leaving the children on their hands.

How dreadful a night was this to our unhappy sufferer ! With what floods of tears did the fair for-
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join hang over her dear infants, and mourn their wants more than her own ; While they, insensible of, their misfortunes, fed from their mother's breasts, smiled in her face, and seemed to chide her griefs !

She was not, however, so lost and overwhelmed as to be incapable of reflection : she remembered there was a just, a merciful, and an almighty power, who saw her miseries and knew she had not, by any act of shame, brought them upon herself ; she therefore did not doubt, but she should find relief from thence. though by what means she could not foresee.

How great was the consolation which religion now afforded her ! Without that aid, she had inevitably fallen into despair, and perhaps been guilty of some deed shocking to nature ; but her piety gave her a courage prodigious, amazing, and hardly to be paralleled.

She had also the power of considering what was most proper to be done : Money she had none, except that poor pittance she received from the charity of Sabina's servant. Friends she had none ; she had been so much confined by her aunt, that she had acquaintance but with few ; an intimacy with none. She was determined that no sufferings, how dreadful soever, should make her declare her marriage with Silvius. " I can but perish with my children by want (said she to herself) and life would be a misfortune to us, without the affection and support of him, from whom alone we expect it. " A lodging she found was impossible to be procured ; what remedy then remained ? After many trouble-
some

Some and confused thoughts, she found the only remedy was to beg ; and since that must be the case, it seemed to her better to get by such means as she could, into the country where Silvius dwelt, than to stay in London without a settled habitation. She hoped the sight of her distress would excite the charity of the inhabitants of those places, thro' which she should pass, and that, when she arrived near her husband's seat she should soon be able to find out whether he was yet returned from the excursion he had mentioned, and if so, to send him an account, where she was, and the accidents which had brought her thither.

Accordingly, the next morning early, she left the inn, with her dear load, and set out on her weary pilgrimage : What adventures befel her in it shall hereafter be related ; but we must now see what was become of Silvius.

That gay unthinking man, now gave himself as little concern about Ariana, as about any of the former victims of his too dangerous allurements : A serious attachment had ever been the subject of his ridicule, and his creed, in the affairs of love, the following lines of Dryden :

There's no such thing as constancy we call,
Faith ties not hearts, 'tis inclination all ;
Some wit deform'd, or beauty much decay'd,
First constancy in love a virtue made :
From friendship they that landmark did remove,
And falsely plac'd it on the bounds of love.

A fine young Lady, with a very large fortune, however, being proposed to him for marriage, he either was or imagined himself, very much in love with her : He was at least enough so as that her charms,

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erased all the impression made by those of the unfortunate Ariana ; and, though the first letters of that poor creature had reached his hands, he happened to receive them at a time when he was in a hurry, going on some party of pleasure, with this new idol of his affections.

I must, notwithstanding, do him the justice to say, that those last, which contained the history of her distress, had not the good fortune to meet him for some time, the reason whereof was this : He was at a great horse race with his charmer, her uncle, and several others of her relations ; and not being altogether free from vanity, as they rode very fast round the circle, he had the misfortune to be thrown from his horse, and dragged with one foot in the stirrup for some distance, before any one could come to his relief.

By this accident, one of his legs was broke, and his body extremely bruised. As the seat of his mistress's uncle was much nearer than his own, he was carried thither, and the most skilful surgeon in those parts immediately sent for. Here he continued, from the time Ariana was turned out of her lodging, till she had lain in, and was also forced from the house of her midwife : What letters the sent came late to his house, but the tenderness of his mother, would suffer none to be sent to him, thinking, if they were of no consequence, it would be impertinent to trouble him with them, till his health was better established ; and, if the contents of any of them should affect him, his disorder would by that means be increased.

Heaven, long a witness of the wrongs Silvius had
been

been guilty of thought proper now to take the part of betrayed and distressed innocence. His leg was perfectly well, but those inward bruises he had received, brought on him a decay, which was very visible to himself, as well as others ; in short, he was judged to be falling into a consumption, and the change he felt in his frame of body, made an adequate change in his way of thinking. He reflected on a thousand things he had been guilty of, which, at the time they were acted, he looked upon only as amusements of youth, but now as the vices of it ; and all those wild frolicks, which he once imagined, constituted the character of an accomplished Gentleman, seemed now, to him, to form that of an abandoned libertine.

As soon as he was able to endure his coach, he was carried home, where he found all the letters of Ariana, which, being wrote in a mysterious manner, did not sufficiently describe her distress, nor indeed was then the worst part of it arrived : yet they shewed him enough, to strike him with horror, at the base deception he had put on her at first, and his cruel forgetfulness and neglect of her afterwards.

He wrote immediatly one general answer to all those from her, letting her know the accident that had befallen him, conjuring her to be easy and satisfied, till she saw him ; but, in the mean time, inclosed a bank bill for an hundred pounds, in order to satisfy the foolish scruples of the people where she lodged.

This was directed to the midwife's house ; for, in her last, she had acquainted him with her being compelled

compelled to retire thither. But this letter did not arrive, till two days after Ariana was turned out of doors; the woman had the impudence to open it out of curiosity, believing she should never be called in question for it, or see Ariana more; but when she saw the tender expressions it abounded with, and the bill inclosed, she repented of her temerity, and sealed it up again in the best manner she could.

Silvius, in the mean time, grew extremely ill, and the physicians soon perceived he was in a deep consumption, and could not flatter his afflicted mother, with any hopes of his life. He easily judged from the countenances of all about him, that he should, but a small time longer, be a sharer in this world. The receiving no answer from Ariana to his last letter greatly added to his disease; he concluded she was dead,---“perhaps, said he to himself, through grief of my unkindness, and the barbarous treatment of those mercenary wretches she was thrown among.”

At other times, he would cry out, “Heavens! What a monster of villainy must I appear to the world, whenever this black mystery is unravelled! Was it not sufficient that I by lyes, and all the stratagems that wicked wit could form, betrayed her innocence, and triumphed over a virtue impregnable to common arts; but I must also murder the unfortunate victims of my wild desires!---'Tis possible too (added he) the little wretches who owe their being to me!”

Horrors unspeakable attended these reflections:

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He fell into a kind of despair ; but, in his calmer moments, wished only that she might be living, and that Heaven would prolong his life, till he had made reparation for the injuries he had done her, and the miseries she had suffered.

At last he resolutely related to his mother the whole affair, shewing Ariana's letters, and explaining every passage : The old Lady was extremely amazed, but far from condemning the present sentiments of his heart. The bare acknowledgment of his error, however, did not now seem sufficient for the penitent Silvius : He dispatched a messenger to London, the very same person who had performed the office of father in giving him her hand ; he had orders to search for her in all parts, and not return, till he had found her ; and, in case he were so fortunate, to bring her down in a coach and six, with her two infants, and proper attendants for a woman whom he declared his lawful wife.

Wonderful resolution ! But what cannot sickness bring about ! when the gay scenes of life are all closed up : when all the gay companions of our former pleasures fly our converse, and we are no longer society for any but the old and grave ; when melancholy faces only approach the darkened chamber ; when our strength decays, all our spirits languish, and death knocks at the heart ; then it is that the idea of our past errors rises in dreadful prospect before the eyes of our imagination, and menaces eternal misery.

His mind, however was something more composed after the departure of the messenger, but his body had

had little or no relief from medicine: His mother was inconsolable, but did every thing in her power to comfort him; and, as she found the care of Ariana and his two sons chiefly ingrossed his thoughts, gave him continual assurances, that, if she was so miserable as to survive him those persons, so near and dear to him, should share all her tenderness.

The fellow, intrusted on this errand by Silvius, went about it with a great deal of alacrity, not only as he saw his Master's peace (perhaps, his life) depended on the success of it, but also as he had always thought what he had acted, with regard to Ariana, was treacherous and base.

Having reached London, he first went to the midwife's house, whom he rated bitterly for her cruel usage to a young Lady, who, he said, might easily be discovered not to be one of those who prostitute themselves for hire. She made the best excuses she could, delivering into his hands the letter, with the bill beforementioned in it.

Thence he went to Sabina; but with what a torrent of abuse and scurrility did he hear the reputation of the poor Ariana overwhelmed by this barbarous woman! and, when he endeavoured to put a stop to it, by telling her she was his Master's wife, and that he himself had been witness of the marriage, she either did not, or pretended not to believe one syllable of what he said, but persisted in calling her vagabond, infamous strumpet, and all the opprobrious names that malice could invent.

The man was shocked at her brutality, but perceiving there was no intelligence to be gained from

that quarter, took his leave though not without telling her his Master, if he lived, would resent the treatment she unjustly gave his wife.

Where next to direct his search he was wholly at a loss:---He rambled over this large city and suburbs for several days, inquiring in every place he thought she could possibly be in, but could not hear the least tidings of her. He now began to fear, lest, in that depth of misery she had been plunged into, she should have fallen into despair, and put an end to her own life, and those she had no longer any means of preserving.

With a mind filled with these dreadful ideas he set out on his return, almost dreading to see his Master's face, as he was unable to give him any intelligence of the objects he so greatly wished to behold.

Ariana's sufferings were, however, not yet arrived at their period; Heaven thought fit to try her yet a little farther, in order to render her virtue more conspicuous. While the servant of Silvius was searching for her, with honour, peace and plenty in his hand, she was running through dangers, hardships, and sorrows, which nothing but the supreme Giver of courage, and her perfect confidence in him, could have enabled her to sustain.

Slow was the progress she made in her long journey, not being able to travel more than five or six miles in a whole day, though it was then summer, and the sun ruled three parts of the four and twenty hours.

It would be endless to recount the many rebuffs

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She met with, when craving any assistance to help her on her way, and the many difficulties she found in getting lodging for herself and children, even though she offered to pay for it beforehand. Some few, indeed, were friendly to her; and, though, perhaps, they might conceive no good opinion of the cause of her misfortunes, yet the distress, they saw her in, excited their charity, and, for their own sakes, made them relieve her wants.

Alternately she happened among Savages and Christians; but even the latter, too much influenced by appearances, were very sparing of their bounty; and it would have been utterly impossible for her, weakened as she was by hard living, and the immense fatigue she underwent, had not that almighty Being, who, when we think him farthest from us, is often nearest to us with his aid, snatched her, now almost sinking soul from the miseries into which it had so long been plunged, and graciously rewarded the virtue it had tried.

She had not reached quite half-way to the place where she wished to be, before she became so weak, that she rather crept than walked, and sometimes was near falling. Unable to support the weight of the two children at once, she would lay one down, and carry the other a little farther; then place that in the same manner, and go back and fetch him she had left behind; by this means, though she eased her burden, she increased her steps.

Either a pebble, or some piece of broken glass in the road, had cut one of her feet; and she sat down under a hedge, and pulled off her shoe and stocking, where

where perceiving the blood flowed pretty plentifully, she washed it with tears, and wiped it with a handkerchief she took out of a little bag tied to her side, and which contained all the poor necessities she had for herself and infants.

Little did she think any eye but that of Heaven saw her in this employment, till, having dressed her wound as well as she could, and given suck to both the children, she was preparing to prosecute her journey in the same fashion, but was hindered by a footman, who came running hastily a-crofs the field toward her.

As soon as he came near enough to be heard by her, "Stay, good woman (said he) you seem to be in an ill condition to travel; my Master and Lady, who have observed you, have ordered you should come to their house and take some refreshment."

She lifted up her hands and eyes to Heaven, in token of acknowledgment, and saw (which before she had not done) the back-part of a fine seat, which had a summer-house on the garden-wall, and directly opposite to the place where she had been sitting.

The man took both the children out of her arms, and carried them for her; and she followed, though with a very limping pace, through a little gate on the farther side of the fields, which opened into the back-part of the house.

Ariana was then conducted into a parlour, where sat a Gentleman and a Lady, both of a middle age, but who had all the virtues of humanity imprinted

on their faces. The Lady asked her several questions: As Whence she came? How far she intended to travel, and the reason of her being reduced to such a miserable situation? To the two former Ariana answered with plainness and sincerity; but, as to the latter, only said, many odd circumstances had concurred to render her so. The Gentleman then said: "I suppose you have lost your husband, perhaps, before the birth of these children." "No, Sir, replied she, I hope he is still living, and that the same gracious Power, which has brought me so far on my way, will, in the end, conduct me to him."

As they perceived she spoke with some agitation, and the marks of grief were bursting in her eyes, they would not trouble her with any farther questions but ordered the footman to let the house-keeper know it was their pleasure this unfortunate stranger should have every thing necessary for her refreshment.

Nothing could be performed with greater punctuality, than these commands; our fair wanderer found herself treated with no less tenderness, than she could have been, had she been known for what she was.

But the hospitality of these worthy persons did not stop here: They would not suffer her to think of prosecuting her journey in the manner she had done; they informed her, that a waggon always passed by that road to the place she was going to, and that she should be put into it, with her children, and money given her to defray the other expences.

This was joyful news indeed to Ariana, not only as it would be such an ease to her fatigue, but also that

that she would arrive there much sooner than she could propose to do by the way she had hitherto travelled; and now all her prayers to Heaven were, That she might find Silvius at her arrival. "Should he happen to have left his seat, and gone to London, while I have been pursuing him with these weary steps [said she to herself] it would be the extremest malice of my fate, and all I have so long suffered be but the beginning of my sorrows."

But these desponding thoughts only just flashed upon her and were gone. She would give way to nothing which should render her unworthy the care of Providence, by distrusting it; and, resolute to be always thankful for the good, and to endure with patience all the ills it should inflict, brought her mind into that happy composure, which meaner souls are incapable of knowing.

The third day after her arrival at this asylum was that in which the waggon usually came by: but little did she think she was much nearer the accomplishment of her wishes, than her most sanguine hopes could have flattered her with.

How wonderful, how mysterious are the ways of Heaven! By what unseen, unguessed at means are frequently the greatest events brought about!

She rose early in the morning, to give as little trouble to the servants as possible, and came down stairs. As they were preparing her breakfast, and she was sitting with one infant in her lap, and the other lying near her on a little stool, a footman came hastily in, and called the butler, saying, "John, here's your brother at the gate." The
fellow

fellow ran hastily, and presently returned, bringing a person with him, whose face Ariana thought she was acquainted with; but, on viewing him more attentively, and hearing him speak, she recollected it was no other than him who had assisted at her marriage, and had been passed upon her as a country Gentleman.

A thousand various thoughts at once assailed her: To see before her eyes a person who so well knew the truth of her engagements with Silvius, and, at the same time, to see him in a character so widely different from what she could have expected, raised in her such confused emotions as her spirits were unable to sustain, and she fainted away.

The servants running to her assistance made the stranger turn his eyes that way; but, Good God! What was his astonishment, his joy, when, in the face of this fair afflicted, he perceived the features of her he had with so much pains been searching after! All the time they were bringing her to herself, and some moments after her recovery, he was unable to utter any thing but acclamations of transport; and she herself was the first to gain presence of mind to inquire about Silvius. He then gave her a brief detail of the anxiety of his Master to see her, and the impatience the good old Lady expressed to embrace her and her two grand-children; of the fruitless inquiries he had made for her all over London, and how he was returning, with a heart oppressed with grief, when he was so fortunate to call here to see his brother.

Though Ariana did not comprehend the whole of the

the affair, yet she gathered enough by what he said to know that Heaven had been working great things in her favour.

The eclairoissement, however, of her quality and condition was plain enough to all who heard it; but one of the maids, who had taken a particular fancy to her, was so transported at it, that she could not forbear running in to her Lady, and acquainting her with what had passed. The Lady herself was astonished at so extraordinary an event, and, impatient to be confirmed, sent for Ariana, and the servant of Silvius, whose Master they were perfectly acquainted with.

After having gratified her curiosity to the utmost, and hearing the dangerous situation of Silvius' health she thought no time was to be lost, and therefore told Ariana she should have her coach and fix immediately got ready, which, as the roads were good would carry her home that night.

It would be tedious to recite the congratulations of the one part, and the acknowledgments of the other. It is easy to suppose they were proper to the persons and occasion. I shall only say, that the Lady would compel Ariana to exchange the habit she had on for a rich one of her own. She also caused the children to be wrapped up in fine mantles; and, as soon as every thing was ready, they set forward, attended by the Lady's own woman in the coach, and a servant on horseback.

No ill accident intervening, they arrived about the dusk of the evening at the seat of Silvius, where Ariana had the infinitive satisfaction to find herself received

received with the extremest tenderness by a mother, whose character she had formerly been made so much to dread.

The first testimony she gave of her goodness was to make noble presents to those who had attended her. She also wrote a letter to the Lady, full of acknowledgments of the favours she had conferred on her daughter-in-law and grand-children, and intreating she would accept of the small token of her gratitude she had inclosed in it, which was indeed a diamond ring of considerable value.

Araia's happiness would have been now complete, had Silvius's state of bodily health been equal to that of his mind; but, alas! his mortal frame was too far exhausted, and the lamp of life near being extinguished on her arrival. Great precautions were taken, lest what he most desired should prove fatal to him; they did not, therefore, inform him all at once that she was come, yet, when he saw her, he fell into faintings alarming to all present.

It would be impossible to describe the concern which overwhelmed her tender heart, and what a mixture of delight and grief she felt at the marks, he gave, of an unfeigned affection at seeing herself and children.

Perceiving within himself, however, that his date of life was almost expired, he ordered his will to be made; in which he settled five hundred pounds a-year, by way of jointure, on his dear wife; six thousand pounds as a portion for his youngest son, with some other few legacies; and

the bulk of his estate on the first-born of Ariana.

His worldly affairs being thus settled to his mind, he devoted himself intirely to a future state, and died in a few days, very composed and full of resignation.

Such a loss could not but be afflicting to Ariana, as well as to his mother; but both these excellent persons were too well acquainted with their duty not to submit to the will of Heaven; so that I shall only say, that, after the first emotions were over, each endeavoured to console the other.

Our Heroine, indeed, gave the truest proofs of her affection, by forming and persevering in a resolution never to know a second bed, and by the care of his children's education, who promise to be hereafter shining examples, that in an age abounding with vice and folly, it is not impossible to be wise and virtuous.

Tho' plung'd in ills, and exercis'd in care,
Yet never let the noble mind despair;
For blessings always wait on virtuous deeds,
And, tho' a late, a sure reward succeeds.

THE TWO REQUESTS.

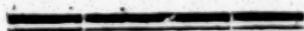
WHEN the plains of India were burnt up by a long continuance of drought, Hamet and Raschid, two neighbouring shepherds, faint with thirst, stood at the common boundary of their grounds, with their flocks and herds panting round them, and, in
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the hight of distress, prayed for water. On a sudden the air was becalmed, and the birds ceased to chirp, and the flocks to bleat. They turned their eyes every way, and saw a being of mighty stature advancing through the valley, whom they knew, upon his nearer approach, to be the genius of distribution. In one hand he held the sheaves of plenty, and in the other the sabre of destruction. The shepherds stood trembling, and would have retired before him; but he called to them with a voice, gentle as the breeze that plays in the evening among the spices of Sabæa; "Fly not from your benefactor, children of the dust! I am come to offer you gifts, which only your own folly can make vain. You here pray for water, and water I will bestow; let me know with how much you will be satisfied: Speak not rashly; consider, that, of whatever can be enjoyed by the body, excess is no less dangerous than scarcity. When you remember the pain of thirst; do not forget the danger of suffocation. Now, Hamet, tell me your request."

"O Being, kind and beneficent," says Hamet, "let thy eye pardon my confusion. I intreat a little brook, which, in summer, shall never be dry, and in winter never overflow." It is granted," replies the genius; and immediately he opened the ground with his sabre, and a fountain bubbled up under their feet, which scattered its rills over the meadows; the flowers renewed their fragrance, the trees spread a greener foliage, and the flocks and herds quenched their thirst.

Then

Then turning to Raschid, the genius invited him likewise to offer his petition: "I request, says Raschid, that thou wilt turn the Ganges through my grounds, with all his waters, and all their inhabitants." Hamet was struck with the greatness of his neighbour's sentiments, and secretly repined in his heart, that he had not made the same petition before him; when the genius spoke. "Rash man, be not insatiable! remember that to thee that is nothing, which thou canst not use; and how are thy wants greater than the wants of Hamet?" Raschid repeated his desire, and pleased himself with the mean appearance that Hamet would make in the presence of the proprietor of the Ganges. The genius then retired towards the river, and the two shepherds stood waiting the event. And, as Raschid was looking with contempt upon his neighbour, on a sudden was heard the roar of torrents, and they found, by the mighty stream, that the mounds of the Ganges were broken. The flood rolled forward into the lands of Raschid, his plantations were torn up, his flocks overwhelmed, he was swept away before it, and a crocodile devoured him.



STORY of VALMORE and JULIA.

VALMORE was descended from an ancient and reputable family in Brittany. His father was a gallant Officer, who had served his King and Coun-

try

try for the space of thirty years, without receiving any other reward for his services than a distinguished reputation for bravery, and a Captain's commission---which at the end of that era he resigned, and retired to his native country, and a small patrimony which he inherited, with a beloved wife, and an only child, the unfortunate Hero of the present Tale.

When Valmore was about ten years old his mother died; and from that moment no other object seemed to exist on earth for Captain Valmore but his son.---To the care of his education he devoted his every thought: and when the youth had reached the age of eighteen, the fond father thought his son must be happy, because he was perfectly satisfied that his principles were noble, and his heart good. He procured a commission for him from one of his former friends, in the same regiment in which he had served, equipped him properly for the service, and presented him with a hundred Louis d'ors, "which (he said) he had saved from the poor, who should, from that time, be heirs to his superfluties."

About a month before young Valmore was ordered to join his regiment, in one of his morning walks he happened to see a chariot overturned by the negligence of the coachman, and heard a female voice give a loud scream. He flew to offer his assistance, and beheld a most beautiful girl, about sixteen, who had fainted from the fright and shock she had sustained. He soon released her from the carriage, caught her in his arms, and bore

bore her to a bank before the servants who attended her could come up. A few minutes brought her to herself; and the modest confusion she expressed at finding her head leaning on the bosom of a stranger completed the conquest which the beauties of her form and features, even in the death-like state, had already begun. She expressed her gratitude in the most elegant terms, and as she had received no injury, except fright, from the accident said, "She would accept of his arm to convey her home, as the distance to her father's house was not more than a quarter of a mile." When arrived, she presented him as her Deliverer to the mother, Madame De Forhele, who, upon hearing his name, acknowledged an acquaintance with his family, and pressed him to pass the day with her and the lovely Julia, as Monsieur De Forhele was then absent.

From that time Valmore appeared both to himself, and to every one who saw him, a new being; an idea of happiness which he had never before conceived animated his whole frame, his eyes sparkled with unusual lustre, he scarcely touched the ground as he walked, and the sound of his voice seemed to vie, for musical sprightliness, with the morning lark.

He rose before the sun next day in order to renew his visit, mounted his horse, and found himself at Monsieur Forhele's, long before any of the family were stirring. He rambled about the adjacent country, impatiently waiting for the rising of his bright luminary, and had again the happiness

of

of passing the day under her benignant auspices. At this second interview he was introduced to Monsieur Forhele, who received him with civil reserve and distant courtesy; but our Hero was by no means sensible of any peculiar slight from his behaviour, as he thought himself in every respect his equal.

The days now flew away on downy wings with Valmore, as none of them passed without seeing and conversing with his adored Julia, who now seemed to think with him, that the hand of Providence had guided him to the spot where they first met, and that they of course were destined for each other. Full of this juvenile idea, "What hinders then (said Valmore, as he walked with Julia in the gardens of Forhele), what hinders me to avow my passion to your father, to implore his consent to our union, to our becoming the happiest pair that the blest Sun can see, even in his annual course."

Before Julia could start an objection to this proposal, Mons. Forhele gave him an opportunity to try its effect, by walking towards them with a countenance full of resentment. Valmore was no Physiognomist, he read no face but Julia's. He threw himself at Forhele's feet, declared the ardour of his love, and added, that he hoped his respectful tenderness had inspired his fair mistress with such a predilection in his favour, as to approve his passion.

With the most insulting coldness Mons. Forhele replied, "Your alliance, Sir, would, doubtless, do me

me infinite honour ; but I am both surprized and sorry that my daughter should have disposed of her affections without my consent, as it is not from her choice but mine she must receive a husband, and you are by no means the person I should chuse. I must therefore desire you to retire immediately, and never more repeat your visits here."

When Valmore returned home, the traces of the deepest despair were visible in his countenance ; his father was immediately alarmed, and tenderly enquired the cause of his affliction. As soon as the unhappy youth could give utterance to his grief, he exclaimed, " O ! Sir, receive into your bosom the sighs of a wretch who is weary of his existence, and who is no longer worthy to live, for having wanted confidence in the best of fathers ! But I will repair my fault, and avow a passion which is only rendered criminal by concealment." He then related every thing that had passed between him and Julia, and with streaming eyes implored his father to solicit Mons. Forhele's consent to their union.

The good old Gentleman, though softened by his son's distress, saw the folly of his pursuit, and commanded him in the most peremptory tone to join his regiment immediately. " There (said he) my beloved Valmore may have opportunities to render himself worthy of the amiable Julia. Love makes Heroes, and if your mistress deserves your attachment, fear not that even a fathers power can rob you of her heart ; no force can subdue a passion founded on esteem. If she can give her affections to another, that ought to console you for her loss,

by

by shewing her to be unworthy of you."

Our young soldier's spirits were fired by this discourse ; he tenderly embraced his father, said he was ready to depart that moment, and trusted that his future conduct should never deviate from the noble sentiments with which his father's precepts and example had inspired him.

It was impossible, however, that he should set out without taking leave of Julia. He was forbid the Castle of Forhele ; but he found means to convey a letter to her, filled with the tenderest professions of love, and everduring constancy. In her reply she approved his resolution ; called Heaven to witness, that her heart should never be bestowed on any other object, though certain that she never more should see him, as her father's cruelty must quickly end her days ; and begged he would forget her, though her last sigh, she vowed, should breathe the name of Valmore.

This tender billet quickly banished all the salutary advice he had received from his father ; his passion was augmented by the idea of Julia's sufferings, and to forsake her in such a situation appeared dishonourable. He instantly resolved to rescue her from her father's tyranny ; and at all events to become her husband and protector through life. He wrote to her to this effect, imploring her to throw herself into his arms ; adding, that he had a rich uncle at Falaise, in Normandy, who would, he was certain, receive and cherish them both ; that under his protection they would have nothing to fear from her family ; that there they should be indissolubly

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joined,

joined, and that the study of his whole life should be to render her happy."

The moment he had sent of his letter, his heart was torn to pieces by the idea of the deceitfulness of his conduct towards his father, and of the anguish he must feel when he should discover his son's flight : but passion triumphed over filial affection ; and to avoid the painful sight of a parent whom he loved and honoured, though he disobeyed, he took leave of him as intending to join his regiment directly. Old Valmore was pleased at his seeming impatience to become a soldier, repeated his parental admonitions, embraced and blessed him.

Our young Adventurer travelled no further than to the next village, which was about a league from the castle of Forbele, and there waited the return of his messenger with Julia's answer, which was to determine both their fates. Judge of his distraction, when he read the following words.

" It is over ! You have removed the veil that concealed your real sentiments, and from this moment I tear asunder the ties that attached me to you. The purity of my own mind made me think your's virtuous. In that idea I found an excuse for my weakness, and gave myself up to the delightful thought of being beloved by the worthiest of men : this was a consolation for all my sorrows, and I should have cherished it to my latest hour. But you have banished this illusion, and in its room have shewn me a Wretch, who would lead my unsuspecting fondness to shame and misery ; that would load me with the reproaches of my injured parents, and

tempt

tempt me to disgrace a respectable family, by bringing infamy on myself. This, inhuman as you are, is the return you make to tenderness like mine !”

“ Contemptible as you are, I still pity you ; my tears at this moment will not be restrained ; but I will dry their source, by banishing your idea from my heart. Adieu for ever ! JULIA.”

The instant stroke of lightning could not have had a more sudden, nor, indeed, a much more fatal effect upon Valmore, than the perusal of these lines.

The damps of Death bedewed his face,
He sighed, he groaned, he fell !

The good folks of the cottage where he lodged ran to his assistance, and brought him back to misery. On the instant he wrote to his offended fair one, in the following terms :

“ The wretch who has offended Julia does not deserve to live ! Nor will he longer endure a being which her contempt has rendered odious to him. But before he takes his everlasting leave of all his heart holds dear, examine his offence, and try if you have not misjudged him, and mistaken the innocent ardour of his passion for the artful plan of a Seducer.

“ I cannot bear the thought, nor will I attempt to excuse what you think criminal. You have with-drawn your love ; my life depended on that only. The moment I receive a confirmation of that cruel sentence, my death shall rid you of a being that must be hateful to you, and in the grave, at least, I shall elude your hate.

Adieu for ever !”

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He had no sooner dispatched his letter than the agitation of mind he had suffered began to operate upon his body; he was seized with a fever, and became delirious in a few hours. The tender Julia was almost as much distracted as her lover when she had read his letter; she feared the violence of his resentment, as her unjust suspicions, might tempt him to destroy himself, and willingly would she have laid down her life to have saved his.

Her father and mother were at that time on a visit. What hindered her seeing him once more, granting his pardon, and bidding him farewell for ever? No time was to be lost; she mounted behind his servant, and arrived at the cottage where he lay, as quick as the horse's speed could carry her. Valmore, as I have already said, was senseless, but her loved voice soon lured his reason back, and the soft tears she shed upon his cheek dispelled the fever's rage; she gave him leave to plead his pardon, as soon as his health would permit, and gave him a key which would open an entrance to her father's garden, where he should come at midnight, before he set out for the army, and receive her last adieu.

Need I say that Julia's presence, as if by magic, restored the health and happiness of Valmore? He availed himself of her permission to sue his pardon at her feet on the ensuing night, and many interviews ensued; at each of which Julia became less shocked at the idea which had at first so much alarmed her prudence. To be short, she at length consented to elope, and the Lovers set out accordingly for Falaise.

Val-

Valmore truly loved his mistress; his behaviour to her, therefore, during their long journey was bounded by the most respectful tenderness, which, however, could not dissipate the sorrow she felt, from the consciousness of having acted wrong. The moment they arrived at Falaise, Valmore left Julia at the Inn, and flew to his uncle's house. He was received with the most cordial caresses by the old Gentleman, till the impatient youth declared the occasion of his visit, and implored his parental protection for one far dearer than himself. The scene was quickly changed; instead of caresses, he was loaded with reproaches, and bade to fly with his infamous companion for ever from his sight.

At his return to the Inn, Julia read her fate in Valmore's looks; he was incapable of revealing the anguish of his mind by words; he threw himself at her feet, and bathed them with tears, "I know it all (said she;) we are completely ruined; we have offended Heaven, and deserve our punishment. I became a sharer in your guilt, from the moment I calmly listened to the fatal proposal that has undone us both. But I will not reproach you."

The unhappy fugitives passed the night in tears, without being able to form any plan for their future conduct or subsistence; towards morning they retired to their separate chambers, and Valmore's exhausted spirits were refreshed by a profound slumber. It was late when he awoke, and the first object that struck his sight, was a letter that had been thrust under the door of his chamber; he took it hastily up, and read as follows:

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“ Return thanks to Heaven, my dear Valmore for the happy resolution with which it has inspired me. Those illusions of felicity with which we flattered ourselves are vanished, and in their room the most horrid realities remain for both, if we continue together. My flight will prevent your misery, and may in time secure my repose ; at least I will bury my faults and my shame together in a Cloyster.

Adieu !

Strive to forget the unhappy Julia !”

I will not pretend to describe Valmore’s situation when he had read this fatal billet ; suffice it to say, that it was very little short of distraction. He flew to all the adjacent Convents, and made fruitless enquiries for his Julia ; no one could give him tidings of her. He questioned every human creature he met on the highways, if they had seen his love ; and for many months continued his vain pursuit, without ever sleeping under a roof ; his countenance became ferocious, and his figure squalid, so as to inspire every one who saw him with horror.

After enduring a variety of misery, and being totally devoid of the means of subsistence, he enlisted as a common soldier, in a regiment which was then going to serve in Germany. During the campaign he sought death, even in the cannon’s mouth, in vain ; all that he wished eluded his pursuit, and he dragged on a wretched existence in despite of himself. In this deplorable state he continued almost five years, till at the conclusion of the war, the army marched into winter quarters at Frankfort.

Val-

Valmore's despair alone could withstand the joy that then universally reigned in that great city; he shunned the haunts of men, and lived in the wild woods alone. He happened in one of his sequestered walks to see his Colonel drive by with a Lady in a chariot, and he paid with fullness the usual compliment of a salute to his commander, On the instant his eyes seemed fascinated; the form of Julia appeared to his bewildered imagination, a thick darkness over-shadowed his sight, and he sunk senseless to the earth.

The Colonel ordered one of his servants to dismount, and take care of Valmore. When he came to himself, he eagerly enquired who the Lady was that he had seen in the chariot; and was informed, that she was a Lady of easy virtue, whom Mons. De Farbanne, his Colonel, was remarkably fond of. He then exclaimed aloud, "It is impossible! Dear Shade, forgive the injury which for a moment my rash thoughts have done thee!"

On his return to Frankfort, the likeness between Julia and the Lady he had seen, still haunted him, and he resolved to clear his doubts by an interview. The next morning he found out her house, and desired permission to see her; she immediately supposed he brought some message from his Colonel and permitted his admission to her presence. She was alone; he gazed on her till all his doubts were passed, and then with streaming eyes addressed her thus: "Ah, Julia! have these tears flowed for thy loss so long, to find thee thus! Is this the Cloyster in which you wished to bury the hapless errors of

an innocent love? And didst thou leave the chaste, the tender arms of the despairing Valmore, to plunge into the horrors of vice and infamy?"

Though the change which so many years of misery had wrought in Valmore, prevented her knowing him at first, his accents and his words quickly recalled his former image to her recollection, and made her rush into his arms, exclaiming aloud, "It is, it is, my Valmore!" Then tearing herself from him, she threw herself on a couch, burst into tears, and turned away her face. "Cruel Julia! (said Valmore) wouldst thou again deprive me of thy sight!"

"Yes [she replied], I wish to fly from thee, of all mankind, because I am unworthy of thy love, and have forfeited every claim to my own esteem, as well as thine; thy contempt, my own, and that of all that know me, is my portion. Yet Heaven is my witness, that when I quitted thee, I meant to consecrate my heart to God, and in a Convent expiate the crime of having disobeyed my parents, for that thou knowest was then the only guilt my Soul was conscious of.

"In vain did I repeatedly implore admittance at different Monasteries; my dress, my beauty, were objections to my being received into any. I had no means of assuring them that my pension would be paid; and they seemed to consider me as a wretch who had been seduced from virtue who might possibly carry about me the effect of my supposed crime, and disgrace their community. In consequence of these reiterated disappointments, I returned to the Inn,

where

where I had left you ; but you had fled from thence like an arrow in the air, and left no trace behind.

“ Distracted with my grief, and not knowing whither to direct my steps, I wandered on resolving to lye down and die, when my poor feeble limbs could not convey me farther.---That hour approached, I breathed a prayer for you, and sat me down beside a little brook, hoping each sigh I drew would be my last. A chaise came driving on. I had not strength to move out of the way, though called to by the postillions. The horses stopped to water. A Lady who was in the carriage gazed upon me, and became interested by my appearance ; she spoke to me with kindness. I answered not but with my tears, She alighted and took me by the hand, bid me be of comfort, and pressed me to accept a seat in her carriage to the next Inn, where she would endeavour by any means in her power to be serviceable to me.

“ The voice of pity soothed my breaking heart, and as well as I was able I expressed my gratitude, and accepted her offer. To be short, I acquainted her with my distressful story, concealing only my name and family. She conveyed me to her house at Rouen, and treated me like a sister. But judge of my distress, Valmore, when I discovered that my amiable Benefactress, though she possessed all others, was deficient in the most material of all female virtues ! A thousand times did I resolve to quit her ; but the charms of her conversation, the gentleness of her manners, and, above all, her generosity and kindness to me, prevented me. Vice is contagious ;

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spare my confusion, Valmore, and guess the rest."

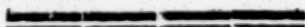
"If you have virtue enough left (said Valmore) to blurt at your unhappy situation, you surely will consent to quit it. Fly, my adorable Julia! fly from the paths of Vice! Renounce these gilded trappings, these marks of infamy; repent in humble poverty, strive to atone thy crimes by patient suffering, and in thy faithful Lover's arms regain thy virtue." "Heaven (said Julia) is witness of my sincere repentance; but whither shall we fly?"

As she pronounced these words, Colonel Farbanne entered. He stood amazed at seeing Valmore, and observing that they were both dissolved in tears. Then turning to him said, "What dost thou here? Begone, this instant!" "Do you begone! (said Valmore) Vice is forbidden now to enter here." "What means this insolence?" replied the Colonel, and raised his cane to strike at Valmore, who at that moment drew his sword, saying, "The very garb he wore, forbade his receiving the indignity he had offered, and bid him instantly defend himself." The Colonel drew, and in a moment Valmore's too furious arm directed his weapon's point to his antagonist's heart, who fell dead on the instant.

Valmore was quickly seized, torn from his Julia's arms, who begged to accompany him, and thrown into a dungeon. A Court Martial was immediately called, and he was sentenced to be shot on the next day. He received his sentence with firmness. The hope he felt of having recalled his beloved Julia to the paths of Virtue sat smiling at his heart. He marched to execution between two ranks of his for-

mer fellow-soldiers with a manly step, and an elevated air. His eyes alone were dry.

As he approached the fatal spot, he heard a tumultuous sound. He turned his head, and saw a woman pale and dishevelled, rushing through the croud; he heard his name pronounced by a soft dying voice, and at that instant Julia caught him in her arms. Exhausted, trembling, sighing, she expired, and sunk upon the earth never to rise again. The now-distracted Valmore could not support her in his eager arms, for they were pinioned; he threw himself upon the ground beside her, and fell into strong convulsions. Insensibility succeeded these emotions; he was remanded back to prison, and ere the next day's dawn, his spirit was released from his poor suffering clay, and free to seek the kindred soul of Julia.



ON THE NECESSITY OF IMPROVING EVERY MOMENT OF OUR TIME.

----- Life can little more supply,
Than just to look about us, and to die. POPE.

HOW quick are the advances of time! The day is gone, almost as soon as dawned? The silent moments slip away insensibly? No thief steals more unperceived from the pillaged house. Wherever we are, however employed, time pursues his incessant course. Though we are listless and dilatory, the great measurer of our days presses on, still presses

presses on, in his unwearied career, and whirls our weeks, and months, and years away. Is it not then, surprizingly strange to hear people complain of the tediousness of their time, and how heavy it hangs upon their hands? To see them contriving a variety of amusing artifices to accelerate its flight, and get rid of its burden? Why, though less mortals? need you urge the headlong torrent? Your days are swifter than a post, which, carrying dispatches of the utmost importance, with unremitted speed scours the road. They pass away like the nimble ships, which have wind in their wings, and skim along the watery plain. They hasten to their destined period with the rapidity of an eagle, which leaves the stormy blast behind her, while she cleaves the air, and darts upon her Prey.

And, when it is gone, how short it appears! When the fond eye beheld it in perspective, it seemed an extensive plan; but, on a retrospective view, how wonderfully is the scene altered? The landscape, large and spacious which a warm fancy drew, brought to the test of cool experience, shrinks into a span; just as the shores vanish, and mountains dwindle to a spot, when the sailor, surrounded by skies and ocean, throws his last look on his native land.

Shall we, then, be industrious to shorten what is no longer than a span, or to quicken the pace of what is ever on the wing? Shall we squander away what is unutterably important, while it lasts; and when once departed, is altogether irrecoverable? Forbear the folly, forbear the desperate extravagance.

travagance. Shall we chide as a loiterer, the arrow that boundeth from the string; or sweep away diamonds, as the refuse of our houses? How parsimonious should we be of our days; how carefully husband our precious hours! They go indissolubly connected with happiness, or misery. Improved, they are a sure pledge of everlasting glory; wasted, they are a sad preface to never ending confusion and anguish. On these, therefore, our eternal all depends. And will an affair of such unspeakable weight admit of a moment's delay, or consist with the least remissness?---Especially since much of our appointed time is already elapsed, and the remainder is all uncertainty.---But, suppose we had made a covenant with the grave, and were assured of reaching the age of Methuselah, how soon would even such a lease expire! Let it be extended yet farther, and made co-existent with nature itself; yet, how speedily will the consummation of all things commence? For, yet a little while, and the commissioned archangel will lift up his hand to heaven, and swear by the Almighty name, 'That time shall be no longer.' Then abused opportunities will never return, and new opportunities will never more be offered. Then, should negligent mortals with, ever so passionately, for a few moments only to be thrown back from the opening eternity, thousands of worlds would not be able to procure the grant.

What inexpressible consternation must overwhelm unthinking mortals, who have squandered their time in vice, when the general conflagration commences!

menaces ! That dreadful day will soon approach, ' in which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also, and all the works that are therein, shall be burnt up.' That mighty hand, which once opened the windows from on high, and broke up the fountains of the great deep, will then unlock all the magazines of fire, and pour a second deluge upon the earth. The vengeful flames, kindled by the breath of the Almighty, will spread themselves from the center to the circumference ; nothing will withstand their impetuosity, nothing escape their rage. Magnificent palaces and solemn temples will be laid in ashes : Spacious cities and impregnable towers buried in one smoking mass. Not only the productions of human art, but the works of Almighty power, will be fuel for the devouring element. The everlasting mountains will melt, like the snows which cover their summets ; and even the vast oceans serve only to augment the inconceivable rapidity and fury of the blaze.

These are events, the greatness of which nothing finite can measure. Such, as will cause whatever is considerable, or momentous, in the annals of all generations, to sink into littleness and nothing. Events, big with the everlasting fates of all the living and all the dead.----We must see the graves cleaving, the sea teeming, and swarms unsuspected, crowds unnumbered, yea, multitudes of thronging nations rising from both.---We must see the world in flames ; must stand at the dissolution of all terrestrial things, and be attendants on the burial of
nature.

nature.---We must see the vast expanse of sky wrapped up like a scroll, and the incarnate God issuing from light inaccessible, with ten thousand times ten thousand angels, to judge both men and devils.

---We must see the curtain of time drop, see all eternity disclosed to view, and enter upon a state of being that will never have an end.

Ought we not, therefore, to husband well every moment of our time, and take heed to our ways? Is there an inquiry, is there a care of greater, of equal, of comparable importance?---For, otherwise, how shall we stand with boldness, when the stars of heaven fall from their orbs?---How shall we look up with joy, and see our salvation drawing nigh, when the hearts of millions fail for fear?

THE FATHER AND THE SON.

An affecting Relation.

THE following pathetic narration is taken from Mr Ives's Voyage to India, lately published, and relates to the taking of Chandernagore from the French by the English. This action, though successful, was fatal to the brave Britons who served in it. We shall now adopt Mr Ives's own words, who was Surgeon of Admiral Watson's ship at that time.

Every humane bosom, says he, must commiserate the death of so many gallant British youths as fell in
this

this days action. The killed and wounded indeed on shore were trifling : they enemy were so much employed against the ships, that the army had but one killed and ten wounded ; but on board the two ships they were so numerous, that I would willingly forbear any farther mention of such a mournful scene : but the behaviour of Capt. Speke and his son, a youth of sixteen years of age, was so truly great and exemplary on this glorious but melancholy occasion, that I must beg leave to describe it with some of its most interesting circumstances. When Admiral Watson had the unhappiness to see both the father and the son fall in the same instant, he immediately went up to them, and by the most tender and pathetic expressions tried to alleviate their distress. The captain who had observed his son's leg to be only hanging by the skin, said to the admiral, " Indeed Sir, this was a cruel shot, to knock down both the father and the son ? " Mr Watson's heart was too full to make the least reply : he only ordered them both to be immediately carried to the surgeon. The captain was first brought down to me in the after-hold where a platform had been made ; and then told me how dangerously his Billy had been wounded. Presently after the brave youth himself appeared, but had another narrow escape, the quarter-master, who was bringing him down in his arms after his father, being killed by a cannon ball. His eyes overflowing with tears, not for his own, but father's fate, I laboured to assure him that his father's wound was not dangerous ; and this assertion was confirmed by the

the captain himself. He seemed not to believe either of us, until he asked me upon my honour, and I had repeated to him my first assurance in the most positive manner. He then immediately became calm; but on my attempting to enquire into the nature of his wound, he solicitously asked me if I had dressed his father, for he could not think of my touching him, before his father's wound had been taken care of. I assured him that the captain's wound had been already taken care of. "Then, replied the generous youth, pointing to a fellow sufferer, pray, Sir, look to and dress this poor man, who is groaning so sadly beside me." I told him that he already had been taken care of, and begged of him with some importunity, that I now might have liberty to examine his wound. He submitted to it, and calmly observed, "Sir, I fear you must amputate above the joint." I replied, my dear, I must.--Upon which he clasped both his hands together, and lifting his eyes in the most devout and fervent manner toward heaven, he offered up the following short but earnest petition: "Good God, do thou enable me to behave in my present circumstances worthy of my father's son!" When he had ended this ejaculatory prayer, he told me that he was all submission. I then performed the operation above the joint of the knee; but during the whole time the intrepid youth never spoke a word, or uttered a groan, that could be heard at a yard distance.

The reader may easily imagine, what, in this dreadful interval, the brave but unhappy captain suffered, who lay just by his darling and unfortunate son. But

whatever were his feelings, he discovered no other expressions of them but what the silent, trickling tears declared ; though the bare recollection of the scene, even at this distant time, is too painful for me. Both the father and the son, the day after the action, were sent back with the rest of the wounded to Calcutta. The father was lodged at the house of his brother-in-law, and the son was with me at the hospital. For the first eight or nine days I gave the father great comfort by carrying him joyful tidings of his boy, and in the same manner I gratified the son in regard to the father. But alas ! from that time all the good symptoms, which had hitherto attended this unparalleled youth, began to disappear. The captain easily guessed, by my silence and countenance, the true state his boy was in, nor did he ever after ask me more than two questions concerning him ; so tender was the subject to us both, and so unwilling was his generous mind to add to my distress. The first was on the tenth day in these words : “ How long my friend do you think my Billy may remain in a state of uncertainty ? ” I replied, that if he lived to the fifteenth day of the operation, there would be the strongest hopes of his recovery. On the thirteenth however he died ; and on the sixteenth the brave man, looked me steadfastly in the face, said, “ Well, Ives, how fares it with my boy ? ” -----I could make him no reply, and attributed my silence to the real cause. The parental tears flowed down his cheeks ! he squeezed me by the hand, and begged me to leave him for one half hour, when he wished to see me again ; and assured me

me I should find him with a different countenance from that he troubled me with at present. I punctually complied with his desire; and when I returned to him, he appeared, as he ever after did, perfectly calm and serene.

The excellent youth had been delirious the evening preceding the day on which he died; and at two o'clock in the morning, in the utmost distress of mind, he sent me a note, written by himself with a pencil, of which the following is a copy:

“ If Mr. Ives will consider the disorder a son must be in, when he is told he is dying, and is yet in doubt whether his father is not in as good a state of health, --- If Mr. Ives is not too busy to honour this note, which nothing but the greatest uneasiness could draw from me---The boy waits an answer.”

Immediately on the receipt of this note I visited him, and he had still sense enough left to know who I was. He then began with me----“ And is he dead?---Who my dear?---“ My father, Sir.”--No, my love: nor is he in any danger, I assure you: he is almost well.---Thank God! Then why did they tell me so? I am now satisfied, and ready to die. At that time he had a locked jaw, and was in great distress; but I understood every word he so inarticulately uttered. He begged my pardon for having (as he politely expressed it) disturbed me at so early an hour: and before the day was ended he surrendered up a valuable life.

The following fine simile so aptly illustrates the beauty and untimely death of this incomparable young man, that I am persuaded every good-natured reader will excuse my inserting it. As

As a gay flower, with blooming beauties crown'd
 Cut by the share, lies languid on the ground ;
 Or some tall poppy, that o'ercharg'd with rain
 Bends the faint head, and sinks upon the plain ;
 So fair, so languishingly sweet he lies,
 His head declin'd, and drooping as he dies.

V I R G I L.

On the DEATH of a FRIEND.

How lov'd, how valu'd once, avails thee not :
 To whom related, or by whom begot.

A heap of dust alone remains of thee :

'Tis all thou art !---and all the proud shall be.

P O P E.

DEATH, that king of terrors, having pierced,
 with his fatal shaft, the heart of the generous Atticus,
 I went to pay my last duties to my deceased friend ;
 but who can describe that torrent of sorrow which
 overwhelmed my breast, on my arrival at the house of
 mourning ? He had just compleated an ample and
 commodious seat, but not permitted to spend one joyful
 hour under the stately roof. He had furnished his
 chambers to invite repose, but must rest in the silent
 bowels of the earth. His gardens were planted with the
 choicest fruits, and decorated in the most graceful
 manner ; but their master is gone down to the valley
 of the shadow of death.

Since death is the portion of every individual, we
 should never suffer that thought to escape ; we
 should

should engrave it, in the most legible characters, on the tables of our memories ; but alas ! how slightly is it sketched, so that every transient flow of passion is sufficient to obliterate it. We see our neighbours fall, we turn pale at the shock, and feel a trembling dread. No sooner are they removed from our sight, but, driven in the whirl of business, or lulled in the languors of pleasure, we forget the providence, and neglect its errand. The impression made on our unstable minds is like the trace of an arrow thro' the penetrated air, or the path of the keel in the furrowed wave.

Would we reflect seriously on the numberless disasters, such as no human prudence can foresee, no care prevent, that attend our steps, and lie in wait to accomplish our doom ; we must surely look upon ourselves only as tenants at will, and liable to be dispossessed of our earthly tabernacle, at a moment's warning. The last enemy has not only unnumbered avenues for his approach, but even holds his fortrefs in the seat of our life. The crimson fluid which distributes health, is impregnated with the seeds of death. Some unforeseen impediment may obstruct its passage, or some unknown violence may divert its course ; in either of which cases it acts the part of a poisonous draught, or a deadly wound. The partition that separates time from eternity, is nothing more than the breadth of our nostrils ; and the transition may be made in the least particle of time.

If we examine the records of mortality, we shall find the memorials of a mixed multitude huddled,

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or at least resting together, without any regard to rank or seniority. None are ambitious of the uppermost rooms, or chief seats in the mansions of the grave. None entertain fond and eager expectations of being honourably greeted, in their darksome cells. The man of years and experience, reputed as an oracle in his generation, is content to lie down at the feet of the babe. In this common receptacle, the servant is equally accommodated with his master. The poor indigent lies as softly as the most opulent possessor. All the distinction that subsists, is a grassy hillock bound with osiers; or a sepulchral stone, ornamented with imagery.

Why then should we raise such a mighty stir, about superiority and precedence, when the next remove will reduce us all to a state of equal meanness. Why should we exalt ourselves, or debase others, since we must all, one day, be upon a common level, and blended together in the same undistinguished dust? Here persons of contrary interests, and opposite sentiments, sleep together; death having laid his hands on the contending parties, and brought all their differences to an amicable conclusion. Here enemies, sworn enemies, dwell together in unity. They drop every embittered thought, and forget they once were foes. Perhaps, their crumbling bones mix, as they moulder; and those, who, while they lived, were at irreconcilable variance, here fall into mutual embraces, and even incorporate with each other in the grave. Let us then learn from these friendly ashes, not to perpetuate the memory of injuries; not to foment the
fever

fever of resentment; nor cherish the turbulence of passion: That there may be as little animosity and disagreement in the land of the living, as there is in the congregation of the dead.

Atticus, the friendly Atticus, was snatched away in the bloom of youth, while health seemed to wanton in every vein, and strength resided in every sinew. But he did not neglect to improve his golden hours to the noblest of all purposes, that of attaining a state of repose, and an eternal crown of glory. In him the orphan has lost a father, the widow a husband, and the poor a liberal benefactor. The best method of shewing our respect for his memory is to imitate his virtues, which will acquire us, with him, a blissful eternity. Let us, like him, remember our Creator in the days of our youth, before our days become labour and sorrow. Then shall we behold the approach of the king of terrors with serenity, and gladly leave those dreary habitations of sorrow and pain, to meet our Saviour in the mansions above, where alone is perfect and consummate happiness, the term of whose continuance is eternity.

Eternity! how are our boldest, or strongest thoughts, lost and overwhelmed thee? Who can set landmarks, to limit thy dimensions; or find plummets to fathom thy depths? Arithmeticians have figures to compute all the progressions of time; Astronomers have instruments to calculate the distance of the planets: But what numbers can state, what lines can gauge the lengths and breadths of eternity? **Mysterious, mighty existence! A sum**
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not to be lessened by the largest deductions : an extent not to be contracted by all possible diminutions. None can truly say, after the most prodigious waste of ages, that so much of eternity is gone. For, when millions of centuries are elapsed, it is but just commencing ; and, when millions more have run their ample round, it will be no nearer ending. Nay, when ages numerous as the bloom of spring, increased by the herbage of the summer, both augmented by the leaves of autumn, and all multiplied by the drops of rain, which drown the winter--when these and ten thousand times ten thousand more---more than can be represented by any similitude, or imagined by any conception, are all revolved ; eternity, vast boundless eternity, will only be beginning ; or, rather, if I may be allowed the expression, only beginning to begin.

O B I D A H and the H E R M I T :
An Eastern Tale.

Know this great Truth (enough for man to know)
Virtue alone is Happiness below. POPE.

EArly in the morning, Obidah, the son of Abensina, left the caravansera and pursued his journey through the plains of Indostan ; being vigorous with rest, animated with hope, and incited by desire, he walked swiftly forward over the vallies, and saw the hills gradually rising before him. As he passed a-
long,

long, his ears were delighted with the song of the bird of Paradise ; he was fanned by the last flutters of the sinking breeze, and sprinkled with dew by groves of spices ; he sometimes contemplated the towering height of the cedar which adorned the hills, and sometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the flowers which enamelled the plains ; thus all his senses were gratified, and care entirely banished from his heart.

In this manner he continued his journey till the sun approached his meridian, and the increasing heat preyed upon his strength ; he then looked carefully round him, to discover some more agreeable and shady path. On his right hand he saw a grove, that seemed to wave its shades, as a sign of invitation ; he entered it, and found the coolness and verdure irresistibly pleasant. He did not, however, forget whither he was travelling, but found a narrow way bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the same direction with the main road, he was pleased that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleasure with his business, and to gain the rewards of diligence, without suffering its fatigues. He, therefore for a time still continued to walk, without the least remission of his ardour, except that he was sometimes tempted to stop by the music of the birds, whom the heat had assembled in the shade ; and sometimes amused himself with plucking the flowers which grew on either side, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At last the green path began to decline from its first direction, and to wind among

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hills

hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with the falls of water. Here Obidah paused for a time, and began to consider whether it were safe for him to forsake any longer the known and open road? but remembering that the heat was now in its greatest violence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path, which he supposed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

Having thus calmed his solicitude, he renewed his pace, though he suspected he was not gaining ground. The uneasiness of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and gave way to every sensation that might sooth, or divert him. He listened to every echo, he mounted every hill for a fresh prospect, he turned aside to every cascade, and pleased himself with tracing the course of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circulations. In these amusements the hours passed away uncounted, his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He stood pensive and confused, afraid to go forward, lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the time of loitering was now passed. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky was overspread with clouds, the day vanished from before him, and a sudden tempest gathered round his head. He was now roused from his danger to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now saw how happiness is lost when ease is consulted,

ed, and lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to seek shelter in the grove, and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle; while he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He now resolved to do what remained yet in his power, to tread back the ground which he passed, and try to find some issue, which the wood might open into the plain. He prostrated himself on the ground and commended his life to the Lord of nature. He rose with confidence and tranquillity, and pressed on with his sabre in his hand, for the beasts of the desert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and fear, and ravage, and expiration; all the horrors of darkness surrounded him: the winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

Thus forlorn and distressed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to safety or destruction. At length not fear but labour began to overcome him; his breath grew short, and his knees trembled, and he was on the point of lying down in resignation to his fate, when he beheld, thro' the brambles, the glimmer of a taper. He advanced towards the light, and, finding it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admission. The old man set before him such provisions as he had collected for himself, on which Obidah fed with eagerness and gratitude.

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When the repast was over, 'Tell me, said the hermit, by what chance thou hast been brought hither; I have been now twenty years an inhabitant of the wilderness, in which I never saw a man before.' Obidah then related all the occurrences of his journey, without any palliation.

'Son, said the hermit, let the errors and follies, the dangers and escape of this day, sink deep into thine heart; remember, my son, that human life is the journey of a day. We rise in the morning of youth, full of vigour, and full of expectation; and set forward with spirit and hope, with gaiety and diligence, and travel on a while in the straight road of piety, towards the mansions of rest. In a short time we remit our fervour, and endeavour to find some mitigation of our duty, and some more easy means of obtaining the same end. We then relax our vigour, and resolve no longer to be terrified at crimes at a distance, but rely upon our own constancy and venture to approach what we resolve never to touch. We thus enter the bowers of ease, and repose in the shades of security. Here the heart softens, and vigilance subsides; we are then willing to enquire whether another advance cannot be made, and whether we may not at last turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure; we approach them with scruple and hesitation, we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling, and always hope to pass through them without losing the road of virtue, which we, for a while, keep in our sight, and to which we propose to return. But temptation, succeeds temptation, and one compliance prepares

us for another ; we in time lose the happiness of innocence, and solace our disquiet with sensual gratifications. By degrees we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only adequate object of rational desire. We entangle ourselves in business, immerge ourselves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of inconstancy, till the darkness of old age begins to invade us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our way. We then look back upon ourselves with horror, with sorrow, with repentance ; and wish, that we had not forsaken the ways of virtue. Happy are they, my son, who shall learn, from thy example, not to despair, but shall remember, that though the day is past, and their strength is wasted, there yet remains one effort to be made ; that reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere endeavours ever unassisted, but the wanderer may at last return after all his errors ; and he who implores strength and courage from above, shall find danger and difficulty give way before him. Go now, my son, to thy repose ; commit thyself to the care of omnipotence, and, when the morning calls again to toil, begin a new thy journey and thy life.'

A FRAGMENT OF ANCIENT POETRY.

AUTUMN is dark on the mountains ; grey mist rests on the hills. The whirlwind is heard on the heath. Dark rolls the river through the narrow plain. A tree stands alone on the hill, and marks the
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the grave of Connal. The leaves whirl round with the wind, and shew the grave of the dead. At times here are seen the ghosts of the deceased, when the musing hunter alone stalks slowly over the heath.

Who can reach the source of thy race, O Connal? And who recount thy fathers? Thy family grew like an oak on the mountains, which meeteth the wind with its lofty head. But now it is torn from the earth, who shall supply the place of Connal?

Here was the din of arms, and here was the groans of the dying. Mournful are the wars of Fingal! O Connal! it was here thou didst fall. Thine arm was like a storm; thy sword a beam of the sky; thy height a rock on the plain; thine eyes a furnace of fire. Louder than a storm was thy voice; when thou confoundest the field, warriors fell by the sword, as a thistle by the staff of a boy.

Dargo the mighty came on like a cloud of thunder. His brows were contracted and dark his eyes like two caves in a rock. Bright rose their swords on each side: dire was the clang of their steel.

The daughter of Rinval was near, Crimora, bright in the armour of man; her hair loose behind, her bow in her hand; she followed the youth to the war, Connal her much beloved. She drew the string on Dargo, but, erring, pierced her Connal. He falls like an oak on the plain, like a rock from the shaggy hill. What shall she do, hapless maid! He bleeds? Her Connal dies? All the night long she cries, and all the day O Connal! my love, and my friend! With grief the sad mourner died.

Earth

Earth here encloseth the loveliest pair on the hill;
the grass grows beneath the stones of their tombs.
I sit in the mournful shade, the wind sighs through
the grass, and their memory rushes on my mind.
Undisturbed you now sleep together, in the tomb
of the mountain you now rest alone.

Mr. NORTHY'S REMARKABLE VOYAGE IN THE SOUTH SEA.

IT Being determined by the president of Panama, and other great officers, to attempt the making some discoveries in the South seas, Don Juan Hamel, captain of the St Christopher, was sent on this expedition, in which I served in quality of master. She was about three hundred tons burthen, and carried one hundred and seventy men, and eighteen guns.

Great care was taken in supplying the ship with every necessary for the voyage; and on Monday the fourth of April 1597, we left the road of Panama, and steered to the westward, through that immense track of waters, called by the Spaniards the Pacific ocean, probably from the first voyages made on it between the tropics, where, indeed, the winds are commonly gentle, and the surface of the deep smooth and serene. But this is far from being the case in every part of this extensive ocean; storms and the most terrible tempestuous seas being common in other parts of it: perhaps they are even
more

more terrible here than in the northern oceans; and fatal experience has sufficiently demonstrated, that the name Pacific was given it too hastily.

After sailing nineteen days, we discovered early in the morning of the 21st of April, very high land, about eight leagues distant from us. It had a very rugged unpromising aspect, and as we approached it, the precipices, which seemed to guard the coast, exhibited a romantic landscape. One of these lofty cliffs appeared nearly perpendicular, and huge masses of stone, almost rent from its side by the hand of time, threatened every moment to tumble into the sea, and crush whatever they meet with in their fall. As we found the water deep, we approached pretty near the shore, and coasted along it for several miles, during which nothing was to be seen but these frightful and tremendous precipices. At last we doubled the cape of a lofty promontory, and had the pleasure of beholding a very different landscape. The land rose gradually from the sea, and it was cloathed with the most beautiful verdure. interspersed with trees and small eminences, and watered with innumerable streams, which flowed in beautiful meanders through the fertile country. A scene so remarkably pleasing rendered us very desirous of finding some harbour or bay, where we might safely come to an anchor, and land with our boat to examine the country. But nothing of that kind appeared during the whole day, and we found it impracticable to come to an anchor, the water being at least an hundred fathoms deep, though we were not a mile and half from the shore. We therefore

fore stood off to sea with a very easy sail, during the night, and, as soon as the morning appeared, we tacked and steered again for the land. About noon we saw a large bay, and on examination found it a proper place to anchor in, having about ten fathom water, and the bottom a black sandy clay.

Here we came to an anchor, and the next day made ready for landing, which was done about ten in the morning, on a soft ouzy shore at the bottom of the bay, about half a mile distant from the ship, Twenty of us well armed, with Captain Hamel at our head, proceeded forwards into the country, which appeared delightfully pleasing. The ground was enamelled with the most elegant flowers, and the winds wafted from the large groves of myrtle and other aromatic trees, the most refreshing fragrance.

In this manner we travelled about three miles without seeing the least appearance of inhabitants; but ascending an eminence which terminated the prospect from the sea, we discovered a large town at some distance from us, and many people scattered in different parts of the plain. This obliged us to halt, and consult with each other what was proper to be done; and the result was, that it would be more prudent to return, and acquaint our companions with the discoveries we had made, and return the next day with a larger force. When this resolution was taken, I made Don Hamel observe, that a large river ran on the other side of the town, and consequently must fall into the sea, a little beyond the bay where we had come to an anchor;

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I therefore proposed that we should proceed to it with our ship, and, if large enough, to enter it; by which means we should be able to discover the temper of the inhabitants with more safety, than by marching towards them in a hostile manner. This advice was approved, we immediately returned on board, and the next morning proceeded on our intended discovery.

What I had conjectured proved to be true. We perceived the mouth of the river, about a mile beyond the western head land of the bay, and found that it had water sufficient for us to enter it; but before we had proceeded half a mile, the banks on both sides were covered with Indians, so that we thought it most prudent to come to an anchor. Soon after the Cacique himself, attended by a great number of people, armed with bows and arrows, came to the banks of the river, and invited us by signs to come on shore. We thought it most proper to accept the invitation; but at the same time concluded to let only four or five land, and keep the ship in a proper posture of defence. Accordingly myself, who was to personate the Captain, and three others, were carried on shore in the boat, and saluted at our departure with five guns, which so terrified the Indians, that they flew from the banks of the river, and threw themselves flat on the ground. But on our landing they returned, and received us with all the marks of satisfaction and astonishment, considering us probably as beings of a nature superior to themselves. The monarch approached us with the most submissive gestures, and

and conducted us to his palace, which was a large but low structure, and resembled in some measure the Indian buildings in Mexico. Here we were entertained with maize and pulse, dressed in the Indian manner, and a kind of liquor resembling in taste the wine extracted from the palm-tree.

After our repast the Cacique conducted us to the temple of the Sun, which stood near his palace; it was a very large structure, being about one hundred and sixty paces long and sixty wide. At the end opposite to the entrance, was a colossal statue of the sun, indifferently executed, and his head encircled with rays extending to the walls of the temple. The walls were near forty feet high, and the roof, instead of tiles, covered with mats of reeds, resembling the carpets of the Moors. The walls on the inside were covered with beautiful shells and pearls, intermixed with beads of gold, which reflected the rays of the sun in a very pleasing manner. The image of the deity was dressed in a scarlet robe covered with pearls, and about its neck hung a string of gold beads, intermixed with the most beautiful pearls I ever beheld. The cornice of the temple was entirely composed of glittering shells, and adorned with festoons of pearls intermixed with feathers, arranged in a very artful manner.

Before the entrance of the temple were twelve gigantic statues ranged in two rows. They were of wood, but represented with so savage and threatening an air, that they almost terrify a stranger, and sufficiently prove, that the people of this country do not want genius, however deficient they
may

may be in the finishing part of their works. They held in their hands a kind of axes of copper, edged with flint, and seemed to threaten the person with death who should dare to enter the temple.

This structure stood nearly east and west; and the grand entrance, opposite to which the image of the deity was placed, fronted the east: so that the rays of the sun at its rising shone directly on the statue, which then exhibited a most brilliant appearance; and at this time the Indians pay their devotion.

Having examined this grand structure, we were again conducted to the bank of the river by the prince himself, who, at our departure, presented us with a large ingot of gold, and a string of remarkably large and beautiful pearls, intimating by signs his desire that the rest of our company would also visit his capital, and contract a friendly intercourse with his people.

On our return we described the several particulars we had seen, and regretted our not being unable to converse with a people that expressed such friendly dispositions towards us. One of our company, who had been sick almost the whole time of our voyage, informed us, that he was well acquainted with the language of the Mexican Indians, and desired to try whether he could make himself understood by the inhabitants of this country. Accordingly we carried him on shore, and had the satisfaction to find, that though their language was different from that of Mexico, yet he was able to make himself understood, and during our stay in the island served as an interpreter. We

We now entered into a friendly intercourse with the inhabitants, who readily supplied us with every thing their country afforded, particularly with maize, venison, fish, and fowl, all remarkably good ; and in exchange for toys, knives, scissars, razors, and looking-glasses, gave us gold and pearls ; so that we soon procured a very large quantity of these valuable particulars.

In this manner we continued trafficking with the inhabitants, till the latter end of June, when we thought it time to return to Panama, and give the president an account of our voyage ; pleasing ourselves with having found a country, and opened a commerce which could not fail of proving highly advantageous. But we often imagine scenes that will never be realised, and flatter ourselves with the prospect of happiness we shall never enjoy. Totally absorbed in the contemplation of what we hope to obtain, we forget the accidents that may intervene, and the misfortunes that may put a period to our expectations. Thus it faréd with us ; we enjoyed in idea the thanks we should receive at our return, and the riches we should acquire by this fortunate discovery. But all these flattering prospects vanished like a pleasing dream ; and instead of floating serenity on the ocean of happiness, we were plunged into the most dreadful gulf of misfortunes.

Every thing being prepared for our departure, Don Hamel, attended by most of the officers, and the interpreter, waited on the Prince, by whom we had been so kindly received and entertained ; who among other particulars informed them, that at some distance,

distance, directly to the north-west, lay another island, the inhabitants of which frequently traded with his subjects; and as their island abounded in gold, their principal merchandize consisted in that metal. This was a discovery not to be neglected; and accordingly we immediately determined to sail in search of the island, counting in idea the immense riches we should certainly obtain by this kind information of our hospitable Indian.

Accordingly, on Saturday the first of July 1597, we left this island, and stood to the westward, the easterly winds which prevail in this part of the world not admitting us to return the same way we came; and as soon as we found ourselves to the westward of the island, we altered our course, and steered directly to the north-west. But before I leave the island, give me leave to observe, that, from several observations I made while we lay in the river, the capital is in the lat. of 10 deg. 12 min. N. and 38 deg. 10 min. W. of Panama.

Nothing now was talked of but the immense riches we should soon be masters of; and some had even determined on the manner in which they would dispose of their share when they returned to New Spain. But let mortals from hence learn not to flatter themselves with acquiring what possibly may never be in their power, nor fix their minds on what they have not in their possession; lest, like us, they feel the cruel reverse of fortune, and the golden prize which glitters in the eyes of their imagination should prove only the phantom of a waking dream.

We continued our course nine days keeping a continual

continual look out for the Golden Island, the name by which we constantly called it; but on the morning of the tenth we were overtaken by a terrible storm at S. E. so violent, that in a few minutes we lost our main and fore masts, together with twenty of our men. We were now reduced to the utmost distress; the wind continued its fury, which together with the terrible flashes of lightning, and the horrid roar of thunder, seemed to indicate that the period of nature was arrived, and the world returning to its primitive chaos. Our fluttering ideas of happiness were now entirely dissipated, and the melancholy expectation of approaching destruction engrossed our whole attention. Despair was painted in every countenance; while each enormous wave threatened to bury us in the bowels of the deep.

Night now approached, and added horrors to the storm. Not the least glimpse of light appeared, except the horrid corruscations of lightning, which seemed to set the ocean in a flame; but between these terrible flashes of ætherial fire, the whole horizon was involed in the most pitchy darkness. And could the sons of lawless riot feel for a moment the awful apprehensions that now invaded my breast, they would abandon their dear delights, and seek happiness where alone it is to be found, in the practice of virtue.

About midnight we were roused from our lethargy of despair, by the most violent shock that could possibly be felt; a sure indication, that we had reached the end of our voyage, and that our ship in a few moments

moments would be dashed in pieces. We were not deceived ; a second shock sent her to the bottom, and committed us all to the mercy of the foaming waves.

What followed is impossible for me to relate ; for my own part, I was thrown with great violence upon the rocky shore, and, by exerting the small remains of strength, clambered so far, that I escaped the fury of the succeeding wave, and continued crawling till I was beyond the reach of the raging surge. Perhaps it is not possible for the most pathetic writer, to describe the painful sensations that now filled my breast. I was hungry, but had nothing to eat ; thirsty, but no water to drink ; and bruised but no physician to assist me ; destitute of every thing, without hopes of relief, or a companion to comfort me.

In this terrible condition I continued till the dawn appeared, when the storm ceased, and the heavens assumed their cheerful appearance. I found myself at some distance from the margin of the sea, the water having ebbed considerably since I was fortunately thrown upon the rocks ; but surely the scene would have melted the most obdurate heart to pity ! The strand was as it were covered with the dead bodies of my companions, and the tattered remains of our ship. I examined with the utmost attention every corps, hoping that some remains of life might still be found ; but alas I was mistaken ! the spirits had left their tabernacles of clay, and could not be recalled by human art. Overwhelmed with sorrow at so moving a spectacle, I sat down on a
rock,

rock, and, in the first agony of despair, determined there to wait the stroke of death, which I considered as the only circumstance that could put a period to my misery: but I was soon roused from my reverie, by a voice from the other side of the rock, which in the most pathetic accents implored my assistance. I started up, and to my inexpressible joy saw the carpenter lying on the sand. I flew to his assistance, and with some difficulty removed him above the high water-mark, where in a few hours he recovered.

While I was assiduously attending my companion in misfortunes, I saw at a distance something moving among the rocks, and had the satisfaction to find it one of our sailors, who had also escaped the fury of the waves. By my assistance he likewise reached the spot where the carpenter was sitting; and for a time we seemed to have forgot our misfortunes in congratulating each other on our having escaped the frightful horrors of the storm.

But reason soon resumed her seat, and our dreadful situation again engaged our attention. We viewed the dreary spot on which Providence had thought fit to place us, and found it a rocky semi-circular bay, about 100 fathoms in diameter, open to the ocean on the south, and terminated all round to the north by precipices that pierced the clouds. The distance from the high-water mark to the foot of the precipice was not above 300 yards, and composed entirely of sand and barren rocks; a prospect sufficient to fill the mind of the most intrepid with despair, especially as we could not hope ever

to see any European ship in this unfrequented sea. We however approached the foot of the lofty precipice, and had the pleasure of seeing a small cataract of water, which fell at the bottom of the rock about the center of the bay. This was a discovery of more value, to us in our present circumstances, than all the riches we formerly hoped to procure at the Golden Island. We approached it with thankfulness, and, after assuaging our thirst, repaired to the waters edge, and picked from among the rocks, the small shell-fish, which we there found in great numbers, and with these alone made a comfortable repast.

The evening now approached, and gave us warning to seek some place of shelter, where we might pass the night in safety. Our search was of no long continuance; a large cavern formed by nature at the foot of the rocky mountain, not far from the above cataract, offered us a secure retreat, and was sufficiently large to have contained our whole ships company, had they, like us, escaped the fury of the storm. In this dreary habitation we took up our abode, and hither we brought such poor remains, as the waves from time to time threw on shore from the wreck. Several chests, and among the rest mine own, we found among the rocks; but that which contained the carpenter's tools, and which we were most desirous of procuring, was too heavy to swim, and accordingly never came on shore. But we had the good fortune to find in one which belonged to the carpenter's mate, two axes, an adze, an auger, a plane, and two

saws:

saws; a treasure of the greatest value: and accordingly we deposited it in the most secure part of our subterraneous mansion.

In this manner we spent twelve days, carrying every thing that came on shore to our cavern, till we had amassed a large quantity of various particulars, consisting principally of what was contained in the seamen's chests, and pieces of the wreck which were continually breaking from our sunken ship. Among the rest the mizen-mast with its sails came on shore, and was considered by us as an acquisition of inestimable value; flattering ourselves that we should be able at length to build a vessel sufficient to carry us to the American coast: so prone is the mind of man to think every thing it ardently desires as within its reach, and to consider the difficulties that must be surmounted, in order to put its favourite scheme in practice, as trifling and insignificant; though perhaps they exceed the utmost efforts of human abilities. This was directly our case: we had amassed large pieces of the wreck; but they were far from being sufficient for building a vessel. We had indeed found a tolerable quantity of tools, and particularly a large saw, which having been fortunately fastened to a board to prevent its being hurt in the ship, was driven by the waves among the rocks. But, alas? we had neither timber sufficient to build, or provisions to furnish a vessel capable of carrying us to the continent. Our whole subsistence was the shell-fish, which we gathered from among the rocks at low-water; nor had we even a fire to dress these after they were
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procured, at the time we formed the alluring prospects of being able to reach the American coast.

We had indeed made several attempts to kindle a fire, but hitherto they had all miscarried; for though we had several pistols loaded, yet the powder had taken wet, and therefore of no use. At last we found in one of the seamen's chests a glass canister closely corked, and full of dry powder: by the help of which we easily kindled a fire, and for the first time boiled our shell-fish in a sauce pan, several of which we found among the sailors stores. Bread however still was wanting; but this was impossible to be supplied.

In this manner we lived till the latter end of July, when, as we were all walking along the foot of the rock beyond the cataract, the seaman discovered a kind of path, made by a current of water, which formerly there precipitated itself on the strand, and was desirous of trying whether, by following it, he could not reach the top of the precipice, and by that means discover whether there was land or sea to the westward. We approved of the motion; but were unwilling, he should venture alone, lest some accident should attend him in so dangerous an attempt; concluding, that, if we all followed the track, we should be able to assist one another in surmounting the difficulties we expected to meet with in this untrodden path.

Accordingly we followed the track of the current and found that it formed a winding course among the rocks, which seemed to have been piled on one another by some terrible convulsion of nature.

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Sometimes we were obliged to climb with the utmost difficulty some craggy rocks, over which the current had precipitated itself in its passage, and sometimes to creep on our hands and feet through subterraneous passages, which the stream had formed in its course. At length we reached the source or fountain where the water had its rise; but found that we were far from having gained the top of the precipice; though we saw, at the same time, that we were considerably above that perpendicular part which bounded it towards the bay; and had some reason to think, that, by pains and perseverance, we should be able to reach the summit, provided we brought with us some of our poor provisions and water. Being thus determined, we returned by the same way we came, and with great toil and labour reached in the evening our subterraneous habitation.

Our attention was now wholly engaged in making the necessary preparations for completing our discovery, by reaching the top of this stupendous mountain. Accordingly, as soon as the chearful rays of the morning adorned the regions of the East, and covered the surface of the deep, with a transparent veil of glowing purple, we left our subterraneous abode, and repaired to the rocks, in order to pick a large quantity of the shell-fish, which had hitherto been the only food we had eaten since we were thrown on this desolate shore. When we had gathered what we judged sufficient, we returned to our cavern, and spent the remainder of the day in boiling them, and furnishing ourselves with what
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we judged necessary from our scanty storehouse; determining to begin the prosecution of our discovery early in the morning. How reviving a cordial is hope to a mind labouring under the pressures of misfortunes ! We had no reason to suspect, but we were thrown on a barren rock ; that the mountains we were just going to climb was a dreary precipice, destitute of every thing that could afford us subsistence, or tend to allivate our distress ; and that the prospect we should enjoy from the summit, was only a larger extent of the ocean, an expanse of waters without a shore : and yet, because it was possible something might be discovered of use to us in this unfortunate condition, our minds were greatly relieved, and we began our difficult journey with the greatest alacrity, surmounting every difficulty till we reached the spot where, as I before observed, the stream which formed the channel had its rise, but the fountain had been a long time totally dry.

We had now a lofty, and almost perpendicular rock to climb, whose craggy acclivity seemed to defy our utmost attempts : but persons in our circumstances are not easily stopped in their progress. We knew, that unless we could reach the summit, we had little prospect of ever leaving this sterile rock ; a sufficient reason for us to exert the utmost of our strength to conquer the difficulties, and climb, however laborious and dangerous the attempt might be, this frightful steep. Accordingly we began to ascend the craggy height ; and after an hour spent in the most painful efforts, reached the
top.

top. We had now a prospect of the most remantic scene ever perhaps beheld. On each side of us a stupendous wall of rocks piled on each other, in the most astonishing manner, seemed to reach the clouds; and directly before us, a craggy arch, corroded by the hand of time, offered us a passage. The ascent to it was not remarkably steep, but the interval so full of large masses of rock, which seemed to have tumbled from the sides, that we passed it with the utmost difficulty. In short, the whole appeared like the ruins of a mountain, rent and torn by some terrible convulsion of nature.

We now reached the arch, and found beyond it a sandy acclivity, interspersed with fragments of rocks and in some spots covered with grass, and small shrubs. This was a joyful discovery, and filled our minds with the most pleasing ideas. As we proceeded, we saw on our left hand the tops of several trees at a considerable distance; a sight that elevated our hopes, and animated us to pursue our journey with greater celerity. At last we reached the summit of the mountain, and were from thence presented with the most beautiful prospect.

We found, that the bay in which we had suffered shipwreck, was the southern part of an island, about eight miles in circumference. The northern parts were finely diversified with eminences, valleys, trees, lawns, and streams of water. At the western extremity of the mountain was a pic, higher than any other part; but the whole declivity towards the north covered with woods. It is impossible for me to describe the pleasing sensations that filled our breast

breasts on making this fortunate, this joyful discovery: the reader's own imagination must therefore supply the defect, and paint these delightful ideas, which it is not in the power of language to convey.

The beautiful prospect before us was so alluring, that we made no longer stay on the top of the mountain than was necessary for taking a cursory view of this delightful spot. We accordingly descended the northern declivity, and soon reached the woods, which covered the lower parts of the mountain; and had the satisfaction to behold a large number of cocoa-trees loaded with fruit; a discovery of more value to us, than all the glowing gems of the oriental mines. We plucked of the fruit, and made a delicious repast, while we allayed our thirst from the crystal water that flowed in rills down the declivity.

Having thus satisfied the calls of nature, we pursued our journey to the foot of the mountain, where the wood opened into a most enchanting valley, through the midst of which a crystal stream flowed in beautiful meanders. The banks were enamelled with the finest flowers, and the whole valley, at about a hundred paces from the margin of the stream, was bordered with groves of myrtle and other trees, whose various heights, and different shades of verdure, exhibited the most pleasing and delightful prospect.

We approached the margin of this lovely stream, and sitting down on its banks, under the shade of a spreading myrtle, congratulated each other on this fortunate change of condition; having left a barren

barren rock for a fertile country, a dreary waste for a paradisaical valley ; nor did we forget to pay our tribute of praise and thanksgiving to that Almighty Being, who sways the scepter of the universe, and bountifully provides for all the creatures of his hand.

But perfect happiness is not to be expected in this fleeting state. The bitter drugs of fear and uneasiness, of terror and disappointment, are so blended with the pleasing ingredients of life, that neither can be enjoyed without a mixture of the other. This unwelcome truth we now experimentally felt. We were in the center of a delightful valley, abounding in every thing necessary to life, and profusely decorated by the dædal hand of nature. The gentle breeze which fanned the woods, and mitigated the scorching heat of the sun, was loaded with fragrance, from odoriferous shrubs and flowers, that grew with the most pleasing luxuriance on this charming plain. But we were destitute of an habitation, a retreat where we might pass the night in safety. The island, for ought we knew, might be inhabited by a savage race of mortals, or ferocious beasts of prey ; a thought which could not fail of filling our minds with dreadful apprehensions, especially as we were strangers to the island, and destitute of arms for our defence. It was too late however to think of returning to our cavern ; but whether the woods or open plain afforded us the more secure retreat, was a question too hard to be decided. At last we determined to spend the night in a small myrtle grove, near the banks of the ri-

vulet, and commit ourselves to the care and protection of Omnipotence, who had hitherto guarded us from every danger, and delivered us in the most alarming moments of distress.

This resolution being taken, we repaired to the grove, where we made another chearful repast on the cocoa fruit; and as soon as night had drawn her sable curtain over our retreat, laid ourselves down to rest, with that pleasing security which results from a firm persuasion that a Being of infinite goodness presides over the universe, and that all events are directed by his providence.

We were waked early in the morning by the notes of a vast variety of birds, assembled in the grove, and where, in all probability, they had, like us, passed the gloomy hours of the night. Perhaps few men ever felt a satisfaction equal to that which filled our breasts at beholding the eastern clouds tinged with the glorious rays of the morning, and the veil of darkness withdrawn from the beautiful landscape. We traversed the lawn with the utmost delight, and contemplated the luxuriant productions of nature with rapture and gratitude. The small river which flowed through the middle of the valley, discharged its waters into the ocean at the bottom of a fine bay, which, being sheltered by a small island, might be considered as an excellent harbour; a sight that filled us with the most pleasing ideas, flattering ourselves, that we should now be able to build a vessel large enough to carry us to the continent of America. We had here indeed plenty of timber, and could easily procure a suffici-

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ent quantity of cocoa nuts, to serve us during our voyage. But we had neither nails nor iron to make them with, except a few bolts remaining in the parts of the wreck, which had been driven on shore. We did not however doubt but we should be able to surmount this difficulty, and once more reach the Mexican shore.

While we were amusing ourselves with these pleasing conceptions, and deliberating on the dimensions of our imaginary vessel, it occurred to us, that our tools, and all the stores we had preserved, were on the other side of the rock; that it was impossible for us to bring them to this part of the island by the road we had taken; and, from all the observations we had made during our residence on that barren spot, there was no other to be found. This consideration gave us great uneasiness; but as we hoped we should be able to find some method of overcoming the obstacle, we continued to deliberate on the pleasing deception, and to build in idea a formidable vessel. How restless is the mind of man! Never satisfied with its present condition, but continually longing for what it cannot enjoy! We might have spent the remainder of our days in peace and security, in this lovely valley; for nature had here provided every thing necessary for our subsistence, even without our own labour and toil. We were at a distance from the bustle and noise of the world; and had nothing to fear either from the open force of a declared enemy, or the secret attempts of a pretended friend. Ambition, which has so often deluged the world with the blood

blood of its inhabitants, and turned fruitful kingdom, into arid wastes, was a stranger here; nor had we any thing to apprehend from the envenomed tongue of envy. But we considered ourselves as banished from the human species, and debarred the pleasures of social life. We were anxious to return to our native country, and once more visit our former friends. Filled with these desires, we viewed with indifference the productions of this delightful spot, and fixed our whole attention on the method necessary to be pursued, in order to construct a vessel large enough to carry us from this island, the happy retreat of silence and tranquillity.

A variety of projects were formed for bringing our stores to this part of the island; but at last we agreed to return to our cavern by the same way we came, and fetch such tools as were absolutely necessary for building a kind of flat-bottomed boat, in order to transport the remainder, together with the particulars we had saved from the wreck, hither by water, round the western point of the rock, which we were convinced was at no great distance. Accordingly, we set out the next morning early, with an intent to view the western summit of the mountain, being persuaded that we should there be able to form an idea how far our scheme was practicable, and what distance it was necessary to convey our stores by water.

After traversing the woods for a considerable time, we reached the foot of the pic, and with some difficulty climbed to its summit, from whence we had a prospect of the whole island; and perhaps a
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more beautiful landscape than the northern part of it was never beheld; but the southern recalled our former sufferings, and filled us with horror. The dreadful rocks, with their craggy summits above the surface of the water, stretching to a great distance from the cliff, exhibited a melancholy scene, and filled us with despair; for we perceived that any attempt to carry our stores from the rock to the other part of the island in a slight flat bottomed boat would be attended with the utmost danger, and therefore not to be attempted in a case like ours, which the very foundation of all our hopes depended on their being preserved.

We now thought ourselves completely wretched, and condemned to spend the remainder of our lives in a dreary solitude, far from our native country, our friends, and even the conversation of the human race. How easily is the human mind exalted or depressed! We ascended the mountain in the morning full of hopes, and full of expectations: but no sooner had we beheld the rocks extending to a great distance into the sea, than all these pleasing ideas vanished, like the glowing paintings on a western cloud, when the rays are intercepted by the horizon. Nothing was heard for some time but plaintive sighs, and melancholy exclamations.* We forgot the kindness of Providence towards us and the great reason we had to commit ourselves wholly to his care and protection, whose ways are unsearchable, and the methods he uses for the preservation of his creatures past finding out.

Disappointed in our expectations of being able to convey

convey our stores by water to the northern parts of the island, we determined to erect a small cottage, in order to render our lives as comfortable as possible, till we could find some method of bringing what we had saved from the wreck into this part of the island. With this resolution we descended from the top of the lofty pic, and directing our course towards the north-east, discovered the source of the river, which ran in meanders thro' the northern parts of the island. It flowed from a rocky basin on the declivity of one of the eminences, near which was a thick grove of trees, where we determined to build our habitation, as soon as we could fetch tools for that purpose from the other side of the rock. We made choice of this spot; because if any Indians should by chance land on the island, they should not easily discover our retreat, it being at a considerable distance from the mouth of the river, the only commodious landing-place, and at the same time concealed by an intervening eminence.

At the eastern extremity of the grove was a rocky precipice, about twenty feet in height, and at the foot of it a small cavern, near twelve feet long, eight broad, and six high, which, with a little labour, we hoped to make a secure store-house for our goods, and a safe retreat for ourselves in storms and severe rains, which we knew were sometime very violent in these latitudes. The discovery of this subterraneous mansion tended greatly to raise our drooping spirits, and banish the melancholy ideas which had filled our minds, on view-
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ing the rocks from the top of the pic. We began now to reflect on the kindness of Providence towards us, and to comfort ourselves with the pleasing reflection, that he who formed and supports the universe, best knows what is proper for his creatures, will provide for all their wants, and deliver them from every danger.

The sun had now reached the western part of heaven, and the craggy summits of the mountains glowed with the rays of departing day; an intimation for us to provide a place of retreat, where we might securely pass the gloomy hours of the night; and this the cavern, formed by the hand of nature, readily offered. Our couch indeed was hard being no other than the rock; but by spreading on it a considerable quantity of leafy branches plucked from the neighbouring trees, we were in some measure defended from its asperities, and laid ourselves down to rest, with more satisfaction than we had hitherto done, knowing that we had nothing to fear from the weather, or the copious dews which fall here during the night.

We had not been many hours asleep before we were waked by a terrible clap of thunder, which seemed to shake the very foundations of the mountains. We started up, and found the heavens involved in the most pitchy darkness. Not a single star was to be seen, nor the least ray of light from any interval in the clouds. Nor was the silence less remarkable than the darkness itself; not a breath of wind could be heard in the grove; the only noise was the soft murmurs of the stream,
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which flowed at a small distance from our rocky habitation.

While we were reflecting on this solemn silence, and the uncommon darkness that surrounded us, a flash of lightning, which seemed to throw the whole island in a flame of fire, broke our meditation and the clap of thunder, more violent, if possible, than the former, which followed it, made us retreat to the inner parts of our cavern for shelter from this terrible tempest. The rain now began to pour in torrents from the clouds; and was followed in less than half an hour by the most terrible storm of wind I ever heard. The mingled noise of the thunder, the waves dashing against the shore, and the roaring of the winds through the grove, was now as dreadful as the silence and darkness were before solemn and awful. The storm continued in this manner about four hours and then abated; and in an hour more the wind was hushed, the clouds were dispersed, and the moon threw a trembling light over the landscape.

We were now fully convinced of the care of Providence over us, by providing for us so comfortable a retreat. Had we spent the night, as before, in the myrtle grove, we had been exposed to all the horrors of the storm, which might have been attended with most melancholy consequences. Nor were we backward in shewing our gratitude to that Being who had delivered us from so many dangers.

As soon as the morning appeared, we left our stony chamber, and ascended the acclivity of the hill, to view the havock made by the storm among
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the trees and plants ; fearing lest the greatest part of the cocoa-nuts, which were our principal food should be blown down by the wind, and swept away by the torrents. But we had soon the satisfaction of finding that our fears were vain ; for though great numbers of them were blown down, yet there still remained more than sufficient to supply our wants, and indeed more than we should be able to gather.

Being satisfied in this particular, we pursued our course towards the northern parts of the island ; but on ascending an eminence from whence we had a view of the harbour, we perceived within the island a small vessel without a mast, driving towards the shore. A sight that filled us with pleasure and pain. We flattered ourselves that we should be able to save her, repair her damages, and afterwards sail in her to the coasts of America ; but at the same time we were grieved for the crew, whom we did not doubt had perished in the storm.

We soon reached the shore ; and the small island breaking the waves, we easily swam on board, and with some difficulty, brought her a considerable way up the river into kind of a basin, formed by the falling of a small rivulet into the principal stream, where she lay with the same ease as if in a dock. On examining our prize, we found her to be a kind of double canoe, formed out of two cedar-trees, and fastened together with wooden pins and ropes made of a kind of silk-grass. She was near twenty feet long, eight broad, and four deep ; covered with a slight deck well corked, and the seams payed over with a mix-

ture of tallow and lime ; but being without a mast or sails, we could not tell in what manner she was rigged. The head and stern were both alike, and she seemed to have been steered with an oar. In the center of each of the canoes, was the stump of of a mast : but whether they were only the supports of another, fixed in the center of the vessel or both of the same height, and the sail fixed between them, we could not discover ; though, as we saw no mark of the foot of a mast between them, we were inclinable to think the latter. As there was nothing in her hold, except three or four bushels of Indian corn, about forty yards of cotton-cloth, and twenty fathom of rope made of silk-grass we were inclined to think, that she had broke from some island, at no great distance from us, and that her mast was blown away in the storm : but this was only conjecture : and as we could not discover the least sign of land from the top of the pic, probably false.

After attentively surveying this strange vessel, the the carpenter declared, that, with the help of a few tools and cordage, we might easily make her a commodious boat, and large enough to carry us to the continent of America. The difficulty therefore was how to bring our tools, &c. to that part of the island. At length it was agreed to load ourselves with cocoa-nuts, and deposit some in different parts of the road by which we came, and endeavour to bring our tools &c. as were absolutely necessary over the rocks ; and when we had furnished our vessel in the best manner we could, to sail with her into the
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rocky bay, and take on board the rest.

Accordingly, after securing our vessel with the rope we found on board, we set out on our toilsome expedition; and after fourteen days spent in the most fatiguing manner, had the good fortune to accomplish our wishes, bringing with us the tools and cordage necessary for our purpose, together with a quadrant and a compass, which were fortunately preserved in my chest.

As it was necessary for our vessel to continue dry, while the carpenter was making the alterations he judged necessary in her sides and bottom, and impossible for us to hale her above the high water mark, we threw up a bank or wall across a small swamp or basin in the sand, into which we had with some difficulty brought her, and which was dry at low-water; by this means we were furnished with a kind of wet dock, out of which we could bring our vessel when finished, by pulling down the wall.

The carpenter at first proposed to take away near ten feet of the sides which separated the two canoes, and fasten them together with pieces of timber, fixed with trunnels to the bottom, in order to render her accommodations more comfortable and convenient; but he had forgot that we had hardly any oakum to cork the seam, nor pitch or tallow to pay it with. We were therefore obliged to dispense with this article of convenience, and employ our whole attention on those that were absolutely necessary for our safety. Accordingly we first fixed a rail along her sides, to prevent our being washed over board :
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for as the deck was laid on the top of her sides, there was nothing to prevent accidents of that kind. Our next difficulty was to fix a rudder: but this could not well be done without iron work, which we wanted; and therefore we concluded to pursue the Indian method, and steer our vessel by means of an oar or paddle. We also determined to follow their method, and place two masts in the places where the stumps were now standing, and to rig her with only a square sail, fastening the block at the halliards to a cross-piece fixed between them. And as both ends of her were the same, we concluded that whenever we had occasion to tack, not to put the vessel about, but to shift the sail, and let that which was before the stern become the head.

The great desire of once more visiting the continent of America, and joining in conversation with our fellow creatures, animated us to work on our vessel with the utmost assiduity; so that by the latter end of September we had compleatly finished all the repairs we judged necessary, and on Saturday, the 1st of October 1597, we opened our dock, and again moored her in the basin. The sail indeed was only made of the cotton cloth we found on board; but we were persuaded it would be sufficient to carry us into the bay, where we had canvass sufficient to make one equally large and durable.

We now applied ourselves to gather a large quantity of cocoa-nuts, to serve us during our passage; and with great difficulty made a couple of casks, holding about twenty gallons of water, which, with
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the cooling liquor found in the cocoa-nuts, we hoped would be sufficient for our voyage.

Every thing being ready, we left this beautiful river on Monday the 17th of October, and in the afternoon reached the bay where we suffered shipwreck. The water was remarkably smooth; but we were fearful of running our vessel on shore, lest a sudden gulf of wind should rise, and render it impossible for us to get her off. The Spanish seaman therefore undertook to swim on shore, and fetch the canvals, ropes, and other necessaries, to the water's edge; which he accordingly performed, and binding it up in a bundle, threw it from one of the rocks into the sea, fastening to it the end of a line, and holding the other in his hand, swam on board, and afterwards did the same with two of the chests: by which means we acquired the necessaries we wanted, and immediately proceeded on our voyage.

The trade-wind, which always blows at a certain distance from the land, except in storms, is at N. E. so that we could only make our way good S. E. by E. and on this course we steered six days, without meeting with any accident; but on the morning of the seventh, we had very little wind, and variable, which we considered as a sure preface of a storm. Nor were we mistaken. The wind flew to the westward, and blew in a most violent manner the two next days, and part of the succeeding night, so that we despaired of surviving so terrible a commotion of the elements in our little bark, which we kept constantly before the wind. Providence

dence however again interposed ; the wind subsided ; but instead of flying, as before to the North-east, continued its course : a sure indication that we were much nearer the land than we expected, as the wind is not known to vary till within seventy leagues of the shore. We however pursued our course to the eastward, keeping a good look out for the land, and on the twenty-ninth of October we discovered the long wished for coast of America.

This was a joyful discovery ; and as the wind continued, we approached it apace, and by the next morning were close under the land. We now looked out for a haven, standing to southward, and at two in the afternoon arrived in the harbour of Acapulco.

FLAVIA and SINCERITY an
ALLEGORY.

SINCERITY, the daughter of Honour and Integrity, was born at a village far distant from the metropolis. The worthy couple were unwilling to confine themselves in such retirement ; but thinking their darling infant too young to be introduced into the polite world, and also being desirous of knowing what reception they might find in it, consigned her to the care of a person with whom they had resided some years. For some short time, she seemed to cherish her young charge with the fondest attention,

attention, but it was only in appearance; for, immediately on the departure of her old friends, she grew discontented with the station in which she was placed, and more aspiring notions quickly took possession of her thoughts. She began with applications to such whose ability seemed to promise success to the scheme she had adopted. This took her often from home, where she would leave her little charge whole weeks, as she knew enough of the world to prevent her taking sincerity on those visits, wisely considering she might prove an insurmountable obstacle to her advancement. A worthy lady in that neighbourhood, seeing the child neglected, and thinking she would be a valuable companion to her only daughter, requested her company, which request was soon complied with by the other, who was glad to part with a person who seemed now an incumbrance. Sincerity found herself truly happy in her new situation; the old lady was remarkably fond of her, and the young one received all her advances with pleasure. In some visits they had the mortification to perceive the company of their young guest was not so acceptable as they wished; but were in hopes, when their acquaintance could be made sensible of her merit, their regard would increase. Sincerity, and the young Flavia, were inseparable, and some years passed without any material incidents worth mentioning. The old lady thinking it necessary that Flavia should see more of the world, took a house in London, but before her journey, wrote to the person who formerly had the care of her young friend, for some intelligence in regard

regard to her parents ; but the answer she returned was far from being satisfactory, as she had kept up no intercourse with them for a considerable time : however, as they were people of merit, the mother of Flavia made no doubt of hearing of them from some of her acquaintance in high rank, who came to congratulate her return to a place she had been absent from for many years. After the most strict enquiry, she met with very little success ; several declared they were well acquainted with their names, but could never discover where they dwelt. The good lady was near being imposed on, at different times, by persons who assumed the characters she was in search of : but when introduced to Sincerity, she immediately discovered them to be vain pretenders. Flavia was admitted into most of the polite assemblies ; her young friend constantly attended her, but soon found her company was not so acceptable as formerly. Flavia became acquainted with two young ladies of foreign extraction ; their names Fashion and good-Breeding. From the time her intimacy with them commenced, her regard for Sincerity visibly decreased. If she sometimes took her into their company, she was often embarrassed by saying or giving ear to things she was conscious the other could not approve, and from being uneasy in her company, she sought for opportunities to reject her acquaintance. Such a behaviour from one, who for years seemed as part of herself, wounded the sensible heart of the slighted fair-one. She called that heart to a strict examination, to find out, if possible, in what she had
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offended her hitherto partial friend ; but the result was, a consciousness of having acted as became a daughter of Honour and Integrity. She found her absence was desired ; and having received a private intimation where she might join her parents, she withdrew from a family wherein she had experienced the highest pleasure, and the greatest misery.

If Sincerity hereafter should once more condescend to mix in common life, my fair countrywomen must permit me to advise them to court her acquaintance, lest, like Flavia, after a life of dissipation, they also have the mortification to find, instead of the admiration of many, they have not the esteem of even one, and, amongst a numerous acquaintance, are in want of one of the greatest blessings in life, by not possessing one real friend. Some persons have hinted as if Sincerity and her parents were settled in some distant clime ; but we are well assured there is no foundation for such a report, being certain that worthy family is still in this kingdom, and retained with the most cordial affection (from a thorough knowledge of their intrinsic merit) by the greatest personage in it.



The GENTLEMAN and the BASKET-MAKER;

A Peruvian Story.

IN the midst of that ocean, commonly called the South-Sea, lie the islands of Solomon. In the center

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ter of these lies one, not only distant from the rest, which are immensely scattered round it, but also larger beyond proportion. An ancestor of the prince who now reigns, has, through a long descent of ages, entail'd the name of Solomon's Isles on the whole; by means of that wisdom wherewith he polished the manners of the people.

A descendant of one of the great men of this happy island, becoming a gentleman, to so improved a degree, as to despise the good qualities which had originally ennobled his family, thought of nothing, but how to support and distinguish his dignity, by the pride of an ignorant mind, and a disposition abandoned to pleasure. He had a house on the sea-side, where he spent the greatest part of his time in hunting and fishing; but found himself at a loss in the pursuit of these important diversions by means of a long slip of marsh land, over-grown with high reeds, that lay between his house and the sea. Resolving at length, that it became not a man of his quality to submit to restraints in his pleasures, for the ease or conveniency of an obstinate mechanic; and having often endeavoured, in vain, to buy out the owner, who was an honest poor basket-maker, and whose livelihood depended on working up the flags of those reeds, in a manner peculiar to himself, the gentleman took advantage of a very high wind, and commanded his servants to burn down the reeds, that there might be no obstruction in his walk to the sea-side.

The basket-maker, who saw himself undone, complained of the oppression, in terms more suited to

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his sense of the injury, than the respect due to the rank of the offender; and the reward this imprudence procured him, was the additional injustice of blows, and reproaches, and all kinds of insult and indignity.

There was but one way to a remedy, and he took it: for, going to the capital, with marks of his hard usage upon him, he threw himself at the feet of the king, and procured a citation for his oppressor's appearance; who, confessing the charge, proceeded to justify his behaviour, by the poor man's unmindfulness of the submission, due from the vulgar, to gentlemen of rank and distinction.

"But pray, replied the king, what distinction of rank had the grandfather of your father, when being a cleaver of wood, in the palace of my ancestors, he was raised from among those vulgar, you speak of with such contempt, in reward of an instance he gave of his courage and loyalty, in defence of his master? Yet his distinction was nobler than yours: It was the distinction of soul, not of birth; the superiority of worth, not of fortune? I am sorry I have a gentleman in the kingdom, who is base enough to be ignorant, that ease and distinction of fortune were bestowed on him, but to this end, that being at rest from all cares of providing for himself, he might apply his heart, head, and hand, for the public advantage of others."

Here the king, discontinuing his speech, fixed an eye of indignation on a sullen resentiment of mien, which he observed in the haughty offender; who muttered out his dislike of the encouragement this way

way of thinking must give to the commonalty ; who (he said) were to be considered as persons of no consequence, in comparison of men, who were born to be honoured. " Where reflection is wanting, (replied the king, with a smile of disdain) men must find their defects in the pain of their suffering. Yanhumo, added he, turning to a captain of his gallies, strip the injured and the injurer ; and, conveying them to one of the most barbarous and remotest of the islands, set them ashore in the night, and leave them both to their fortune."

The place in which they were landed was a marsh, under cover of whose flags, the gentleman was in hopes to conceal himself, and give the slip to a companion, whom he thought a disgrace to be found with. But the lights in the galley having given an alarm to the savages, a considerable body of them came down, and discovered in the morning, the two strangers in their hiding place. Setting up a dismal yell, they surrounded them ; and advancing nearer and nearer, with a kind of clubs, seemed determined to dispatch them, without sense of hospitality or mercy.

Here the gentleman began to discover, that the superiority of his blood was imaginary : for, between a consciousness of shame, and cold, under the nakedness he had never been used to ; a fear of the event, from the fierceness of the savages approach ; and the want of an idea, whereby to soften or divert, their asperity, he fell behind the poor sharer of his calamity, and, with an unlinew'd, apprehensive, unmanly, sneakingness of mein, gave

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up the post of honour, and made a leader of the very man whom he had thought it a disgrace to consider as a companion.

The basket-maker, on the contrary, to whom the poverty of his condition had made nakedness habitual, to whom, a life of pain and mortification represented death as not dreadful, and whose remembrance of his skill in arts, of which these savages were ignorant, gave him hopes of becoming free, from demonstrating, that he could be useful, moved with bolder and more open freedom; and, having pluck'd an handful of flags, sat down without emotion; and making signs, that he would shew them something worthy their attention, fell to work with smiles and moodings; while the savages drew near, and gazed in expectation.

It was not long before he had wreathed a kind of coronet, of pretty workmanship; and, rising with respect and fearlessness, approached the savage, who appeared the chief, and placed it gently on his head; whose figure, under this new ornament, so charmed and struck his followers, that they dropt all their clubs, and formed a dance of welcome and congratulation, round the author of so prized a favour.

There was not one, but shewed the marks of his impatience, to be made as fine as his captain; so the poor basket-maker had his hands full of employment: and the savages observing one quite idle, while the other was so busy in their service, took up arms, in the behalf of natural justice, and began to lay on arguments in favour of their purpose.

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The basket-maker's pity now effaced the remembrance of his sufferings: so he rose, and rescued his oppressor, by making signs, that he was ignorant of the art; but might, if they thought fit be usefully employed, in waiting on the work, and fetching flags for his supply, as fast as he should want them.

This proposition luckily fell in with a desire the savages expressed to keep themselves at leisure, that they might crowd round, and mark the progress of a work they took such pleasure in. They left the gentleman, therefore, to his duty, in the basket-maker's service; and considered him, from that time forward, as one who was, and ought to be treated as inferior to their benefactor.

Men, wives, and children, from all corners of the island, came in droves for coronets: and, setting the instructed gentleman to work, to gather boughs and poles, made a fine hut, to lodge the basket-maker; and brought down daily from the country such provision as they lived upon themselves taking care to offer the imagined servant nothing, till his master had done eating.

Three months reflection in this mortified condition, gave a new and just turn to our gentleman's improved ideas; insomuch, that lying weeping, and awake, one night, he thus confessed his sentiments in favour of the basket-maker. "I have been to blame, and wanted judgment, to distinguish between accident and excellence. When I should have measured nature. I but looked to vanity. The preference which for none gives, is empty,

ty, and imaginary; and, I perceive, too late, that only things of use are, naturally, honourable. I am ashamed, when I compare my malice, to remember your humanity: but, if the gods should please to call me to a repossession of my rank, and happiness, I would divide all with you, in atonement of my justly punished arrogance."

He promised, and performed his promise: for the king, soon after, sent the captain, who had landed them, with presents to the savages; and ordered him to bring both back again. And it continues to this day a custom in that island, to degrade all gentleman who cannot give a better reason for their pride, than that they were born to do nothing. And, the word for this due punishment, is,

Send him to the basket-maker's.

ADVENTURE of a YOUNG ENGLISH OFFICER among the ABENAKEE SAVAGES.

DURING the last war in America, a band of savages having surpris'd, and defeated a party of the English, such of those as were not actually killed on the spot had very little chance of getting away from enemies who were much more quick of foot than they, and who, pursuing them with unrelenting fury, used those whom they overtook with a barbarity almost without example, even in those countries.

A young English officer, pressed by two savages
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who were making at him with uplifted hatchets, had not the least hope of escaping death, and thought of nothing now but to sell his life as dear as he could. Just then, an old savage, armed with a bow, drew near him, in act to pierce him with an arrow; but after taking aim at him, all on a sudden he drops his point, and runs to throw himself between the young Englishman and the two barbarians, who were going to massacre him. These drew back out of respect to the motions of the old man, who, with signs of peace, took the officer by the hand, after removing his apprehension by friendly gestures, and carried him home with him to his hut. There he treated him with great humanity and gentleness, less like his slave than his companion. He taught him the Abenakee language, and the coarse arts in use among the people. They lived very well satisfied with each other. One only point of the old man's deportment could not but give the young officer some uneasiness; he would sometimes surprize the savage fixing his eyes upon him, when, after looking long and stedfastly at him, he would let fall some tears.

However, on the return of the spring, the Abenakees took the field again, and proceeded in quest of the English.

The old man, who had still remains of vigour enough to bear the fatigues of war, went along with his countrymen, not forgetting to take his prisoner with him. They made a march above two hundred leagues, through the trackless wilds and forests of that country, till at length they came
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within view of a plain in which they discovered an English camp. This the old savage shewed to his young companion, at the same time eyeing him wistfully, and marking his countenance. "There (says he) are thy brothers waiting to give us battles. What sayest thou? I preserved thee from death. I have taught thee to build canoes; to make bow and arrows; to catch the deer of the forest: to wield the hatchet; with all our arts of war. What wast thou when I took thee home to my dwelling? thy hands were as the hands of a mere child, they could serve thee but little for thy defence, and less yet for providing thee means of sustenance. Thy soul was in the dark: thou wert a stranger to all necessary knowledge. To me thou owest life, the means of life, every thing.----Couldst thou then be ungrateful enough to go over to join thy countrymen, and to lift the hatchet against us?"

The young Englishman made answer, that he should, it was true, have a just repugnance to the carrying arms against those of this own nation, but that he would never turn them against the Abenakees, whom, so long as he should live, he would consider as his brothers.

As this the savage dejected his head, and lifting up his hands he covered his face with them, as it were in a deep meditation, After he had remained some time in this attitude, he looked earnestly at the English officer, and said to him in a tone of grief, mixed, with tenderness, "Hast thou a father?"---"He was alive, answered the young man, when I left my country." "Oh, how un-

happy must he be!" said the savage.---After a moment's pause he added, "Dost thou not know that I too was once a father? Alas! I am no longer one. No: I am no longer a father! I saw my son fall in battle. He fought by the side of me. I saw him die like a man, die, covered with wounds as he fell. But I revenged him."

As he pronounced these words with the most pathetic emphasis, he shuddered: he seemed to breathe with pain, choaked with inwards groans, which he was endeavouring to stifle. His eyes looked wild, but no tears came from them. Little by little the violence of his agitations ceased: he grew calm, and turning towards the east, he pointed to the rising sun, and said to the young Englishman. "Seest thou yon beauteous luminary, the sun in all its splendor? does the sight of it afford thee any pleasure?"---"Undoubtedly, answered the officer, who can behold so fine a sky without delight?"---"And yet to me it no longer gives any!" says the savage. After pronouncing these few words he turned, and casting his eye on a bush in full flower, "See! said he, young man, does not that gay appearance of flowers give thee a sort of joy to look at it?" "It does indeed," replied the officer. "And yet, says the old man, it delights not me!" adding, with some degree of impetuosity, "depart,---haste, ---fly to yon camp of thy friends. Get home, that thy father may still see with pleasure the rising of the sun, and the flowers of the spring."

ARDOSTAN,

ARDOSTAN, an Eastern Story.

WHERE the worship of Asia first beams upon the waves of Indus, stood a magnificent palace, which had been the residence of kings through a long succession of ages. There eastern luxury seemed to have exhausted itself; the structure was embellished with all the elegance of art, and all the riches of nature were collected in the gardens.

Of the princes who inhabited this delightful seat, some had been renowned for magnificence, and others adorned with compassion; some had been distinguished by the arts of war, and others had shone in the province of civil government; but most, even of these, had fallen a sacrifice to cruelty, to jealousy, or to malice. To the ear of that power which had placed them on the throne of Bavah, malice had frequently represented magnificence as rivalry, compassion as a view to popularity, courage as an ambition of power, and well-directed government as a design to govern.

The last of the princes that were eminent on the throne of Bavah was Ardoistan. The reputation of his wisdom increased as the current of Indus, and Ardoistan trembled at his growing fame. In a retired alcove of his gardens he sat and thus reflected. "How dangerous is the condition of deputed power! in which vice and virtue alike lead to ruin. Should I become totally negligent of the interests

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of my people, should I remit the hand of government, drop the scales of justice and the scepter of command, report would fly swifter than the spirit of the winds, and declare that Ardostan was a wretch unworthy of life. On the other hand should I persist in the faithful distribution of justice, restrain the vicious and advance the worthy, vice, whether punished or neglected, would employ her arts against me; and is it of consequence whether I fall by my virtues or by my crimes?"

The spirit Bajul, the guardian of virtue, heard the thoughts of Ardostan, and appeared before him.

"Child of the dust, said the spirit, with a composed severity, cease thy idle fears. Shall thy concern for a being, which passeth away like the shadow of a cloud, interfere a moment with the everlasting interest of virtue? Thou art appointed a station which requires thy attendance but to a short time at most, and shouldst thou be cut off sooner than thy being would have terminated in the course of nature, thou wilt be the more fortunate in proportion as thy task will be shorter, and the rewards of thy labour more speedily obtained. For know, Ardostan, if thou persevere in the paths of virtue, they will finally lead thee to the society of those approved princes, who have neither been dissuaded nor deterred from the discharge of their duty."

"Mighty Bajul, replied Ardostan, pardon the frailties of the children of death! but wilt thou now satisfy me? Is it thy benevolence to the inhabitants

of the earth that makes thee encourage virtue by the prospect of future rewards? Dost thou this merely to preserve the peace and order of human life, or are there indeed such rewards? Could I have the least hope of enjoying that society thou speakest of, to me the thorny paths of virtue would be fairer than the fields of Pera, when the daughters of the spring display their bosoms.

The angel of virtue disappeared, Ardostan looked with grief after the departing spirit, and his heart reproached him with his incredulity; but when he raised his eye from the ground, where regret had fixed it, he beheld around his alcove a number of beings whose appearance spoke their immortality. The prince continued in silent astonishment, till one of the celestial band address him in the following words. "Thou that sittest on the throne of Bavah, and resemblest the father of nature in the dispensation of justice, be assured that thy virtues are recorded in the volume of eternity. That thou mayest be convinced of the truth of future rewards, the spirit Bajul has commanded us, who were thy predecessors in the kingdom of Bavah, to appear personally before thee. Know us by the ensigns of royalty we wear, and which we have not only assumed for thy conviction, but for thy instruction and encouragement, attended particularly to the fate of these princes.

"Behold that prince with the bold and determined aspect! he opposed the imperial law which would have miserably oppressed the poor inhabitants of Bavah, and bravely perished in the defence of his

his subjects. He is not now invested with any superior honours, because he is in a place where power is not considered as the means of happiness, but his virtues are recorded, and he is distinguished by the appellation of 'The friend of the oppressed.'

"The prince who stands next him, with the mild and open countenance, when on the throne of Bavah, was in reality the father of his people. He studied their interests with unremitting care, and relieved their necessities with the tenderness of a parent. The hours that the indolent devote to rest, and the licentious to pleasure, he employed in consulting the advantage of his subjects, and in forming such plans of government as should be most conducive to civil happiness. Envy represented him as a specious traitor to his emperor, and hastened his passage to the mansions of felicity.

"Most of the other princes, whom thou seest in this train, like these have been virtuous, and like these have suffered; if the distinctions of fame and the days of felicity they enjoy, can make thee fearless of their fate on earth, persist in virtue, and we shall behold thee again."

The heart of Ardoftan was expanded with joy, as the sun-flower by the beams of the morning. The cold hand of fear no longer chilled his spirits: he redoubled his assiduities in every princely virtue and his government became the object of universal admiration. Envy beheld him with silent anguish. She aimed her arrow at his breast, but the spirit Bajul seized it as it flew. Ardoftan was deposed, and retired to the fields of Pera. The pleasures
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that fill the train of virtue, strewed flowers upon his sofa, and at last accompanied his departing spirit to the immortal synod of patriot kings.

A STORY of KING JAMES. I.

KING James being apt to talk to his courtiers in time of divine service, a certain bishop, who was preaching before him, made a full stop in his sermon, as often as he perceived the king engaged in discourse. His majesty asking him the occasion the bishop told him, He could not think it consistent with good manners to interrupt his majesty ; which modest reproof was taken well and had a good effect.

A True Story of the DUKE of MONTAGUE.

SOON after the conclusion of the late peace, the late duke of Montague had observed that a middle aged man, in something like a military dress, of which the lace was much tarnished, and the cloth worn thread-bare, appeared at a certain hour in the park, walking to and fro in the mall, with a kind of mournful solemnity, or ruminating by himself on one of the benches, without taking any more notice of the gay crowd that was moving before him, than of so many emmetts on an ant-hill, or atoms dancing in the sun.

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This man the duke singled out as likely to be a fit object for a frolic. He began therefore by making some enquiry concerning him, and soon learned that he was an unfortunate poor officer, who having laid out his whole stock in the purchase of a commission, had behaved with great bravery in the war, in hopes of preferment, but upon the conclusion of the peace, had been reduced to starve upon half-pay. This the duke thought a favourable circumstance for his purpose; but he learned, upon further enquiry, that the captain having a wife and several children, had been reduced to the necessity of sending them into York-shire, whither he constantly remitted them one moiety of his half-pay, which would not subsist them nearer the metropolis; and reserved the other moiety to keep himself upon the spot, where alone he could hope to obtain a more advantageous situation. These particulars afforded a new scope for the duke's genius, and he immediately began his operations.

After some time, when every thing had been prepared, he watched an opportunity, when the captain was sitting alone on one of the benches in the park, buried in speculation, to send his gentleman to him with his compliments, and an invitation to dinner next day. The duke having placed himself at a convenient distance, saw his messenger approach without being perceived, and begin to speak without being heard, he saw his intended guest start at length from his reverie, like a man frightened out of a dream, and gaze with a foolish look of wonder and perplexity at the person that accosted him

him, without seeming to comprehend what he said or believe his senses when it was repeated to him. In short, he saw with the utmost satisfaction all that could be expected, in the looks, behaviour, and attitude of a man addressed in so abrupt and unaccountable a manner; and as the sport depended upon the man's sensibility, he discovered so much of that quality on striking the first stroke, that he promised himself success beyond his former hopes. He was told, however, that the captain returned thanks for the honour intended him, and would wait upon his grace at the time appointed. When he came, the duke received him with particular marks of civility, and taking him aside, with an air of great secrecy and importance, told him that he had desired the favour of his company to dine chiefly upon the account of a lady, who had long had a tender regard for him, and had expressed a particular desire to be in his company, which her situation had made it impossible to accomplish, without the assistance of a friend; that having learnt these particulars by accident, he had taken the liberty of bringing them together, and added, that he thought such an act of civility, whatever might be the opinion of the world, could be no impeachment of his honour. During this discourse the duke removed the profound astonishment, and various changes of confusion that appeared in the captain's face, who, after he had a little recovered himself, began a speech with great solemnity, in which the duke perceived he was labouring to insinuate, in the best manner he could,

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that he doubted whether he was not imposed upon, and whether he ought not to resent it; and therefore to put an end to his difficulties at once, the duke laid his hand on his breast and very devoutly swore, that he had told him nothing that he did not believe upon good evidence to be true.

When word was brought that dinner was served, the captain entered the dining room with great curiosity and wonder; but his wonder was unspeakably increased, when he saw at the table his own wife and children. The duke had begun his frolic by sending for them out of Yorkshire, and had as much, if not more astonished the lady, than he had her husband, to whom he took care he should have no opportunity to send a letter.

It is much more easy to conceive than to describe a meeting so sudden, unexpected and extraordinary; it is sufficient to say that it afforded the duke the highest entertainment, who at length, with much difficulty, got his guests quietly seated at his table, and persuaded them to fall to without thinking either of yesterday or to-morrow. It happened that soon after dinner was over, word was brought to the duke, that his lawyer attended about some business by his grace's order. The duke, willing to have a short truce with the various enquiries of the captain about his family, ordered the lawyer to be introduced, who pulling out a deed that the duke was to sign, was directed to read it, with an apology to the company for the interruption. The lawyer accordingly began to read, when, to com-
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pleat the adventure, and the confusion and astonishment of the poor captain and his wife, the deed appeared to be a settlement, which the duke had made upon them, of a genteel sufficiency for life. Having gravely heard the instrument read, without appearing to take any notice of the emotion of his guests, he signed and sealed it, and delivered it into the captain's hand, desiring him to accept it without compliments, "For, says he, I assure you it is the last thing I would have done, if I had thought I could have employed my money or my time more to my satisfaction any other way."

DAMON and PYTHIAS.

A striking Instance of Friendship.

WHEN Damon was sentenced, by Dionysius the tyrant of Syracuse, to die on such a day, he prayed permission, to retire, in the interim, to his own country, to set the affairs of his disconsolate family in order. This the tyrant intended most peremptorily to refuse, by granting it, as he conceived, on the impossible condition, of his procuring some one to remain as hostage for his return, under equal forfeiture of life. Pythias heard the condition, and did not wait for an application on the part of Damon. He instantly offered himself to durance, in place of his friend; and Damon was accordingly, set at liberty.

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The king, and all his courtiers, were astonished at this action, as they could not account for it, on any allowed principles.--Self-interest, in their judgment, was the sole mover of human affairs; and they looked on virtue, friendship, benevolence, love of country, and the like, as terms, invented by the wise, to impose upon the weak. They therefore, imputed this act of Pythias to the extravagance of his folly; to the defect of head, mercy; And, no way, to any virtue, or good quality of heart.

When the day of the destined execution drew near, the tyrant had the curiosity to visit Pythias in his dungeon.---Having reproached him for the romantic stupidity of his conduct, and railled him some time on his madness, in presuming, that Damon, by his return, would prove as great a fool as himself.---“ My Lord,” said Pythias, with a firm voice, and noble aspect, “ I would it were possible, that I might suffer a thousand deaths, rather than my friend should fail, in any one article of his honour. He cannot fail therein my lord. I am as confident of his virtue as I am of my own existence. But I pray, I beseech the gods, to preserve the life and the integrity of my Damon together. Oppose him ye winds! prevent the eagerness and impatience of his honourable endeavours! and suffer him not to arrive, till, by my death, I have redeemed a life, a thousand times of more consequence, of more estimation, than my own; more estimable to his lovely wife, to his precious little innocents, to his friends, to his country. O! leave me not to die the worst
of

of deaths in my Damon." Dionysius was awed and confounded by the dignity of these sentiments, and by the manner, in which they were uttered. He felt his heart struck by a slight sense of invading truth; but it served, rather to perplex than deceive him, He hesitated. He would have spoken. But he looked down; and retired in silence.

The fatal day arrived. Pythias was brought forth; and walked, amidst the guard, with a serious, but satisfied air, to the place of execution. Dionysius was already there. He was exalted on a moving throne drawn by six white horses, and sat pensive and attentive to the demeanour of the prisoner. Pythias came. He vaulted lightly on the scaffold, and beholding for some time the apparatus of death, he turned, and, with a pleasing countenance, thus addressed the assembly.---" My prayers are heard. The gods are propitious. You know, my friends, that thy winds have been contrary till yesterday. Damon could not come: he could not conquer impossibilities. He will be here to-morrow: and the blood which is shed to-day, shall have ransomed the life of my friend.----O! could I erase from your bosoms, every doubt, every mean suspicion, of the honour of the man for whom I am about to suffer, I should go to my death, even as I would to my bridal. Be it sufficient, in the mean time, that my friend will be found noble--that his truth is unimpeachable----that he will speedily approve it---that he is now on his way, hurrying on accusing himself, the adverse elements, and the gods. But I hasten to prevent his speed.---Executioner

tioner do your office." As he pronounced the last words, a buzz began to arise among the remotest of the people. A distant voice was heard. The crowd caught the words; and stop, stop the execution, was repeated by the whole assembly. A man came at full speed. The throng gave way to his approach. He was mounted on a steed of foam. In an instant, he was off his horse, on the scaffold, and held Pythias straitly embraced. "You are safe," he cried; "you are safe, my friend, my beloved--the gods be praised, you are safe! I now, have nothing but death to suffer: and I am delivered from the anguish of those reproaches, which I gave myself for having endangered a life so much dearer than my own." Pale, and almost speechless, in the arms of his Damon, Pythias replied, in broken accents "Fatal hast!--Cruel impatience!--What envious powers have wrought impossibilities in your favour."---But I will not be wholly disappointed.---Since I cannot die to save, I will not survive you."

Dionysius heard, beheld and considered all, with astonishment. His heart was touched: his eyes were opened: and he could no longer refuse his assent to truth, so incontestibly proved by facts. He descended from his throne. He ascended the scaffold. "Live; live; ye incomparable pair!" he exclaimed. "Ye have born unquestionable testimony to the existence of virtue: and that virtue equally evinces the certainty of the existence of a God, a God, to reward it.---Live happy! live renowned! And, O! form me by your precepts, as you have invited me by your example, to be worthy of the participation of so sacred a friendship.

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The WOODEN LEG; An HELVETIC TALE.

From the German of GESNER.

ON the mountain from whence the torrent of Runti precipitates into the valley, a young shepherd fed his goats. His pipe called echo gayly from the hollow rocks, and echo bid the vallies seven times resound his songs melodious. On a sudden he perceived a man climbing with pain the mountain's side. The man was old; years had blanch'd his head, A staff bent beneath his heavy tottering steps, for he had a wooden leg. He approached the young man, and seated himself by him on the moss of rock. The young shepherd looked at him with surprise, and his eyes were fixed on the wooden leg. My son, said the old man smiling, do you not think that, infirm as I am, I should have done better to have remained in the valley? Know, therefore, that I make this journey once a-year, and this leg, as you see it, my friend, is more honourable to me, than are to many the most straight and active. I don't doubt, father, replied the shepherd, but it is very honourable to you, though, I I dare say, another would be more useful. Without doubt, you are tired. Will you drink some milk from my goats, or some of the fresh water that spouts below from the hollow of the rock?

OLD M. I like the frankness painted on thy visage. A little fresh water will be sufficient. If
you

you will bring it me hither, you shall hear the history of this wooden leg. The young shepherd ran to the fountain, and soon returned.

When the old man had quenched his thirst, he said, let young people, when they behold their fathers maimed, and covered over with scars, adore the Almighty power, and bless their valour; for without that, you would have bowed your necks beneath the yoke, instead of thus basking in the sun's warmth, and making the echoes repeat your joyful notes. Mirth and gaiety inhabit these hills and valleys, while your songs resound from one mountain to another. Liberty! sweet liberty! All we see around us is our own. We cultivate our own fields with pleasure. The crops we reap are ours; and the time of the harvest is with us rejoicing days.

YOUNG SHEP. He does not deserve to be a freeman, who can forget that his liberty was purchased with the blood of his forefathers.

OLD M. But who, in their place, would not have done as they did? Ever since that bloody day of Nefels, I come once a-year to the top of this mountain; but I perceive that I am now come for the last time. From hence I still behold the order of the battle where liberty made us conquerors. See, it was on that side the army of the enemy advanced; thousands of lances glittered at a distance with more than two hundred horsemen covered with sumptuous armour. The plumes that shaded their helmets nodded as they marched, and the earth resounded with their horses hoofs. Our little troop

was

was already broke. We were but three or four hundred men. The cries of the defeat were re-echoed from every side, and the smoke of Nefels in flames filled the valley, and spread with horror along the mountains. However, at the bottom of a hill, where we now are, our chief had placed himself. He was there, where those two pines shoot up from the edge of that pointed rock. I think I see him now surrounded by a small number of warriors, firm, immoveable, and calling around him the dispersed troops. I hear the rustling of the standard that he waved in the air; it was like the sound of the wind that precedes a hurricane. From every side they ran towards him. Dost thou see those floods rush down from the mountain? Stones, rocks, and trees, overthrown, and rain oppose their course; they o'erleap, or bear down all before them, and meet together at the bottom of that pool: So we ran to the cry of our general, cutting our way through the enemy. Ranked around the hero, we made a vow, and God was our witness, to conquer or die. The enemy, advancing in order of battle, poured down impetuously upon us; we attacked them in our turn. Eleven times we returned to the charge, but, always forced to retire to the shelter of these hills, we there closed our ranks, and became unhaken as the rock by which we were protected. At last, enforced by thirty Swiss warriors, we fell suddenly on the enemy, like the fall of a mountain, or as some mighty rock descends, rolls through the forest, and with a horrid crash lays waste the trees that interrupt its

course. On every side the enemy, both horse and foot, confounded in a most dreadful tumult, overthrew each other to escape our rage. Grown furious by the combat, we trode under foot the dead and dying, to extend vengeance and death still farther. I was in the middle of the battle. A horseman of the enemy in his flight rode over me, and crushed my leg. The soldier, who fought the nearest to me, seeing my condition, took me on his shoulders, and ran with me out of the field of battle. A holy father was prostrate on a rock not far distant, and imploring Heaven to aid us.--Take care, good father, of this warrior, my deliverer cried; he has fought like a son of liberty! He said, and flew back to the combat. The victory was ours, my son, it was ours! but many of us were left extended on the heaps of the enemy. Thus the weary mower reposes on the sheaves himself has made. I was carefully attended; I was cured; but never could find out the man to whom I owe my life. I have sought him in vain, I have made vows and pilgrimages, that some saint of paradise, or some angel, would reveal him to me. But, alas! all my efforts have been fruitless. I shall never in this life shew him my gratitude. The young shepherd, having heard the old warrior, with tears in his eyes said: No, father, in this life you can never shew him your gratitude. The old man, surpris'd, cried, heavens! what dost thou say? Dost thou know, my son, who my deliverer was?

YOUNG SHEP. I am much deceived, if it was not my father. Often has he told me the story

of that battle, and often have I heard him say, I wonder if the man I carried from the battle be still alive.

OLD M. O God! O angels of heaven! was that generous man thy father?

YOUNG SHEP. He had a scar here (pointing to his left cheek :) he had been wounded with a lance; perhaps it was before he carried you from the field.

OLD M. His cheek was covered with blood when he bore me off. O my child! my son!

YOUNG SHEP. He died two years ago; and as he was poor, I am forced for subsistence to keep these goats. The old man embraced him, and said, Heaven be praised! I can recompence thee for his generosity. Come, my son, come with me, and let some other keep thy goats.

They descended the hill together, and walked towards the old man's dwelling. He was rich in land and flocks, and a lovely daughter was his only heir. My child, said he to her, he that saved my life was the father of this young shepherd. If thou canst love him, I shall be happy to see you united. The young man was an amiable person; health and pleasure shone in his countenance; locks of yellow gold shaded his forehead, and the sparkling fire of his eyes was softened by a sweet modesty. The young maiden, with an ingenuous reserve, asked three days to resolve; but the third appeared to her a very long one. She gave her hand to the young shepherd; and the old man with tears of joy said to them: My blessing rest upon you, my children? This day has made me the most happy of mortals.

REMARKABLE

REMARKABLE MANNER BY WHICH FESCAMP WAS SURPRISED.

WHEN this fort was taken by Biron from the league, in the garrison that was turned out of it, there was a gentleman, called Bois-rose, a man of sense and courage, who making an exact observation of the place, and having concerted his scheme, contrived to get two soldiers, whom he had bound to his interest, to be received into the new garrison which was put into Fescamp, by the royalists. That side of the fort next the sea, is a perpendicular rock, six hundred feet high, the bottom of which, for about the height of twelve feet, is continually washed by the sea, except four or five days in the year, during the utmost recess of the sea, when for the space of three or four hours, it leaves fifteen or twenty fathom of dry sand at the foot of the rock. Bois-rose, who found it impossible, by any other way to surprise a garrison who guarded with great care a place lately taken, did not doubt of accomplishing his design, if he could enter by that side which was thought inaccessible; this he endeavoured by the following contrivance to perform.

He had agreed upon a signal with the two soldiers, whom he had corrupted, and one of them waited continually upon the top of the rock, where he posted himself during the whole time that it was low water. Bois-rose taking the opportunity of a
very

very dark night, came with fifty resolute men chosen from amongst the soldiers, in two large boats, to the foot of the rock. He had provided himself with a thick cable, equal in length to the height of the rock, and tying knots at equal distances, run short sticks through to help to support them as they climbed. The soldier whom he had gained, having waited six months for the signal, no sooner perceived it, than he let down a cord from the precipice, to which those below fastened the cable, by which means it was wound up to the top and made fast to an opening in the battlement, with a strong crow, run through an iron staple, made for that purpose. Bois-rose giving the lead to the two serjeants, whose courage he was well convinced of, ordered the fifty soldiers to mount the ladder in the same manner, one after another, with their weapons tied round their bodies, himself bringing up the rear, to take away all hope of returning; which indeed soon became impossible, for before they had ascended half-way, the sea rising more than six feet, carried off their boats, and set their cable a floating. The necessity of withdrawing from a difficult enterprize is not always a security against fear, when the danger appears almost inevitable. If the mind represents to itself these fifty men, suspended between heaven and earth, in the midst of darkness; trusting their safety to a machine so insecure, that the least want of caution, the treachery of a mercenary soldier, or the slightest fear, might precipitate them into the abyss of the sea, or dash them against the rocks; add to this, the

the noise of the waves, the height of the rock, their weariness and exhausted spirits; it will not appear surprizing, that the boldest amongst them trembled, as in effect he who was foremost did. This serjeant telling the next man, that he could mount no higher, and that his heart failed him, Bois-rose, to whom this discourse passed from mouth to mouth, and who perceived the truth of it, by their advancing no higher, crept over the bodies of those that were before him, advising each to keep firm, and got up to the foremost, whose spirits he at first endeavoured to animate; but finding that gentleness would not prevail, he obliged him to mount by pricking him in the back with his poinard; and doubtless, if he had not obeyed him, he would have precipitated him into the sea. At length, with incredible labour and fatigue, the whole troop got to the top of the rock, a little before the break of day, and was introduced by the two soldiers into the castle, where they began to slaughter without mercy the centinels, and the whole guard; sleep delivered them up an easy prey to the enemy, who killed all that resisted, and possessed themselves of the fort.

P R O V I D E N C E.

THAT great Prophet, Moses, it is said, was called up by a voice from Heaven to the top of a mountain; where in a conference with the Supreme Being,

Being, he was permitted to propose to him some questions concerning his administration of the universe. In the midst of this divine colloquy, he was commanded to look down on the plain below. At the foot of the mountain there issued out a clear spring of water, at which a soldier alighted from his horse to drink. He was no sooner gone, than a little boy came to the same place, and finding a purse of gold which the soldier had dropped, took it up, and went away with it. Immediately after this, came an infirm old man, weary with age and travelling, and having quenched his thirst, sat down to rest himself by the side of the spring. The soldier missing his purse, returns to search for it, and demands it of the old man, who affirms he had not seen it, and appeals to Heaven in witness of his innocence. The Soldier not believing his protestation, kills him. Moses fell on his face with horror and amazement, when the divine voice thus prevented his expostulation: Be not surpris'd, Moses, nor ask why the judge of the whole earth has suffered this thing to come to pass: The child is the occasion that the blood of the old man is spilt, but know, that the old man whom thou sawest, was the murderer of that child's father.

THE FOLLOWING, IS ANOTHER REMARKABLE INSTANCE TO THE SAME EFFECT:

Three persons had enterer'd into a conspiracy to assassinate Timoleon as he was offering up his devotions

votions in a certain temple: In order to it, they took their several stands in the most convenient places for their purpose. As they were waiting for an opportunity to put their design in execution, a stranger having observed one of the conspirators, fell upon him and slew him. Upon which, the other two, thinking their plot had been discovered, threw themselves at Timoleon's feet, and confessed the whole matter. This stranger, upon examination, was found to have understood nothing of the intended assassination, but having several years before, had a brother killed by the conspirator, whom he here put to death, and having, till now, fought in vain for an opportunity of revenge, he chanced to meet the murderer in the temple, who had planted himself there for the above-mentioned purpose.

The ways of heaven are dark and intricate,
 Puzzl'd in mazes, and perplex'd with errors;
 Our understanding traces them in vain,
 Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search;
 Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
 Nor where the regular conclusion ends.

ADDISON.

T H E E N D.

